

ANNO DNI. 1659

WILLIAM SVETTER



This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time  
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.  
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refined  
From youths Droffe, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind  
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise  
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.

Witness this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins  
With Love; but ends, with Sighes, & Teares for sin.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

IZ: WA



ANNO DNI. 1659

WILLIAM SVZE



This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time  
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.  
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refined  
From youths Droſſe, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind  
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise  
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.

Witness this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins  
With Love; but ends, with Sighes, & Teares for sin.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

IZ: WA

# POEMS,

By J. D.

WITH

# ELEGIES

ON

# THE AUTHORS

# DEATH.



---

L O N D O N,

Printed by *M. F.* for JOHN MARRIOT,  
and are to be sold at his Shop in *S. Dunstons*  
Church-yard in *Fleet-street.*

1 6 3 9.

POEMS

Harvard College Library  
Horton Fund

March 3, 1933

LEGIS

ON

THE AUTHORS

DEATH



LONDON

Printed by M. F. for JOHN MARRIOTT  
and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons  
Church-yard in Fleet Street.

1633

283

THE  
P R I N T E R  
TO THE  
UNDERSTANDERS.



Or this time I must  
speake onely to you:  
at another, Readers  
may perchance serue  
my turne; and I think  
this a way very free from exception,  
in hope that very few will have a  
minder to confesse themselves igno-  
rant.

If you looke for an Epistle, as you  
have before ordinary publications, I  
am sorry that I must deceiue you;  
but you will not lay it to my charge,

A 2

when

*The Printer to*

when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet seen; he that wuld doubt of it, must goe out of the Kingdome to informe himselfe, for the best judgements, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endeare it unto you, by saying, that importunity drew it on; that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas, (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and pains in procuring of it hath beene such, and such, I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse or enlargement in the next Edition, if you shall

in the mean time content you with this. But these things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it, a Peece which who so takes not as he finds it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiable-nesse in it, in the eye of a discerners, than a whole body of some other; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe) — *A hand, or eye,*

In the  
storme

*By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history  
By a worse Painter made, —*

If any man (thinking I speak this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) bee of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lose so much

by him as he will by himselfe. For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing, in making so much good, common.

Howsoever it may appear to you, it shall suffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the best warrant that can be, publique Authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleased some, who had studied and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should doe you service in presenting them unto you now; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might

*the Vnderstanders.*

might have serv'd for so many Encomiums of the Author (as is usuall in other works, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stufte as follows after,) you shall here find them in the end, for who-soever reades the rest so far, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose; yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not so much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it.

*Farewell.*



Hexastichon Bibliopola.

**I** See in his last preach'd, and printed Booke,  
His Picture in a sheet; in Pauls I looke,  
And see his Statue in a sheet of stone,  
And sure his body in the grave hath one :  
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,  
You have him living to Eternity.

JO. MAR.

---

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

**I**N thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,  
For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care :  
'Twas well, and pious ; And for ever may  
He live : Yet shew I thee a better way ;  
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,  
He, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

Songs

# SONGS AND SONETS.

---

## *The Flea.*

**M**Arke but this flea, and marke in this,  
How little that which thou deny'st me is;  
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,  
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;  
Thou know'st that this cannot be said  
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of Maidenhead,  
Yet this enjoys before it wooe,  
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,  
And this, alas, is more than we would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
Where we almost, yea more then marryed are,  
This flea is you and I, and this  
Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;  
Though Parents grudge, and you, w<sup>e</sup> are met,  
And cloysterd in these living wals of Jet.  
Though use make you apt to kill me,  
Let not to that, selfe-murder added be,  
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruell

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since  
 Purpled thy Nayle, in blood of innocence ?  
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
 Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee ?  
 Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou  
 Find'st not thy selfe, nor me the weaker now ;  
 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares be ;  
 Iust so much honour, when thou yeeldst to me,  
 Will waite, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

*The good-morrow.*

**I** Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I  
 Did, till we lov'd : were we not wean'd till then ?  
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly ?  
 Or snorted we in the seven-sleepers den ?  
 'Twas so ; But this, all pleasures fancies be,  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking soules,  
 Which watch not one another out of feare ;  
 For love, all love of other sights controules,  
 And makes one little roome, an every where.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
 Let Mapsto other, worlds on worlds have showne,  
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,

Where

Where can we finde two fitter hemispheres  
 Without sharp North, without declining West?  
 What ever dies, was not mixt equally;  
 If our two loves be one, both thou and I  
 Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

## Song.

**G**Oe and catch a falling starre,  
 Get with childe a mandrake root,  
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,  
 Or who cleft the Devils foot,  
 Teach me to heare Mermaids singing,  
 Or to keep off envies stinging,  
 And finde  
 What winde  
 Serves to advance an honest minde.  
 If thou beest borne to strange sights,  
 Things invisible to see,  
 Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,  
 Till age snow white haire on thee,  
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me  
 All strange wonders that befell thee,  
 And sweare  
 No where  
 Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'st one, let me know,  
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet,

Yet

Yet doe not, I would not goe,  
 Though at next doore we might mee,  
 Though she were true when you met her,  
 And last, till you write your letter,  
 Yet she  
 Will be  
 False, ere I come, to two or three.

---

*Womans constancy.*

**N**OW thou hast lov'd me one whole day, (say?  
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou  
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?

Or say that now

We are not just those persons, which we were?

Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare

Of love, and his wrath, any may forswear?

(For, as true deaths true mariages untie,

So lovers contracts, images of those,

Binde but till sleepe, deaths image, them unloose?)

Or, your owne end to Iustifie,

For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you

Can have no way but falsehood to be true?

Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could

Dispute, and conquer, if I would,

Which I abstaine to doe,

For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

*Songs and Sonnets.*

5

*The undertaking.*

**I** Have done one braver thing  
Than all the *Worthies* did;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madnesse now to impart  
The skill of specular stone,  
When he which can have learn'd the art,  
To cut it can finde none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
Others (because no more  
Such stuffe to worke upon, there is,)  
Would love but as before:

But he who lovelinesse within  
Hath found, all outward loathes,  
For he who colour loves, and skin,  
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe  
Vertue in woman see,  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the *Hec* and *Shée*;

And if this love, though placed so,  
From profane men you hide,  
Which will no faith on this bestow,  
Or, if they doe, deride:

Then

Poems.

Then you have done a braver thing  
• Than all the *Worthies* did.  
And a braver thence will spring  
Which is, to keep that hid.

---

*The Sunne Rising.*

**B**Use old foole, unruly Sunne,  
Why dost thou thus,  
Through windows, and through curtains call on us?  
Must to thy motions Lovers seasons runne?  
Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide  
Late Schoole-boyes, and ~~flowre~~ prentices,  
Go tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,  
Call Countrey Ants to harvest offices;  
Love, all alike, no season knowes nor clime,  
Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames so reverend, and strong  
Dost thou not thinke  
I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,  
But that I would not lose her sight so long?  
If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
Looke, and to morrow late, tell me,  
Whether both th'India's of Spice and Myne  
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me.  
Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

She's



*Songs and Sonets.*

She's all States, and all Princes, I,  
Nothing else is.

Princes doe but play us ; compar'd to this,  
All honour's mimique ; All wealth alchymy ;

Thou Sunne art halfe as happy as we,

In that the world's contracted thus.

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be

To warme the world, char's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art every where,

This bed thy center is, these wals, thy spheare.

---

*The indifferent.*

I Can love both faire and browne, (betrayes,  
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want  
Her who loves lonenes best, & her who masks & plaies  
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,  
Her who beleeves, and her who tries,  
Her who still weeps with spungie eyes,  
And her who is dry Corke, and never cries ;  
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,  
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you ?

Wil it not ferye your turn to do, as did your mothers ?

Or have you all old vices spet, & now would find out

Or doth a fear, that men are true, tor- (others?

Oh we are not, be not you so, ment you ?

Let me ; and doe you, twenty know

Rob me, but blind me not, and let me goe.

Must



Must I, who came to travell thorow you,  
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

*Venus* heard me sigh this song,  
And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,  
She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.  
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,  
And said, alas, Some two or three  
Poore Heretiques in love there be,  
Which thinke to stablsh dangerous constancy.  
But I have told them, since you will be true,  
You shall be true to them who'are false to you.

*Loves Vsfury.*

**F**OR every houre that thou wilt spare me now,  
I will allow,  
Vsfurious God of Love, ewenty to thee,  
When with my browne, my gray hairees equall bee,  
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let  
Me travell, sojourne, march, plot, have, forget,  
Resume my last yeares relict: thinke that yet  
We had never met.

Let me thinke any rivals letter mine,  
And at next nine  
Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way  
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay:  
Onely let me love none, no not the sport  
From countrey grasse, to comfitures of Court,  
Or cities quelque choses, let not report  
My mind transport.

Thi

This bargain's good; if when I'm old, I bee  
Inflam'd by thee,  
If thine owne honour, or my shame and paine,  
Thou covet most at that age thou shalt gaine.  
Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,  
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,  
Spare mee till then, I'le beare it, though shee bee  
One that love mee.

---

*The Canonization.*

FOR GodfAKE hold your tongue, and let me love,  
Or chide my pallsie, or my gout,  
My true gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout, (prove  
With wealch your state, your minde with Arts im-  
Take you a course, get you a place,  
Observe his honour, or his grace,  
Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face  
Contemperate, what you will, approve,  
So you will let mee love.  
Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?  
What Merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?  
Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?  
When did my colds a forward spring remove?  
When did the heats which my veins fill  
Adde one more to the plague Bill?  
Soldiers find warres, and Lawyers find out still  
Litigious men, which quarrels move,  
Though she and I doe love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;  
 Call her one, me another fie.  
 We are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,  
 And we in us finde th' Eagle and the Dove.  
 The Phoenix riddle hath more wit  
 By us, we two being one, are it.  
 So, to one neutrall thing both sexes fit.  
 We dye and rise the same, and prove  
 Mysterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love,  
 And if unfit for tombes and hearse  
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;  
 And if no peece of Chronicle we prove,  
 Wee'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;  
 As well a well-wrought urne becomes  
 The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,  
 And by these hymnes all shall approve  
 Vs Canoniz'd for Love:

And thus invoke us: You whom reverend love  
 Made one anothers hermitage;  
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage,  
 Who did the whole worlds soul contract & drove  
 Into the glasses of your eyes  
 So made such mirrours, and such spies,  
 That they did all to you epitomize,  
 Countries, Townes, Courts; Beg from above  
 A pattern of our love.

*The triple Foole.*

**I** Am two fooles, I know,  
 For loving, and for saying so  
 In whining Poëtry;  
 But where's that wise man, that would not be I,  
 If she would not deny?  
 Then as sh'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes  
 Doe purge sea waters fierfull salt away,  
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,  
 Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,  
 Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,  
 For, He tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,  
 Some man his art and voice to shew,  
 Doth Set and sing my paine,  
 And, by delighting many, frees againe  
 Griefe, which Verse did reſtaine,  
 To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verse belongs,  
 But not of such as pleaſes when 'tis read,  
 Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs:  
 For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,  
 And I, which was two fooles, doe ſo grow three;  
 Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fooles be.

*Lovers infinitenesse.*

**I**F yet I have not all thy love,  
 Deare, I shall never have it all,  
 I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move;  
 Nor can I treat one other teare to fall;  
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,  
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent,  
 Yet no more can be due to mee,  
 That at the bargain made was ment,  
 If then thy gift of love were partiall,  
 That some to me, some should to others fall,  
 Deare, I shall never have It All.

Or if then thou gavest me All,  
 All was but All, which thou hadst then;  
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,  
 New love created be by other men,  
 Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,  
 In sighs, in oathes, in letters outbid me,  
 This new love may beget new feares,  
 For this love was not vowed by thee.  
 And yet it was, thy gift being generally,  
 The ground, thy heart was mine; what ever shall  
 Grow there, deare, I should have it all,

Yet I would not have all yet,  
 He that hath all can have no more,  
 And since my love doth every day admit

New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in  
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart, I (store;  
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:  
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,  
 It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it:  
 But we will have a way more liberall,  
 Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so we shall  
 Be one, and one anothers All.

## Song.

Sweetest Love, I doe not goe,  
 For wearinesse of thee,  
 Nor in hope the world can show  
 A fitter Love for mee,  
 But since that I  
 At the last must part, 'tis best,  
 Thus to use my selfe in jest  
 By fained deaths to dye;

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,  
 And yet is here to day,  
 He hath no desire nor sense,  
 Nor halfe so short a way:  
 Then feare not me,  
 But beleve that I shall make  
 Speedier journeyes, since I take  
 More wings and spurres than hee.

O how feeble is mans power,  
 That if good fortune fall,

Cannot add another houre,

Not a leſt houre recall?

But come bad chance,

And we joyne to it our ſtrength,

And we teach it art and length,

It ſelfe o'r uſe advance.

When thou ſigh'ſt, thou ſigh'ſt no wind,

But ſigh'ſt my ſoule away,

When thou weep'ſt, unkindly kind,

My lifes blood doth decay.

It cannot be

That thou lov'ſt me, as thou ſay'ſt,

If in thine my life thou waſte,

That art the beſt of me,

Let not thy divining heart,

Forethinke me any ill,

Deſtiny may take thy part,

And make thy feares fulfill,

But thinke that we

Are but turn'd aſide to ſleepe;

They who one another keepe

Alive, ne'r parted be.

### *The Legacy*

**W**hen I dyed laſt, and Deare, I die

As often as from thee I goe,

Though it be but an houre agoe,

And



And lovers houres be full of merrite,  
 I can remember yet, that I  
 Something did say, and something did bestow;  
 Though I be dead, which meant me, I should be  
 Mine owne executor, and Legacie.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,  
 That my selfe, that is you, not I,  
 Did kill me, and when I felt me die,  
 I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,  
 But I alas could there finde none,  
 When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should  
 It kill'd me againe, that I who still was true,  
 In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,  
 But colours it, and corners had,  
 It was not good, it was not bad,  
 It was intire to none, and few had part.  
 As good as could be made by art  
 It seem'd, and therefore for our losses sad,  
 I meant to send that heart in stead of mine,  
 But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

---

*A Favour.*

**O**H doe not die, for I shall live  
 All women so, when thou art gone,  
 That thee I shall not celebrate,  
 When I remember thou wast one.



But yet thou canst not dye, I know,  
 To leave this world behinde, is death,  
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,  
 The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,  
 It stay, 'tis but thy Carcasse then,  
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost,  
 But corrupt wormes, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire  
 Shall burne this world, had none the wit  
 Vnto this knowledge to aspire,  
 That this her feaver might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,  
 Nor long beare this torturing wrong,  
 For more corruption needfull is  
 To fuell such a feaver long.

These burning fits but meteors be,  
 Whose matter in thee is soone spent.  
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,  
 Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee,  
 Though it in thee cannot perseuer.  
 For I had rather owner bee  
 Of thee one houre, then all else ever.

*Aire and Angels.*

**T**Wice or thrice had I loved thee,  
Before I knew thy face or name;  
So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,  
*Angels* affect us oft, and worship'd bee,  
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,  
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,  
But since, my soule, whose child love is,  
Takes limbes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,  
More subtile than the parent is;  
Love must not be, but take a body too,  
And therefore what thou wert, and who  
I bid love aske, and now  
That it assume thy body, I allow,  
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,  
And so more steddily to have gone,  
With wares which would sinke admiration,  
I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,  
Every thy haire for love to worke upon  
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;  
For, nor in nothing, nor in things  
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;  
Then as an Angell, face, and wings  
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,  
So thy love may be my loves spheare;  
Iust such disparitie

As

As is 'twixt Aire and Angels puritie,  
 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever be.

---

*Breake of day.*

'T Is true, 'tis day ; what though it be ?  
 O wilt thou therefore rise from me ?  
 Why should we rise, because 'tis light ?  
 Did we lie downe, because 'twas night ?  
 Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hither,  
 Should in spight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;  
 If it could speake as well as spie,  
 This were the worst that it could say,  
 That being well, I faine would stay,  
 And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,  
 That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove ?  
 Oh, that's the worst disease of love,  
 The poore, the foule, the false love can  
 Admit, but not the buffed man.  
 He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe  
 Such wrong, as when a married man should wooe.

*The Anniversary.*

**A**LL Kings, and all their favorites,  
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,  
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as these passe,  
 Is elder by a yeare now, then, it was  
 When thou and I first one another saw :  
 All other things to their destruction draw,  
 Onely our love hath no decay :  
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday ;  
 Running it never runs from us away,  
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;  
 If one might, death were no divorce,  
 Alas, as well as other Princes, we,  
 (Who Prince enough in one another be,)  
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,  
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares :  
 But soules where nothing dwels but love ;  
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove  
 This, or a love increased there above,  
 When bodies to their grave, soules from their graves  
 (remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest ;  
 But now no more than all the rest.  
 Here upon earth, we are Kings, and none but we  
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects be ;  
 Who is so safe as we ? where none can doe

Treason

Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false feares let us refraine,  
Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe  
Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine  
To write threescore, this is the second of our raigne.

de optima.

*A Valediction of my name, in the window.*

I.

**M**Y name ingrav'd herein,  
Doth contribute my firmenesse to this glasse,  
Which ever since that charme, hath beene  
As hard as that which grav'd it, was,  
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock  
The diamonds of either rock.

I I.

'Tis much that Glasse should bee  
As all confessing, and through-shine as I,  
'Tis more that it shewes thee to thee,  
And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.  
But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,  
Here you see mee, and I am you.

I I I.

As no one point, nor dash,  
Which are but accessories to this name,

The

The showers and tempest can outwash  
So shall all times find mee the same;  
You this intirenesse better may fulfill,  
Who have the patterne with you still

**III.**

Or if too hard and deepe  
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,  
It, as a given deaths head keepe,  
Lovers mortality to preach,  
Or thinke this ragged bony name to be  
My ruineus Anatomy.

Then, as all my soules bee,  
Emparadis'd in you (In whom alone  
I understand, and grow and see,)  
The rafters of my body bone,  
Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine;  
Which tile this house, will come againe.

**VI.**

Till my returne, repaire  
And recompact my scattered body so,  
As all the vertuous powers which are  
Fix'd in the starres are said to flow  
Into such characters as graved bee  
When those starres have supremacie:

## VII.

So since this name was cut,  
 When love and griefe their exaltation had,  
 No doore 'gainst this names influence shut,  
 As much more loving, as more sad,  
 'I will make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I returne,  
 Since I die daily, daily mourne.

## VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand  
 Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,  
 To looke on one, whose wit or land,  
 New battery to thy heart may frame,  
 Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus  
 In it offend'st my Genius.

## IX.

And when thy melted maid,  
 Corrupted by thy lovers gold, and page,  
 His letter at thy pillow hath laid,  
 Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,  
 And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,  
 May my name step in, and hide his.

## X.

And if this treason goe  
 To an overt act, and that thou write againe :

In supercribing, this name flow  
 Into thy fancy from the Pen,  
 So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,  
 And unaware to me shalt write.

## XI

But glasse, and lines must be  
 No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe;  
 Neare death inflictis this lethargie,  
 And thus I murmur in my sleepe;  
 Impute this idle talke, to that I goe,  
 For dying men talke often so.

*Twickenam Garden.*

**B**lasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares,  
 Hither I come to seeke the spring,  
 And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,  
 Receive such balme, as else cures every thing:  
 But O, selfe-traitor, I doe bring  
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,  
 And can convert Manna to gall,  
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought  
 True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought.  
 'Twere wholsomer for me, that winter did  
 Benight the glory of this place,  
 And that a grave frost did forbid  
 These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face.



But that I may not this disgrace  
 Indure, nor leave this garden, Love let me  
 Some senselesse peece of this place bee;  
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,  
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out the yeare,

Hither with Christall vyals, lovers come,  
 And take my teares, which are lovers wine,  
 And try your Mistresse Teares at home,  
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine;  
 Alas, hearts doe not in eyes shine,  
 Nor can you more judge womes thoughts by teares,  
 Than by her shadow, what she weares.  
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but she,  
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

---

*Valediction to his Booke.*

I'LL tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe  
 To anger destiny, as she doth us,  
 How I shall stay, though she esloigne me thus,  
 And how posterity shall know it too;  
 How thine may out-endure  
 Sybils glory, and obscure  
 Her who from Pindar could allure,  
 And her, through whose helpe *Lucan* is not lame,  
 And her, whose booke (they say) *Homer* did find, &  
 name.  
 Study our manuscripts, those Myriades  
 Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,  
 Thence

Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee  
To all whom loves subliming fire invades,  
Rule and example found;  
There, the faith of any ground  
No schismatique will dare to wound,  
That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,  
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.  
This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,  
Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved to me  
In cypher writ, or new made Idiom;   
Wee for loves clergy, onely 'are instruments,  
When this booke is made thus,  
Should againe the ravenous  
Vandals and the Goths invade us,  
Learning were safe in this our Vniverse  
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick,  
(Angels Verse:  
Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinitie  
Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke;  
Whether abstract spirituall love they like,  
Their soules exhal'd with what they doe not see,  
Or loath so to amaze,  
Fairhs infirmitie, they chuse  
Something which they may see and use;  
For, though mind be the heaven, where love doth  
Beaury a conventent type may be to figure it. (fit,  
Here more than in their bookes may Lawyers finde;  
Both by what titles Mistresses are ours  
And how prerogative these states devours,  
Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankind.

Who though from heart, and eyes,  
 They exact great subsidies;  
 For sake him who on them relies;  
 And for the cause, honour, or conscience give;  
 Chimeræes, vaine as they, or their prerogative.

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can read,)  
 May of their occupation finde the grounds,  
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,  
 If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,  
 In both they doe excell  
 Who the present governe well,  
 Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell;  
 In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,  
 As in the Bible some can finde out Alchymie.

Thus went thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee,  
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;  
 How great love is, presence best triall makes,  
 But absence tries how long this love will be;  
 To take a latitude  
 Sunne, or starres, are fitliest view'd  
 At their brightest, but to conclude  
 Of longitudes, what other way have we,  
 But to marke when, & where the dark eclipses be?

*Communitie.*

**G**ood we must love, and must hate ill,  
 For ill is ill, and good good still,

But there are things indifferent,  
Which we may neither hate, nor love,  
But one, and then another prove,  
As we shall finde our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had,  
Made women either good or bad,  
Then some we might hate, and some chuse,  
But since she did them so create,  
That we may neither love, nor hate,  
Onely this rests, All, all may use.

If they were good, it would be scene,  
Good is as visible as Greene,  
And to all eyes it selfe betrayes,  
If they were bad, they could not last,  
Bad doth it selfe, and others waste,  
So they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,  
Hee that but tastes, he that devours,  
And he that leaves all, doth as well,  
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat;  
And when he hath the kernell eate,  
Who doth not fling away the shell?

*Loves growth.*

Scarce beleieve my love to be so pure  
As I had thought it was,

Because it doth endure  
 Vicissitude, and season, as the grasse;  
 Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I swore,  
 My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow  
 With more, not onely be no quintessence,  
 But mixt of all stufes, vexing soule, or sense,  
 And of the Sunne his active vigour borrow,  
 Love's not so pure, and abstract as they use  
 To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,  
 But as all else being elemented too,  
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes doe.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,  
 Love by the spring is growne;  
 As in the firmament,  
 Starres by the Sunne are not enlarg'd, but showne,  
 Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,  
 From loves awakened roote doe bud out now.  
 If, as in water stirr'd more circles be  
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,  
 Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,  
 For, they are all concentrique unto thee,  
 And though each spring doe adde to love new heat,  
 As Princes doe in times of action get  
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,  
 No winter shall abate this springs encrease.

*Loves exchange.*

**L**ove, any devill else but you,  
 Would for a given Soule give something too.  
 At Court your fellowes every day,  
 Give th' art of Riming, Huntsmanship or play,  
 For them which were their owne before;  
 Onely I have nothing, which gave more,  
 But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

I aske no dispensation now  
 To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,  
 I doe not sue from thee to draw  
 A *non obstante* on natures law,  
 These are prerogatives, they inhere  
 In thee and thine; none should forswear  
 Except that he *Loves* minion were.

Give mee thy weaknesse, make me blinde,  
 Both wayes, as thou and thine; in eyes and minde;  
 Love, let me never know that this  
 Is love, or, that love childish is,  
 Let me not know that others know  
 That she knowes my paines, least that so  
 A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou art just,  
 Because I would not thy first motions trust;  
 Small townes which stand stille, till great shor

Enforce them, by warres law, *condition not*,  
 Such in loves warfare is my case,  
 I may not article for grace,  
 Having put love at last to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command  
 And change the Idolatry of any Land,  
 This face, which, whereſoe'r it comes,  
 Can call vow'd men frō cloysters, dead from tombes,  
 And melt both Poles at once, and store  
 Deserts with Cities, and make more  
 Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before,

For, this love is inrag'd with mee,  
 Yet kils not ; if I must example bee  
 To future Rebels ; If th' unborne  
 Must learne, by my being cut up, and torne :  
 Kill, and dissect me, Love ; for this  
 Torture against thine owne end is,  
 Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

---

*Confined Love.*

**S**ome man unworthy to be possessor  
 Of old or new love, himselte being false or weake,  
 Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,  
 If on womankind hee might his anger wreake,  
 And thence a law did grow,  
 One might but one man know ;  
 But are other creatures so ?



Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden  
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?

Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden  
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?

Beasts doe no joyntures lose

Though they new lovers choose,

But we are made worse than those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbours,  
And not to seeke lands, or not to deale with all?

Or build faire houses, set trees, and arbors,  
Onely to lock up, or else to let them fall?

Good is not good, unlesse

A thousand it possesse,

But doth waste with greedinesse.

### *The Dreame.*

**D**Eare love, for nothing lesse than thee  
Would I have broke this happy dreame,

It was a theame

For reason, much too strong for phantasie,

Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet

My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,

Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice

To make dreames truths; and fables histories;

Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,

Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.



As lightning, or a Tapers light,  
Thine eyes, and not thy noyse wak'd me ;

Yet I thought thee

( For thou lov'st truth ) an Angell, at first sight,  
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,  
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,  
Whé thou knew'st what I dreamt when thou knew'st  
Excesse of joy would wake me, & cam'st then, ( when  
I must confesse, it could not chuse but be  
Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming, and staying shew'd thee, thee,  
But rising makes me doubt, that now,

Thou art not thou.

That love is weake, where feare's as strong as he ;  
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,  
If mixture it of Feare, Shame, Honor have ;  
Perchance as torches which must ready bee,  
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,  
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come ; Then I  
Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die.

*A Valediction of weeping.*

**L**et me powre forth  
My teares before thy face, whilst I stay here,  
For thy face coynes them, & thy stampe they beare ;  
And by this Mintage they are something worth,  
For thus they bee  
Pregnant of thee,

Fruits

Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,  
When a teare falls, that thou fallest which it bore,  
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers  
(shore,

On a round ball  
A workman that hath copies by can lay  
An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,  
And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*.

So doe each teare,  
Which thee doth weare,  
A globe, yea world by that impression grow,  
Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow  
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dis-  
(solved so.

O more then Moone,  
Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare,  
Weep me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear  
To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone,

Let not the winde  
Example finde,  
To doe me more harme, then it purposeth,  
Since thou and I sigh one anothers breath, (death,  
Who e'r sigh's most, is cruellest, and hast the others

---

*Loves Alchymie.*

Some that have deeper digg'd loves Myne than I,  
Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:  
I have lov'd, and got, and told,  
But should I love, get, tell till I were old;  
I should not finde that hidden mystrie;

Oh,

Oh, 'tis imposture all:  
 And as no chymique yet th' Elixar got,  
 But glorifies his pregnant pot;  
 If by the way to him befall  
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,  
 So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,  
 But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,  
 Shall we, for this vaine Bubbles shadow pay?  
 Ends love in this, that my man  
 Can be as happy as I can; if he can  
 Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?  
 That loving wretch that sweares,  
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,  
 Which he in her Angelique findes,  
 Would sweare as justly, that he heares,  
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.  
 Hope not for minde in women; at their best,  
 Sweetnesse, & wit they are, but, *Mummy*, possesse.

### *The Curse.*

**VV** Ho ever guesse, thinks, or dreams, he knows  
 Who is my Mistris, wither by this curse;  
 His onely, and onely his purse  
 May some dull heart to love dispose,  
 And she yeeld then to all that are his foes:  
 May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,

For

Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworne,  
With feare of missing, shame of getting torne;

Madnesse his sorrow, gout his cramp, may hee  
Make, by but thinking. who hath made him such :

And may he feele no touch

Of conscience, but of fame, and be

Anguish'd, not that 'twas sin, but that 'twas she :

Or may he for her vertue reverence

One that hates him onely for impotence,

And equall Traitors be she and his sense.

May he dreame Treason, and beleewe, that hee

Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,

And no record tell why :

His sonnes, which none of his may be,

Inherit nothing but his infamy :

Or may he so long Parasites have fed,

That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,

And at the last be circumcis'd for bread :

The venome of all stepdames, gamesters gall,

What Tyrants, and their subjects interwith,

What Plants, Myne, Beasts, Fowle, Fish,

Can contribute, all ill, which all

Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall

Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee,

Fall on that man; For if it be a shee

Nature before hand hath out-cursed me.

*The*

---

*The Message.*

Send home my long-straid eyes to mee,  
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee,  
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,  
Such forc'd fashions,  
And false passions,  
That they bee  
Made by thee  
Fit for no good sight, keepe them still.

Send home my harmelesse heart againe,  
Which no unworthy thought could staine,  
But if it be taught by thine  
To make jestings  
Of protestings,  
And breake both  
Word and oath,  
Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
That I may know, and see thy lies,  
And may laugh and joy, when thou  
Art in anguish  
And dost languish  
For some one  
That will none,  
Or prove as false as thou art now.

*A nocturnall upon S. LUCIES day,**Being the shortest day.*

**T**Is the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,  
*Lucies*, who scarce seven hours her self unmaskes,  
 The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks  
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;  
 The worlds whole sap is funke:  
 The general balme th'hydropique earth hath drunk,  
 Whither, as to the beds-feet life is thrunk,  
 Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seeme to laugh,  
 Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.  
 Study me then, you who shall lovers be  
 At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:  
 For I am a very dead thing,  
 In whom love wrought now Alchymie.  
 For his art did expresse  
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse,  
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse  
 He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot  
 Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,  
 Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they being have,  
 I, by loves limbeck, am the grave  
 Of all, thats nothing. Of a flood  
 Have we two wept, and so

Drown'd

Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow,  
 To be two Chaosses, when we did show  
 Care to ought else; and often absences  
 Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)  
 Of the first nothing, the Elixer growne;  
 Were I a man, that I were one,  
 I needs must know; I should preferre,  
 If I were any Beast,  
 Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest,  
 And love, all, all some properties invest.  
 If I an ordinary nothing were,  
 As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew,  
 You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne  
 At this time to the Goat is runne  
 To fetch new lust, and give it you,  
 Enjoy your Summer all,  
 Since she enjoys her long nights festivall,  
 Let me prepare towards her, and let me call  
 This houre her Vigill, and her eve, since this  
 Both the yeares, and the dayes deepe midnight is.

---

*Witchcraft by a picture.*

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there  
 Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,

My

My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,  
 When I looke lower I espie;  
 Hadst thou the wicked skill  
 By pictures made and mard, to kil?  
 How many waies mightst thou performe thy will?

But now I have drunke thy sweet salt teares,  
 And though thou powre more, I'll depart;  
 My picture vanished, vanish all feares,  
 That I can be endammag'd by that art;  
 Though thou retaine of mee  
 One picture more, yet that will be,  
 Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

### *The Baite.*

Come live with mee, and be my love,  
 And we will some new pleasures prove  
 Of golden sands, and christall brookes:  
 With filken lines and silver hookes.

There will the river whispring runne  
 Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sunne.  
 And there th'innamour'd fish will stay,  
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath;  
 Each fish, which every channell hath,  
 Will amorously to thee swimme,  
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him,

II



If thou, to be so scene, beeſt leaſh,  
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneſt both,  
And if my ſelfe have leave to ſee,  
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freez with angling reeds,  
And cut their legs, with ſhels and weeds,  
Or treacherouſly poore fiſh beſet,  
With ſtrangling ſnare, or windowie nets

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt  
The bedded fiſh in banks out-weſt,  
Or curious traitors, ſleawe ſilke flies  
Bewitch poore fiſhes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit,  
For thou thy ſelfe art thine owne baite,  
That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby.  
Alas, is wiſer farre than I.

---

*The Apparition.*

**W**Hen by thy ſcorne, O murthereſſe, I am dead,  
And that thou think'ſt thee free  
From all ſolicitation from me,  
Then ſhall my ghoſt come to thy bed,  
And thee ſain'd veſtall in worſe armes ſhall ſee;  
Then thy ſicke taper will begin to winke,  
And he, whoſe thou art then, being tyr'd before,  
Will, if thou ſtirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke

Thou

Thou call' st for more,  
And in false sleeps from thee shrink,  
And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou  
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie

A verger ghost than I;  
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent;  
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,  
Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

*The broken heart.*

**H**E is starke madd, who ever sayes,  
That he hath beene in love an houre,  
Yet not that love so soone decayes,  
But that it can ten in lesse space devour;  
Who will beleeve me, if I sweare  
That I have had the Plague a yeare?  
Who would not laugh at me if I should say,  
I saw a flash of powder burne a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,  
If once into loves hands it come?  
All other griefes allow a part  
To other griefes, and aske themselves but some,  
They come to us, but us love drawes,  
He swallowes us and never chawes:  
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks doe die,  
He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Erie.

If'twere not so, what did become  
 Of my heart, when I first saw thee?  
 I brought a heart into the roome,  
 But from the roome I carried none with me;  
 If it had gone to thee, I know  
 Mine would have taught thine heart to show  
 More pity unto me : but Love, alas  
 At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,  
 Nor any place be empty quite,  
 Therefore I thinke my brest hath all  
 Those peeces still, though they be not unite;  
 And now as broken-glasses show  
 A hundred lesser faces, so  
 My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,  
 But after one such love, can love no more.

---

*A Valediction forbidding mourning.*

**A**S vertuous men passe mildly away,  
 And whisper to their soules, to goe,  
 Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,  
 The breath goes now, and some say, no.  
 So let us melt, and make no noyse;  
 No teare-flouds, nor sigh-tempests move;  
 'Twere profanation of our joyes  
 To tell the layitie our love.

Moving

Moving of th' earth brings harmes and fares,  
 Men reckon what it did, and meant,  
 But trepidation of the spheares,  
 Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love  
 ( Whose soule is sense ) cannot admit  
 Absence, because it doth remove  
 Those things which elemented it.

But wee by a love so much refind,  
 That our selves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assured of the minde,  
 Carelesse, eyes, lips, hands to misse.

Our two soules therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must goe, indure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to avery thinnesse beat.

If they be two, they are two so  
 As stiffe twin compasses are two,  
 Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show  
 To move, but doth, if th' other doe.

And though it in the center sit,  
 Yet when the other farre doth come,  
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,  
 And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must  
 Like th' other foot, obliquely runne.

Thy firmnesse makes my circles just,  
And makes me end where I began.

*The Extasie.*

**V**Here, like a pillow on a bed,  
A pregnant Banke I swell'd up, to rest  
The violets reclining head,  
Sat we two, one anothers best;  
Our hands were firmly cemented  
By a fast Balme, which chence did spring,  
Our eye-beames twisted; and did thred  
Our eyes upon one double string,  
So to engraft our hands, as yet  
Was all the meanes to make us one,  
And pictures in our eyes to get  
Was all our propagation.  
As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate  
Suspends uncertaine victory,  
Our soules, (which to advance our state,  
Were gone out, ) hung 'twixt her and me.  
And whil' st our soules negotiate there,  
We like sepulchrell statues lay,  
All day, the same our postures were,  
And we said nothing, all the day.  
If any, so by love refin'd,  
That he soules language understood,  
And by good love were growne all minde,  
Within convenient distance stood,  
He (though he knew not which soules spake,

Because

Because both meant, both spake the same;  
 Might thence a new concoction take,  
 And part farre purer than he came.  
 This extasie doth unperplex  
 ( We said ) and tell us what we love,  
 We see by this, it was not fore,  
 We see, we saw not what did move:  
 But as all severall soules containe  
 Mixture of things they know not what,  
 Love, these mixt soules, doth mixe againe,  
 And makes both one, each this and that.  
 A single violet transplant,  
 The strength, the colour, and the size,  
 (All which before was poore, and scant,)  
 Redoubles still, and multiplies.  
 When love, with one another so  
 Interanimates two soules,  
 That abler soule, which thence doth flow,  
 Defects of lonelineffe controules.  
 We then, who are this new soule, know,  
 Of what wee are compos d, and made,  
 For, th' Atomies of which we grow,  
 Are soule, whom no change can invade.  
 But O Alas, so long, so farre  
 Our bodies why doe wee forbear?  
 They are ours, though not we, Wee are  
 The intelligences, they the spheres,  
 We owe them thanks, because they thus  
 Did us, to us, at first convey,  
 Yeeled their senses force to us,  
 Nor are droffe to us, but allay.  
 On man heavens influence workes not so,

But that it first imprints the ayre,  
 For soule into the soule may flow,  
 Though it to body first repaire:  
 As our bloud labours to beget  
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
 That suble knot, which make us man:  
 So must pure lovers soules descend  
 T' affections, and to faculties,  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
 Else a great Prince in prison lies:  
 To our bodies turne we then, that so  
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;  
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,  
 But yet the body is his booke.  
 And if some lover, such as wee,  
 Have heard this dialogue of one,  
 Let him still marke us, he shall see  
 Small change when we are to bodies growne.

---

*Loves Deitie.*

**I** Long to talke with some old lovers ghost,  
 Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:  
 I cannot thinke that he, who then lov'd most,  
 Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.  
 But since this god produc'd a destiny,  
 And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be;  
 I must love her that loves not me.



Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,  
 Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.  
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch,  
 His office was indulgently to fit  
 Actives to Passives. Correspondency  
 Onely his subject was ; it cannot bee  
 Love, if I love, who loves not me.

But every moderne god will now extend  
 His vaste prerogative as farre as *Jove*.  
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,  
 All is the purlewe of the God of Love.  
 Oh were we wak'ned by this Tyranny  
 To ungod this childe againe, it could not be  
 I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,  
 As though I felt the worst that love could doe?  
 Love may make me leave loving, or might trie  
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too,  
 Which, since shee loves before, I'm loth to see;  
 Falshood is worse than hate; and that must be,  
 If she whom I love, should love me.

*Loves diet.*

**T**O what a comberfome unwieldinesse  
 And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,  
 But that I did, to make it lesse,  
 And keepe it in proportion,



Give it a diet, made it feed upon  
That which love worst indures, *discretion.*

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,  
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;  
And if sometimes by stealth he got  
A she sigh from my mistresse heart,  
And thought to feast on that, I let him see  
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me:

If he wrong from me a teare, I brin'd it so  
With scorne or shame, that him it nourish'd not;  
If he suck'd hers, I let him know  
'Twas not a teare, which he had got.  
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat; (sweat.  
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,  
But burnt her letters when she writ to me;  
And if that favour made him fat,  
I said, if any title be  
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,  
To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flie  
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;  
Now negligent of sport I lie,  
And now as other Fawknere use,  
I spring a mistresse, sweate, write, sigh and weep:  
And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke or sleepe.

*The Will.*

**B**Efore I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,  
 Great love, some Legacies; Here I bequeath  
 Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,  
 If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;  
 My tongue to Fame; to' Embassadours mine eares;  
 To women or the sea, my teares;  
 Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore  
 By making me serve her who' had twenty more,  
 That I should give to none, but such, as had too  
 (much before.

My constancy I to the Planets give,  
 My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;  
 Mine ingenuitie and opennesse,  
 To Iesuites; to Buffones my pensivenesse;  
 My silence to 'any, who abroad hath beene;  
 My money to a Capuchin.  
 Thou love taught'st me, by appointing me  
 To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,  
 Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;  
 All my good workes unto the Schismatics  
 Of Amsterdam; my best civilitie  
 And Courtship, to an Vniversitie;  
 My modestie I give to Souldiers bare;  
 My patience let gamesters share.  
 Thou Love taughtst me, by making mee

Love

Love her that holds my love disparitie,  
Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those  
Which were my friends; Mine industry to foes;  
To schoolemen I bequeathe my doubtfulnesse;  
My sicknesse to Physitians, or excesse;  
To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ;  
And to my company my wit;  
Thou love, by making me adore  
Her, who begot this love in me before, (restore.  
Taughtst me to make, as though I gave, when I do but

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,  
I give my physick bookes; my written rowles  
Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give;  
My Brazen medals, unto them which live  
In want of bread; To them which passe among  
All forrainers, mine English tongue.

Thou, Love, by making me love one  
Who thiakes her friendship a fit portion  
For yonger lovers, dost my gift thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undoe  
The world by dying; because love dies too.  
Then all your beauties will be no more worth  
The gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth.  
And all your graces no more use shall have,

Then a Sun dyall in a grave,  
Thou Love taughtst me by making me  
Love her who doth neglect both me & thee, (three.  
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all

The

*The Funerall.*

**VV**Ho ever comes to shroud me, do not harme  
 Nor question much  
 That subtle wreathe of hair, which crowns my arme;  
 The mysterie, the signe you must not touch,  
 For 'tis my outward Soule,  
 Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,  
 Will leave this to controule, (tion.  
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolu-

For if the sinewie thred my braine lets fall  
 Through every part,  
 Can tye those parts, and make me one of all;  
 Those haire which upward grew, and strength & art  
 Have from a better braine,  
 Can better do't; except she meant that I  
 By this should know my pain, (demn'd to die.  
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they are con-

What ere she meant by't burie it with me,  
 For since I am  
 Loves martyr, it might breed Idolatry,  
 If into others hands these Reliques came;  
 As 'twas humility  
 To afford to it all that a soule can doe,  
 So, 'tis some bravery, (of you.  
 That since you would have none of me, I bury some  
 The

*The Blossome.*

**L**ittle think'st thou, poore flower,  
 Whom I have watch'd fixe or seven dayes,  
 And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre  
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,  
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,  
 Little think'st thou  
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall  
 To morrow finde thee false, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poore heart  
 That labourest yet to nestle thee,  
 And think'st by hovering here to get a part  
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,  
 And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow :  
 Little think'st thou,  
 That thou to morrow, ere the Sunne doth wake,  
 Must with this Sunne, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be  
 Subtle to plague thy selfe, wilt say,  
 Alas, if you must goe, what's that to me ?  
 Here lies my businesse, and here I will stay :  
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes present  
 Various content  
 To your eyes, eares, and taste, and every part,  
 If then your body goe, what need your heart?

Well

Well then, stay here; but know;  
 When thou hast staid and done thy most;  
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,  
 Is to a woman but a kind of Ghost;  
 How shall she know my heart; or having none,  
 Know thee for one?  
 Practise may make her know some other part,  
 But take my word, she doth not know a Heart.

Meet me at London, then,  
 Twenty daies hence, and thou shalt see  
 Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men.  
 Then if I had staid still with her and thee,  
 For Gods sake, if you can, be you so too:  
 I will give you  
 There, to another friend, whom we shall finde  
 As glad to have my body, as my minde.

---

*The Primrose, being at Mountgomery Castle,  
 upon the hill, on which it is situate.*

**U**Pon this Primrose hill,  
 Where, if Heav'n would distill  
 A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe  
 To his owne Primrose, and grow Manna so;  
 And where their forme, and their infinitie  
 Make a terrestriall Galaxie,  
 As the small starres doe in theskie:

**VV**  
 I walke

I walke to find a true Love; and I see  
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,  
But must or more or lesse than woman bee.

Yet know I not, which flower  
I wish; a sixe, or foure;  
For should my true-Love lesse than woman bee,  
Shee were scarce any thing; and then, should shee  
Be more than woman, she would get above  
All thought of sexe; and thinke to move  
My heart to study her, not to love;  
Both these were monsters; Since there must reside  
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,  
She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Live Primrose then, and thrive  
With thy true number five;  
And women, whom this flower doth represent,  
With this mysterious number be content;  
Ten is the farthest number, if halfe ten  
Belongs unto each woman, then  
Each woman may take halfe us men,  
Or if this will not serve their turne, Since all  
Numbers are odde, or even, since they fall  
First into five, women may take us all.

---

*The Relique.*

**VV**hen my grave is broke up againe  
Some second ghest to entertaine,

(For

(For graves have learn'd that woman-head  
To be no more than one a Bed)

And he that digs it, spies

A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,

Will he not let us alone,

And thinke that there a loving couple lies,  
Who thought that this device might be some way  
To make their soules at the last busie day,  
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,

Where mis-devotion doth command,

Then, he that digs us up, will bring

Vs, to the Bishop, and the King,

To make us Reliques; then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen; and I

A something else thereby;

All women shall adore us, and some men;

And since at such time, miracles are sought,

I would have that age by this paper taught

What miracles we harmelesse Lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,

Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why,

Difference of Sex we never knew,

No more than Guardian Angels doe,

Comming and going, we,

Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales

Our hands ne'r toucht the scales,

Which nature injur'd by late law, sets free,

These



These miracles we did ; but now alas,  
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,  
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

---

*The Dampe.*

**V**When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,  
 And my friends curiositie  
 Will have me cut up to survey each part,  
 When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,  
 You thinke a sodaine dampe of love  
 Will through all their senses move,  
 And worke on them as me, and so preferre  
 Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

Poore victories ; but if you dare be brave,  
 And pleasure in your conquest have;  
 First kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,  
 And let the enchantresse *Honor*, next be slaine ;  
 And like a Goth and Vandall rise,  
 Deface Records, and Histories  
 Of your owne arts and triumphs over men,  
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you  
 My Gyants, and my Witches too,  
 Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretnesse*,  
 But these I neither looke for nor professe,  
 Kill me as Woman, let me die

As a meere man ; doe you but try  
Your passive valour, and you shall finde than,  
Naked you 'have odds enough of any man.

---

*The Dissolution.*

**S**Hee is dead ; And all which die  
To their first Elements resolve ;  
And we were mutuall Elements to us,  
And made of one another.

My body then doth hers involve,  
And those things whereof I consist, hereby  
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,  
And nourish not, but smother.

My fire of Passion, fighes of ayre,  
Water of teares, and earthy sad despaire,

Which my materials be,  
But neere worne out by loves securitie,  
She, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,  
And I might live long wretched so  
But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.

Now as those Active Kings  
Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,  
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest breake :  
This ( which I am amaz'd that I can speake )

This death, hath with my store  
My use encreas'd.  
And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,  
Will outstrip hers ; As bullets flowen before  
A latter bullet may o'rake, the powder being more.

*A Icar Ring sent.*

**T**Hou art not so black, as my heart,  
 Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art ;  
 What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by  
 Nothing more endlesse, nothing ( thee bee spoke,  
 ( sooner broke)

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe ;  
 Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough  
 Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it  
 I'm cheap, & nought but fashio, fling me'away. (say

Yet stay with me since thou art come,  
 Circle this fingers top, which didst her thombe.  
 Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell  
 She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon (with me,  
 ( breake thee,

*Negative love.*

**I** Never stoop'd so low, as they  
 Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can pray,  
 Seldome to them which soare no higher  
 Then vertue, or the minde to 'admire,  
 For sense, and understanding may  
 Know, what gives fuell to their fire :  
 My love, though silly, is more brave,

For may I misse, when ere I crave,  
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest  
Which can by no way be exprest

But *Negatives*, my love is so.

To All, which all love, I say no.

If any who decipheres best,

What we know not, our selves, can know,

Let him teach mee that nothing. This

As yet my ease, and comfort is,

Though I speed not, I cannot misse.

*The prohibition.*

**T**

Ake heed of loving me,

At least remember, I forbade it thee;

Not that I shall repaire my unthrifty wast,

Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares;

By being to thee then what to me thou wast,

But, so great Ioy, our life at once ourweares,

Then, least thy love, by my death, frustrate be,

If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating mee,

Or too much triumph in the Victory,

Not that I shall be mine owne officer,

And hate with hate againe retaliate;

But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,

If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate  
 Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,  
 If thou hate me, take heed of hating me:

Yet, love and hate me too,  
 So, these extreames shall ne'r their office doe;  
 Love me, that I may dye the gentler way;  
 Hate me, because thy love is too great for me;  
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;  
 So shall I live thy Stage, not triumph be;  
 Then lest thou thy love hate, and mee thou undoe  
*O let me live, yet love and hate me too.*

---

*The Expiration.*

**S**O, so, breake off this last lamenting kisse,  
 Which sucks two soules, and vapors Both away,  
 Turne thou ghost that way, and let me turne this,  
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,  
 Wee aske none leave to love; nor will we owe  
 Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,  
 Ease me with death, by bidding me goe too.  
 Or, if it have, let my word worke on mee,  
 And a just office on a murderer doe.  
 Except it be too late, to kill me so,  
 Being double dead, going and bidding, goe.

*The Computation.*

**F**OR my first twenty yeares, since yesterday,  
 I scarce beleev'd, thou couldst be gone away,  
 For forty more I fed on favours past,  
 And forty'on hopes, that thou wouldst they might  
 Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two,  
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,  
 Or not deem'd, all being one thought of you;  
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.  
 Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I  
 Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die?

*The Paradox.*

**N**O Lover saith, I love, nor any other;  
 Can judge a perfect Lover;  
 He thinks that else none can or will agree,  
 That any loves but hee;  
 I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say  
 He was kill'd yesterday  
 Love with excesse of heat, more young than old,  
 Death kills with too much cold;  
 We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,  
 He that saith twice, doth lie:

For though he seeme to move, and stirre a while,  
 It doth the sense beguile,  
 Such life is like the light which bideth yet  
 When the lifes light is set,  
 Or like the heat, which, fire in solid matter  
 Leaves behinde, two houres after,  
 Once I love and dyed; and am now become  
 Mine Epitaph and Tombe.  
 Here dead men speake their last, and so doe I;  
 Love-slaine, loe, here I die.

---

## Song.

**S**oules joy, now I am gone,  
 And you alone,  
 (Which cannot be,  
 Since I must leave my selfe with thee,  
 And carry thee with me )  
 Yet when unto our eyes  
 Absence denyes  
 Each others sight,  
 And makes to us a constant night,  
 When others change to light,  
 O give no way to griefe,  
 But let beliefe  
 Of mutuall love,  
 This wonder to the vulgar prove  
 Our Bodies, not wee move.

Let not thy wit beweepe  
 Words but sense deepe,  
 For when we misse  
 By distance our hopes joyning blisse,  
 Even then our soules shall kisse,  
 Fooles have no meanes to meet,  
 But by their feet,  
 Why should our clay,  
 Over our spirites so much sway,  
 To tie us to that way?  
 O give no way to griefe, &c.

---

*Forewell to Love.*

**VV**

Hilst yet to prove  
 I thought there was some Deitie in love  
 So did I reverence and gave  
 Worship, as Atheists at their dying houre  
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power,  
 As ignorantly did I crave:  
 Thus when  
 Things not yet knowne are coveted by men,  
 Our desires give them fashion, and so  
 As they waxe lesser, fall, as they life grow.  
 But, from late faire  
 His highnesse sitting in a golden Chaire,  
 Is not lesse cared for after three dayes  
 By children, then the thing which lovers so



Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe;

Being had, enjoying it decays :

And thence,

What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,

And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde

A kinde of sorrowing dulnesse to the minde.

Ah cannot wee,

As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,

After such pleasures, unlesse wise

Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,

Diminisheth the length of life a day)

This; as shee would man should despise

The sport,

Because that other curse of being short,

And onely for a minute made to be

Eager, desires to raise posteritie.

Since so, my minde

Shall not desire what no man else can finde

I'll no more dote and runne

To pursue things which had indammag'd me.

And when I come where moving beauties be,

As men doe when the summers Sunne

Growes great,

Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat;

Each place can afford shadowes, if all faile,

'Tis but applying worme-seed to the Tail.

Song.

*Song.*

**D**Eare Love continue nice and chaste,  
For, if you yeeld you doe me wrong,  
Let duller wits to loves end haste,  
I have enough to wooe thee long.

All paine and joy is in their way;  
The things we feare bring lesse annoy  
Then feare; and hope brings greater joy;  
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase ;  
Granting my suit you give me all,  
And then my prayers must needs surcease,  
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot will, nor beauty see,  
They, mans affections onely move;  
Beasts other sports of love doe prove,  
With better feeling farre than we.

Then Love prolong my suite, for thus  
By losing sport, I sports doe win ;  
And that doth vertue prove in us,  
Which ever yet hath beene a sinne.

My comming neare may spie some ill.  
And now the world is given to scoffe;

**To**

To keep my Love, (then) keepe me off,  
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choyce,  
Society our selves may kill;  
Then give me but thy face and voyce,  
My eye and care thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,  
Give me not all, yet something lend,  
So I shall still my suite commend,  
And you at will doe lesse or more.  
But, if to all you condescend,  
My love, our sport, your Godhead end.

## Song.

STand still, and I will read to thee  
A Lecture, Love, in loves philosophy.  
These three houres that we have spent,  
Walking here; Two shadowes went  
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd;  
But, now the Sunne is just above our head,  
We doe those shadowes tread;  
And to brave clearnesse all things are reduc'd.  
So whilst our infant loves did grow,  
Disguises did, and shadowes, flow,  
From us, and our cares; but, now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,  
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except

Except our loves at this noone stay,  
We shall new shadowes make the other way.  
As the first were made to blinde  
Others; these which come behinde  
Will worke upon our selves, and blind our eyes.  
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline;  
To me thou, falsly, thine,  
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.  
The morning shadowes weare away,  
But these grow longer all the day,  
But oh, loves day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light;  
And his short minute, after noone, is night,

*The end of the Songs and Sonets.*

---

**EPIGRAMS.**

---

# EPIGRAMS.

---

## *Hero and Léander.*

Both rob'd of ayre, we both lie in one ground,  
Both who one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

## *Pyramus and Thisbé.*

Two, by themselves, each other love and feare  
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

## *Niobe.*

By childrens births, and death, I am become  
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

## *A burnt ship.*

Out of a fired ship, which by no way  
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,  
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came  
Neare the foes ships, did by their shot decay;  
So all were lost, which in the ship were found  
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship  
(drown'd,

*Fall of a wall.*

Vnder an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall.  
A too-bold Captaine perisht by the fall,  
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envi'd,  
That had a towre for tombe, his bones to hide.

*A lame beggar.*

I am unable, yonder begger cries,  
To stand, or move; if he say true, he *lies*.

*A selfe-accuser.*

Your mistris, that you follow whores still taxeth you,  
'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though 't  
(be true.

*A licentious person.*

Thy finnes and haire may no man equall call,  
For, as thy finnes increase, thy haire doe fall.

*Antiquary.*

If in his studie he hath so much care  
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

*Disinherited.*

Thy father all from thee, by his last Will  
Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

*Phryne.*

*Phryne.*

Thy flattering Picture, *Phryne* is like thee,  
 Onely in this, that you both painted be.

*An obscure writer.*

*Philo*, with twelve yeares study hath beene griev'd,  
 To be understood, when will he be belcev'd?

*Klockius* so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come  
 In bawdie house, that he dares not goe home.

*Raderus.*

Why this man gelded *Martiall* I muse,  
 Except himselfe alone his tricks would use,  
 As *Katherine*, for the Courts sake, put downe Stews.

*Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.*

Like *Esops* fellow-slaves, O *Mercurie*,  
 Which could doe all things, thy faith is; and I  
 Like *Esops* selfe, which nothing; I confesse  
 I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse;  
 Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,  
 In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,  
 To beleeve all: Change thy name: thou art like  
*Mercurie* in stealing, but lyeest like a *Greeke*.

Compassion in the world againe is bred:  
*Ralphus* is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

*The end of the Epigrams.*



# ELEGIES.

---

## ELEGIE I.

*Jealousie.*

FOND woman, which would'ſt have thy husband die  
 And yet complain'ſt of his great jealousie;  
 If ſwolne with poiſon, he lay in' his laſt bed,  
 His body with a ſere-barke covered,  
 Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort, as can  
 The nimbleſt crocheting Muſitian,  
 Ready with loathſome vomiting to ſpue  
 His ſoule out of one hell; into a new,  
 Made deafe with his poore Kindreds howling cries,  
 Begging with ſew feign'd teares, great legacies,  
 Thou would'ſt not weepe, but jolly, 'and frolike be,  
 As a ſlave, which to morrow ſhould be free,  
 Yet weepſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly  
 Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousie.  
 O give him many thanks, he's courteous;  
 That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us,  
 We muſt not, as we uſ'd, ſhout openly,  
 In croſſing riddles, his deformity;  
 Nor at his boord together being ſat,  
 With words, nor touch, ſcarce lookes adulterate.

Not

Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare  
 Sits downe and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,  
 Must we usurpe his owne bed any more,  
 Nor kisse and play in his house, as before.  
 Now I see many dangers; for it is  
 His realme, his castle, and his diocesse.  
 But if, as envious men, which would revile  
 Their Prince, or coyne his Gold, themselves exile  
 Into another countrey, and doe it there,  
 We play' in another house, what should we feare?  
 There we will scorne his household policies,  
 His seely plots, and pensionary spies,  
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side  
 Doe Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride.

---

## E L E G. II.

*The Anagram.*

**M**arry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee  
 Hath all things, whereby others beautious be,  
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,  
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat.  
 Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough,  
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skin is tough;  
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,  
 Give her thine, and she hath a Maidenhead.  
 These things are beauties elements, where these  
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.



If red and white, and each good quality  
Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lie.  
In buying things persw'd, we aske; if there  
Be muske and amber in it, but not, where  
Though all her parts be not in th'usall place,  
She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.  
If we might put the letters but one way,  
In that leane dearth of words, what could we say?  
When by the Gamut some Musicians make  
A perfect song, others will undertake,  
By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.  
Things simply good, can never be unhit;  
Shee's faire as any, if all be like her,  
And if none be, then she is singular.  
All love is wonder; If we justly doe  
Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?  
Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,  
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.  
Women are all like Angels; the faire be  
Like those which fell to worse; but such as she,  
Like to good Angels nothing can impair:  
'Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to have beene faire,  
For one nights revels, silk and gold we chuse,  
But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.  
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands lay  
There is best land, where there is foulest way.  
Oh what a soveraigne plaister will shee be,  
If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousy!  
Here needs no spies, nor eunuchs: her commit  
Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmoset.  
When Belgiaes Cities the round countreys drowne,  
That surly foulnesse guards and armes the towne:

So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,  
 Which forc'd by businesse, absent oft must be,  
 She, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night,  
 Who, mightier thā the sea, makes Moors seem white,  
 Who, though seven years, she in the Stews had laid,  
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,  
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,  
 Midwives would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie,  
 Whom, if she accuse her selfe, I credit lesse  
 Than witches, which impossibles confesse.  
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were,  
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

## E L E G. III.

*Change.*

**A**lthough thy hand and faith, & good works too,  
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should un-  
 Yea though thou fall back, that, Apostasie (doe,  
 Confirme thy love, yet much, much I feare thee.  
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,  
 Open to 'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.  
 If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,  
 Another Fowler using these meanes, as I,  
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,  
 Women are made for men, not him nor mee.  
 Foxes & goates; all beasts change when they please,  
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,

Be bound to one man, and did Nature then  
Idly make them apter to 'endure than men?  
They're our clogges, not their owne; if a man be  
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley is free.  
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there;  
And yet allows his ground more corne should beare;  
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,  
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po,  
By nature, which gave it, this libertie.  
Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?  
Likenesse glues love: and if that thou so doe,  
To make us like and love, must I change too?  
More then thy hate, I hate 'it, rather let me  
Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,  
And so not teach, but force my' opinion,  
To love not any one, nor every one:  
To live in one land, is captivitie,  
To runne all countries, a wilde roguery;  
Waters stinke soone, if in one place they bide,  
And in the vast sea are more putrif'd:  
But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this  
Never looke back, but the next banke doe kisse,  
Then are they purest; Change is the nurserie  
Of musick, joy, life, and eternitie.

## ELEG. IV.

*The Perfume.*

**O**Nce, and but once found in thy company,  
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on me;  
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there  
 By all the men that have bene rob'd that yeare,  
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd)  
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.  
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,  
 As though he came to kill a Cocatrice,  
 Though he hath oft sworne, that he would remove  
 Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love,  
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,  
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have bene.  
 Though thy immortall mother which doth lie  
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,  
 Takes this advantage to sleep our day-light,  
 And watch thy entries, and returns all night,  
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,  
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,  
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,  
 And fearing lest thou art swolne, doth thee imbrace;  
 And to trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,  
 And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats,  
 And presently will to thee confesse  
 The finnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse;

Yet

X

Yet love these sorceries did remove, and move  
 Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.  
 Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights  
 Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,  
 And kist, and ingled on thy fathers knee,  
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see:  
 The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound serving-man,  
 That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,  
 He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide  
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,  
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were,  
 Makes me feare hell, because he must be there:  
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,  
 Could never witnesse any touch or kisse.  
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me  
 That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:  
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed  
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were we spied.  
 When, like a Tyran King, that in his bed  
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered;  
 Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought  
 That his own feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.  
 But as we in our Ile imprisoned,  
 Where cattell onely, and divers dogs are bred,  
 The precious Unicornes, strange monsters, call,  
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all.  
 I taught my silkes their whistling to forbear,  
 Even my opprest shooes, dumb and speechlesse were,  
 Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid  
 Next me, me traitorously hast betraid,  
 And unsuspected hast invisibly  
 At once fled unto him, and staid with me.



Sea

Base excrement of earth, which dost confound  
 Sense, from distinguishing the sick from sound;  
 By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death  
 By drawing in a leproous harlots breath,  
 By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate  
 Fals on us, to be call'd effeminate;  
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,  
 There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall.  
 Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,  
 Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smel;  
 You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,  
 Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?  
 If you were good, your good doth soone decay;  
 And you are rare, that, takes the good away.  
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly  
 To embalme thy fathers corse; What? will he die?

## E L B G. V.

*His Picture.*

**H**ere take my Picture; though I bid farewell;  
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall  
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more dwell,  
 When we are shadowes both, than 'twas before.  
 When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand,  
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun-beams tann'd,  
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head  
 With cares harsh sodaine horinesse o'rspread,

My body' a sack of bones, broken within,  
 And powders blew stains scatter'd on my skinne;  
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to 'have lov'd a man,  
 So foule, and coarse, as, Oh, I may seeme than,  
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,  
 Doe his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?  
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that he  
 Should now love lesse, what he did love to see?  
 That which in him was faire and delicate,  
 Was but the milke, which in loves childish state  
 Did nurse it: who now is growne strong enough  
 To feed on that, which to disus'd tastes seemes tough.

## E L E G. VI.

**O**H, let me not serve so, as those men serve,  
 Whom honors smoaks at once fatten and serve;  
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or looks;  
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes.  
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still  
 Their Princes stiles, which many Realmes fulfill  
 Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.  
 Such services I offer as shall pay  
 Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me  
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite be.  
 When my soule was in her own body sheath'd;  
 Not yet by oathes betroath'd, nor kisses breath'd  
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,  
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and Steele thy constancy:

So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face,  
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,  
 Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beamic eye  
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,  
 Yet burnes his wings; and such the Devill is,  
 Scarco visiting them who are intirely his,  
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,  
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,  
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride  
 Her wedded channels bosome, and there chide  
 And bend her browes, and swell, if any bough  
 Doe but stoope downe to kisse her utmost brow:  
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne  
 The traitorous bankes to gape, and let her in,  
 She rusherh violently, and doth divorce  
 Her from her native and her long-kept course,  
 And roares, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,  
 In flattering eddies promising returns,  
 She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is drie;  
 Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.  
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget  
 Carelesse despaire in me, for that will whet  
 My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine,  
 Was ne'r so wise, nor well arm'd as disdaine.  
 Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spie  
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye;  
 Though hope breed faith & love: thus taught, I shall  
 As nations doe from Rome, from thy love fall,  
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly  
 I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I  
 Am the Recusant, in that resolute state  
 What hurts it mee to be excommunicate?

## ELEG. VII.

**N**Atures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,  
And in that sophistry, Oh, thou dost prove  
Too subtle : Foole, thou didst not understand  
The mystique language of the eye nor hand :  
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the ayre  
Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire :  
Nor by the eyes water know a maladic  
Desperately hot, or changing feverously,  
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet  
Of flowers, how they devisefully being set  
And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie  
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.  
Remember since, all thy words us'd to bee  
To every suitor, *I, if my friends agree.*  
Since, household charms, thy husbands name to teach,  
Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach ;  
And since, an hours discourse could scarce have made  
One answer in thee, and that ill arraid  
In broken proverbs, and torne sentences.  
Thou art not by so many duties his,  
That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee,  
Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor see,  
As mine : who have with amorous delicacies  
Refin'd thee into a blis-full Paradise.  
Thy graces and good words my creatures be,  
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee :

Which

Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas  
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drink in glasse?  
 Chafe wax for others scales? breake a colts force  
 And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

## ELEG. VIII.

*The Comparison.*

**A**S the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still, (trill,  
 As that which from chaf'd Muskats pores doth  
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,  
 Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,  
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,  
 They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.  
 Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresses brow defiles,  
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boyles,  
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law  
 Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw  
 From parboyl'd shoos and bootes, and all the rest  
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnesse blest,  
 And like vile lying stones in saffron'd tin,  
 Or warts, or wheales, it hangs upon her skinne.  
 Round as the world's her head, on every side,  
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide.  
 Or that whereof God had such jealousie,  
 As for the ravishing thereof we die.  
 Thy head is like rough-hewne statue of jeat, (scat,  
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce

Like

Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face  
Of Cynthia, when th'earth's shadowes her imbrace.  
Like Proserpines white beautie-keeping chest,  
Or Ioves best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.  
Thine's like worme-eaten trunks, cloth'd in seals  
Or grave, that's dust without, & stink within. (skin,  
And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands  
The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands,  
Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skinne  
Of men late scurg'd for madnesse, or for sinne,  
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,  
Such is thy tann'd skinnes lamentable state,  
And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand  
The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand;  
Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire,  
Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire  
Into th'earth's worthlesse durt a soule of gold,  
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.  
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne  
Or like hot liquid metals newly runne  
Into clay moulds, or like to that *Aetna*  
Where round-about the grasse is burnt away.  
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,  
As a worme sucking an invenom'd soare?  
Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake,  
As one which gathering flowres, still feares a snake?  
Is not your last act harsh, and violent,  
As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?  
So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice  
Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice,  
And nice in searching wounds the Surgeon is  
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kisse,  
Leave

Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,  
She, and comparifons are odious.

---

ELEG. IX.

*The Autumnall.*

**N**O Spring, nor Summers Beauty hath such grace,  
As I have seene in one Autumnall face,  
Young Beauties force your love, and that's a Rape,  
This doth but counsaile, yet you cannot scape.  
If t'were a shame to love, here 'twere no shame :  
Affections here take Reverences name.  
Were her first yeares the Golden Age; That's true,  
But now shee's gold oft tryed, and ever new.  
That was her torrid and inflaming time,  
This is her habitable Tropique clyme.  
Faire eyes, who askes more heate than comes from  
He in a fever wishes pestilence,  
Call not these wrinckles graves; If graves they were,  
They were Loves graves; or else he is no where.  
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit  
Vow'd to this trench, like an Anachorite,  
And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,  
He doth not digge a Grave, but build a Tombe.  
Here dwels he, though he sojourn ev'ry where,  
In Progresse, yet his standing house is here.  
Here, where still Evening is, not noone, nor night;  
Where no voluptuousnesse, yet all delight.



In all her words, unto all hearers fit,  
 You may at *Revels*, you at *counsaille*, fit.  
 This is loves timber; youth his under-wood;  
 There he, as wine in *Iune*, enrages blood,  
 Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste  
 And appetite to other things, is past.  
*Xerxes* strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,  
 Was lov'd for age, none being so old as shee,  
 Or else because, being young, nature did blesse  
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*.  
 If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing  
 Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.  
 If transitory things, which soone decay,  
*Age* must bee loveliest at the latest day.  
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack;  
 Lanke, as an unthrif's purse; but a fool's lacke;  
 Whose eyes seeke light within, for all here's shade;  
 Whose *monthes* are holes, rather worne out, than  
 Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone, (made  
 To vex their soules at *Resurrection*,  
 Name not these living *Death-heads* unto me,  
 For these, not *Ancients*, but *Antiques* be;  
 I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay  
 With *Tombes* than *Cradles*, to weare out a day,  
 Since such loves naturall station is, may still  
 My love descend, and journey downe the hill,  
 Not panting after growing beauties, so,  
 I shall ebbe on with them, who homeward goe.



## ELEG. X.

*The Dreame.*

**I** Mage of her whom I love, more than she,  
 Whose faire impression in my faithfull heart,  
 Makes me her *Medall*, and makes her love me,  
 As Kings doe coyns, to which their stamps impart  
 The value : goe, and take my heart from hence,  
 Which now is growne too great and good for me:  
*Honours* oppresse weake spirits, and our sense  
 Strong objects dull; the more, the lesse we see.  
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,  
 Then *Fantasie* is Queene and Soule, and all;  
 She can present joyes meaner than you doe;  
 Convenient, and more proportionall.  
 So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,  
 For, all our joyes are but fantasticall.  
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true;  
 And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all.  
 After a such fruition I shall wake,  
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;  
 And shall to love more thankfull Sonets make,  
 Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were  
 But dearest heart, and dearer Image stay, (spent  
 Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough;  
 Though you stay here, you passe too fast away:  
 For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe.

Fill'd with her love, may I be rather growne  
Mad with much *heart*, then *idiot* with none;

## E L E G. XI.

*Death.*

**L**anguage thou art too narrow, and too weake  
To ease us now; great sorrowes cannot speake;  
If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,  
Griefe weares, and lessens, that teares breath affords,  
Sad hearts; the lesse they seeme, the more they are,  
(So guiltiest men stand mute at the barre)  
Not that they know not, feele not their estate,  
But extreme sense hath made them desperate;  
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;  
Tyran, in the first and greatest Monarchy,  
Was't that she did possesse all hearts before,  
Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?  
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,  
As in a deluge perish th'innocent?  
Was't not enough to have that palace wonne,  
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?  
Hadst thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,  
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies,  
For they let out more light than they rooke in,  
They told not when, but did the day begin;  
Shee was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;  
Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;

Alas,

Alas, she was too pure, but not too weake;  
Who e'r saw Chrystall Ordinance but would break;  
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall  
Th'hast lost thy end, in her we perish all;  
Or if we live, we live but to rebell,  
That know her better now, who knew her well.  
If we should vapour out, and pine and die;  
Since, she first went, that were not misery;  
She chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,  
Mirth and prosperity is oppression;  
For of all morall vertues she was all,  
That Ethickes speake of vertues cardinall;  
Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin  
Set to keepe it was Grace, that kept out sinne;  
She had no more than let in death, for we  
All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree;  
God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love  
Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above,  
And when we teares, he mercy shed in this,  
To raise our mindes to heaven, where now she is;  
Who if her vertues would have let her stay  
Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.  
Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire,  
Religion, did not consume, but inspire  
Such piety, so chaste use of Gods day,  
That what we turne to feast, she turn'd to pray,  
And did prefigure here, in devout taste,  
The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.  
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,  
(For she was of that order whence most fell)  
Her bodie's left with us, lest some had said,  
Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;

For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautifullnesse,  
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses,  
 The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be  
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree  
 That wraps that Christall in a wooden Tombe,  
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamonds;  
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part  
 Of griefe, for all would breake a Stoicks heart.

## ELEG. XII.

*Vpon the losse of his Mistresses Chaine, for  
 which he made satisfaction.*

**N**ot that in colour it was like thy haire,  
 For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare:  
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,  
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist:  
 Nor for that silly old moralitie,  
 That as these linkes were knit, our love should be:  
 Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaine have lost;  
 Nor for the luck sake; but the bitter cost.  
 O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet  
 No leaven of vile soder did admit;  
 Nor yet by any way have straid or gone  
 From the first state of their Creation;  
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide  
 All things to me, and be my faithfull guide;

To gaine new friends, & appease great enemies;  
 To comfort my soule, when I lie or rise.  
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe  
 Sentence (dread Judge) my sins great burden beare?  
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,  
 And punish't for offences not their owne?  
 They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,  
 When in that hell they are burnt and tyed in chains:  
 Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,  
 For, most of these, their Countreys naturall rot  
 I thinke possesseth, they come here to us,  
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous,  
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,  
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Iewishly;  
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,  
 That are become as Catholique as their King,  
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistols  
 That (more than Capon shot) avails or lets;  
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke  
 Like many angled figures, in the booke  
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce  
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course.  
 Which, as the soule quickens head, feet, and heart,  
 As streames like veines, run through th'earth's every  
 Visitt all Countries, and have sily made (part  
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd: ragged and decay'd,  
*Scotland*, which knew no State, proud in one day:  
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*:  
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall  
 Almighty *Chymiques* from each minerall,  
 Having by subtle fire a soule out-pull'd;  
 Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:

I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,  
 For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.  
 But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall  
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?  
 Much hope which they should nourish will be dead.  
 Much of my able youth, and lusty head  
 Will vanish, if thou love, let them alone,  
 For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone,  
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer  
 Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare goat, for  
 May like a devill roare through every street; (hire;  
 And gall the finders conscience, if he meet;  
 Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjuror;  
 That with phantastique scenes fills full much paper;  
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,  
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuff his  
 So full, that though he passe them all in sinne, (rents  
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,  
 Hee say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;  
 Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,  
 Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,  
 Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine;  
 So in the first false angels, resteth still  
 Wisdome and knowledge; but, 'tis turn'd to ill;  
 As these should doe good works; and should provide  
 Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride;  
 And they are still bad angels; Mine are none;  
 For, forme gives being: and their forme is gone:  
 Pity these Angels yet; their dignities  
 Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.

But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done;  
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne  
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,  
 Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray.  
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing.)  
 Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)  
 Destin'd you might have beene to such an one,  
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:  
 One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,  
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.  
 But, I am guilty of your sad decay;  
 May your few-fellowes longer with me stay.

But o thou wretched sinder whom I hate  
 So, that I almost pity thy estate.  
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all;  
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:  
*Here* Her fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,  
 First mayst thou be; then chaid to hellish paines;  
 Or be with certaine gold brib'd to betray  
 Thy Countrey, and faile both of it and thy pay.  
 May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe  
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine;  
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,  
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.  
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee  
 Itching desire, and no abier.  
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought,  
 All mischief that all devils ever thought;  
 Want after plenty; poore and gouty age;  
 The plagues of travellers; love; marriage  
 Afflict thee, and at thy lyes last moment,  
 May thy swolne sinnes themselves to thee present



But, I forgive ; repent thee honest man :  
 Gold is Restorative, restore it then :  
 But if from it thou beest loath to depart,  
 Because 'tis cordiall, would 'twere at thy heart.

## E L E G. XIII.

Come, Fates ; I feare you not. All whom I love  
 Are paid, but you. Then rest me ere I goe.  
 But, Chance from you all severaignty hath got,  
 Love woundeth none but those whom death dares  
 Else, if you were, and just in equitie, (not ;  
 I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me.  
 Else Lovers should not brave death's pains and live,  
 But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve*.  
 Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd  
 So deepe in Lovers, they make death afraid ?  
 Or (the least comfort) have I company  
 Or can the Fates love death, as well as me ?  
 Yes, Fates doe like unto her distaffe pay,  
 For ransome, which take they on us doe lay.  
 Love gives her youth which is the reason why  
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.  
 Poore death can nothing give ; yet, for her sake ;  
 Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take.  
 And if death should prove false, she feares him not ;  
 Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got.  
 That fatall night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,  
 (Or rather, thus despair'd ; I should have said.)



Kisses, and yet despaire. The forbid tree  
 Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.  
 Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay,  
 A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.  
*Dives*, when thou saw'st blisse, and crav'dst to touch  
 A drop of water, thy great paines were such.  
 Here grieve wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,  
 And my sighes weary, groanes are all my rent;  
 Vnable longer to endure the paine,  
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.  
 Thus, till dry reares soulder mine eyes, I weepe;  
 And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe;  
 And in your dreames doe laugh at me. I hate,  
 And pray Love All may: He pitties my state,  
 But sayes, I therein no revenge shall finde; (blind,  
 The Sunne would shine, though all the world were  
 Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare;  
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there.  
 Your frowne undoes me; your smile is my wealth;  
 And as you please to looke, I have my health;  
 Me thought, Love pittying me, when he saw this,  
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse.  
 That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength,  
 And what is lost in force, is tooke in length.  
 I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,  
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;  
 For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,  
 But durst not feele, for feare't should not be true.  
 This merits not our anger, had it beene:  
 The Queene of chastitie was naked scene,  
 And in bed, not to feele the paine I tooke,  
 Was more then for *Alceon* not to looke.

And

And that brest which lay open; I did not know;  
But for the clearenesse, from a lump of snow.

ELEG. XIII.

*His parting from her.*

Since she must goe, and I must mourne, come night  
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write  
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone  
I am to suffer when my soule is gone.  
Have we for this kept guards, like spior's Spie,  
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by,  
Stolne (more to sweeten them) our many blisses  
Of meetings, conference, imbracements, kisses?  
Shadow'd with negligence our most respects  
Varied our language through all dialects  
Of becks, winks, lookes, and often under boards  
Spoke dialogues with our feet farre from words?  
Have we prov'd all the secrets of our Art,  
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?  
And, after all this passed Purgatory,  
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?  
Fortune, doe thy worst, my friend and I have armes,  
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.  
Bend us, in sunder thou canst not divide  
Our bodies so, but that our soules are ty'd,  
And we can love by letters, still and gifts, (shifts,  
And thoughts, and dreames; Love never wanteth

I will

I will not looke upon the quickning Sunne,  
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall runne;  
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure;  
 Waters suggest her cleare, and the earth sure;  
 Time shall not lose our passages; The spring  
 How fresh our love was in the beginning;  
 The summer, how it inripened the yeare;  
 And Autumne, what our golden harvests were.  
 The winter I'll not thinke on to spight thee,  
 But count it a lost season, so shall shee.  
 And this to th' comfort of my Deare I vow,  
 My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;  
 The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;  
 And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart,  
 Nay, if I waxe but cold in my desire,  
 Thinke, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire,  
 Much more I could, but many words have made  
 That, oft, suspected which men would perswade;  
 Take therefore all in this: I love so true,  
 As I will never looke for lesse in you.

## ELEG. XV.

*Julia.*

**H**Arke newes, O envy, thou shalt heare descry'd  
 My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.  
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines  
 With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines,

Is her continuall practice, does her best,  
To teare opinion even out of the brest  
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)  
Sticks jealousie in wedlock, her owne childe  
Scapes not the showres of envie. To repeate  
The monstrous fashions, how; were alive to eate  
Deare reputation; Would to God she were  
But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare  
My milde reproofe. Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe  
That fœmall Mastix to limme with his penne  
This she *Chymera* that hath eyes of fire,  
Burning with anger, anger feeds desire,  
Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill boding cries  
Give out for nothing but new injuries,  
Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*  
That blasts the springs, though ne'r so prosperous.  
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill  
The food of others, then her selfe to fill  
But oh her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes  
Legions of mischief, countlesse multitudes  
Of formlesse curses, projects unmade up,  
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,  
Mishapen Cavils, palpable untroths,  
Inevitable errors, self-accusing loathes:  
These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sunne,  
Throng in her bosome for creation.  
I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,  
No poyson's halfe so bad as *Julia*.

E L E G.

## ELEG. XVI.

*A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.*

**I** Sing no harme good sooth to any wight,  
 To Lord or foole, Cuckold, beggar or Knight,  
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave  
 Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,  
 Officer, Iugler, or Iustice of peace,  
 Juror or Iudge; I touch no fat sowes grease,  
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,  
 But (like a true man) say there are too many.  
 I feare not *ore tenus*, for my tale,  
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will looke red or pale.  
 A Citizen and his wife the other day  
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way  
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,  
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate,  
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe  
 His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke,  
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,  
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,  
 To get acquaintance with him I began  
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man:  
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguing Bill,  
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,  
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward  
 The traffique of the Iland seas had marr'd,

Whether

Whether the Brittain *Burse* did fill apace,  
And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace;  
Of new-built *Algate*, and the *More-field* crosses,  
Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses  
I urged him to speake; But he (as mute  
As an old Courtier worne to his last suite)  
Replies with onely yeas and naves; At last  
(To fit his element) my theame I cast  
On Tradesmens gaines; that set his tongue a going,  
Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*  
In Court nor City now; the smil'd and I,  
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie  
In one met thought: but he went on apace,  
And at the present time with such a face  
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,  
To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes;  
Call'd that the age of action; true (quoth I)  
There's now as great an itch of bravery,  
And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,  
For, put to push of pay, away they runne;  
Our onely City trades of hope now are  
Bawds, Tavern-keepers, Whores and Scriveners,  
The much of Priviledg'd kinsmen, and store  
Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;  
In the first state of their Creation,  
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one  
A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on  
In a continued rage; so void of reason  
Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweat for feare of treason.  
And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer  
For the protection of the wise Lord Major,  
And his wife brethrens worships, when one prayeth,  
He

He swore that none could say Amen with faith,  
 To get him from what I glow'd to heare,  
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,  
 The bright signe of a lov'd and well-try'd Inne,  
 Where many Citizens with their wives had beene,  
 Well us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,  
 To take some due refreshment by the way.  
 Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)  
 And at returne found nothing but a Rope,  
 So he at me: refus'd and made away,  
 Though willing she pleaded a weary stay:  
 I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell  
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell  
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,  
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

---

## ELEG. XVII.

*The Expostulation.*

**T**O make the doubt cleare. that no woman's true,  
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?  
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest ayre,  
 And must she needs be false, because she's faire?  
 Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth,  
 Or your perfection not to study truth?  
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes,  
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?

Are



Are vows so cheape with women, or the matter  
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,  
And blown away with wind ? Or doth their breath  
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death ?  
Who could have thought so many accents sweet  
Form'd into words, so many sighes should meete  
As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares  
Sprinkled among, (all sweetend by our feares,)  
And the divine impression of stolne kisses,  
That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisse?  
Did you draw bonds to forget ? signe to breake ?  
Or must we reade you quite from what you speake,  
And finde the truth out the wrong way ? or must  
He first desire you false, would wish you just ?  
O I prophane ; though most of women be  
This kinde of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,  
My dearest love ; though froward jealousie,  
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,  
Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare  
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare :  
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames  
With ribs of Ice in *June* will binde his streames ;  
Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,  
Would change her course, before you alter yours.  
But o that trecherous brest, to whom weake you  
Did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,  
Having his fallshood found too late, 'twas he  
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,  
Whil'st he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word  
We spake, unto the cunning of a third ;  
Curst may he be, that so our love hath slaine,  
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,

Wretched



Wretched as he, and not deserve least pitie ;  
 In plaguing him, let misery be witty ;  
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,  
 Till he be noysome as his infamy ;  
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,  
 And not be trusted more on his Soules price ;  
 And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes,  
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,  
 Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue  
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,  
 And let his carrion coarſe be a longer feast  
 To the Kings dogges, than any other beast,  
 Now have I curst, let us our love revive ;  
 In me the flame was never more alive ;  
 I could begin againe to court and praise,  
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes  
 Of my lifes lease; Like Painters that doe take  
 Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make.  
 I could renew those times, when first I saw  
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the Law  
 To like what you lik'd; and at Maskes and Playes  
 Commend the selfe-same Actors. the same wayes;  
 Aske how you did, and often with intent  
 Of being officious, be impertinent;  
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these  
 Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease ;  
 But being got, it is a treasure sweet,  
 Which to defend is harder than to get :  
 And ought not be profan'd, on either part,  
 For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

*The end of the Elegies.*

EPI-

# EPITHALAMIONS,

OR,

## MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithalamion, Or marriage Song on the  
Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine being  
married on St. Valentines day.*

**H**Aile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,  
All the Aire is thy Diocis,  
And all the chirping Choristers,  
And other birds are thy Parishioners,  
Thou marryest every yeare  
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,  
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,  
Thou mak'st the Black-bird speed as soon,  
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcion;  
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,  
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.  
This day more cheerefully than ever shine, (tine.  
This day, which might inflame thy selfe, old Valen-

Till

## I I.

Till now, Thou warm'dst with multiplying loves  
 Two Larks, two Sparrowes, or two Doves,  
 All that is nothing unto this,  
 For thou this day complest two Phoenixes.  
 Thou mak'st a Taper see  
 What the Sunne never saw, and what the Arke  
 (Which was of fowle, and beasts the cage & park,)  
 Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee:  
 Two Phoenixes, whose joyned breasts  
 Are unto one another mutuall nests,  
 Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give  
 Yong Phoenixes, and yet the old shall live.  
 Whose love and courage never shall decline, (tine.  
 But make the whole yeare through, thy day, ô Valen-

## I I I.

Vp then faire Phoenix Bride, frustrate the Sunne;  
 Thy selfe from thine affection  
 Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye  
 All lesser birds will take their lollitie,  
 Vp, up, faire Bride, and call  
 Thy starres, from out their severall boxes, take  
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make  
 Thy selfe a Constellation, of them All,  
 And by their blazing signifie,  
 That a great Princeesse fals, but doth not die;  
 Be thou a new starre, that to us portends  
 Ends of much wonder; And be thou those ends.

Sine

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,  
May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

III.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame  
Meeting another, growes the same :  
So meete thy *Fredericke*, and so

To an inseparable union goe,

Since separation

Fals not on such things as are infinite :

Nor things which are but one, can disunite.

You're twice inseparable, great, and one.

Goe then to where the Bishop staves,

To make you one, his way which diuers wayes

Must be effected ; and when all is past

And that you're one, by hearts & hands made fast,

You two have one way left, your selves to entwine,

Besides this Bishops knot, & Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staves,

Longer to day, than other dayes ?

Stayes he new light from these to get ?

And finding here such starres, is loath to set ?

And why doe you two walke,

So slowly pac'd in this procession ?

Is all your care but to be look'd upon,

And be to others spectacle, and talke ?

The feast with gluttonous delays,

Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,

The Masquers come late, and I thinke, will stay,  
 Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.  
 Alas, did not Antiquitie assigne  
 A night as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

## V L

They did, and night is come; and yet we see  
 Formalities retarding thee.

What meane these Ladies, which (as though  
 They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe  
 So nicely about the Bride?

A bride before a good night could be said,  
 Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,  
 As soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.

But now shee is laid; What though she be?  
 Yet there are more delays, For, where is he?  
 He comes and passes through Spheare after Spheare:  
 First her sheets, then her Armes, then any where,  
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,  
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

## VII.

Here lies a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here,  
 She gives the best light to his Spheare,  
 Or each is both, and all, and so  
 They unto one another nothing owe,  
 And yet they doe, but are  
 So just and rich in that coyne which they pay,

Thus

That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,  
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,

They quickly pay their debt, and then  
Take no acquitances, but pay againe;  
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall  
No such occasion to be liberall.

More truth, more courage in these two doe shine,  
Then all thy turtles have, and sparrowes, Valentine.

## VIII.

And by this act of these two Phoenixes  
Nature againe restored is,

For since these two are two no more,  
There's but one Phoenix still, as was before.

Rest now at last, and wee  
As Satyrs watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay  
Waiting when your eyes opened, let our day,  
Onely desir'd because your face we see;

Others neare you shall whispering speake,  
And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,  
And winne by observing, then, whose hand it is  
That opens first a curtaine, hers or his:  
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,  
Till which houre, we thy day enlarge, O Valennae.

## E C C L O G V E.

1613. December 26.

*Allophanes finding Idios in the Countrey in  
Christmas time, reprehends his absence from  
Court, at the marriage of the Earle of Sommer-  
set; Idios gives an account of his purpose there-  
in, and of his Actions there.*

*Allophanes.*

**V**Nseasonable man, Statue of Ice,  
What could to Countreys solitude entice  
Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?  
Natures mist that drawes to the warmer clime  
Even smaller birds, who by that courage dare,  
In numerous flocks, saile through their Sea; the Ayre,  
What delicacie can in fields appeare,  
Whil' st Elora her selfe doth a freeze jerkin weare  
Whil' it winde doe all the trees and hedges strip  
Of leaves, to furnish roddees enough to whip  
Thy madnesse from thee, and all springs by frost  
Having raken cold, and their sweet murmures lost;  
If then thy vaults or fortunes would' st lament  
With just solemnitie, doe it in Lent;  
At Court the spring already advanced is,



The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his  
 The glory is, farre other, other fires:  
 First, zeale to Prince and State, then loves desires  
 Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,  
 The first doth governe dayes, the other, nights.  
 And then that early light which did appeare  
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were,  
 The Princes favour is diffus'd o'r all,  
 From which all fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;  
 Then from those wombes of stars, the Brides bright  
 At every glance, a constellation flies, (eyes,  
 And sowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent  
 In light and power, the all-se'd firmament;  
 First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,  
 Then from their beames their jewels lustre rise,  
 And from their jewels torches doe take fire,  
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.  
 Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell:  
 Where in darke plots, fire with but light doth dwell:  
 Or but like stoves, for lust and envy hot  
 Continually, but artificiall heat;  
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds digest,  
 And make our Court an everlasting Feast.  
 And canst thou be from thence?

*Idios.* No, I am there.  
 As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where;  
 So are those Courts, whose Princes animate  
 Not onely all their house, but all their state.  
 Let no man thinke, because he is fall, he shall fall,  
 Kings (as their pattern, God) are lib'ral  
 Not onely in folowes, but esp'ially



Enlarging narrow men to feele and see,  
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.  
 So, reclus'd Hermits oftentimes doe know  
 More of heavens glory, than a worldling can.  
 As man is of the world, the heart of man,  
 Is an epitome of Gods great booke  
 Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;  
 So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth  
 As their own common soule, give life to both.  
 And am I then from Court?

*Allophanes.* Dreamer thou art,  
 Think'st thou fantastique, that thou hast a part  
 In the Indian fleet, because thou hast  
 A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?  
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?  
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme?  
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold  
 Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold:  
 But never shall, except it chance to lye,  
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;  
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above,  
 So, for best civil use, all tinctures move  
 From higher powers; from God religion springs.  
 Wisedome, and honour from the use of Kings;  
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with me,  
 That Angels, though on earth employ'd they bee,  
 Are still in heav'n, so is he still at home  
 That doth abroad, to honest actions come:  
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday  
 Might'st have read more than all thy bookes bewray,  
 Hast thou a history, which doth present

A Court, where all affections doe assent  
Vnto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?  
And where it is no leuitie to trust.  
Where there is no ambition, but t'obey,  
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;  
Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all  
Finde that the King therein is liberall  
To them, in him, because his favours bend  
To vertue, to the which they all pretend.  
Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more.  
An earnest lover, wise then, and before,  
Our little Cupid hath sued Liverie,  
And is no more in his minoritie,  
He is admitted now into that brest  
Where the Kings Counsels and his secrets rest.  
What hast thou lost, o ignorant man?

*Idios.*

**I knew**

All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.  
To know and feele all this, and not to have  
Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave  
Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore stay  
At a great feast, having no Grace to say.  
And yet I scap'd not here; for being come  
Full of the common joy; I utter'd some.  
Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made  
Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,  
But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame  
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame  
So much as this poore song, which I did  
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

*The time of the Marriage.*

**T**Hou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die,  
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,  
 And should'st within five dayes expire  
 Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,  
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,  
 When he doth in his largest circle runne.  
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,  
 And open wide their easie liquid jaw  
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art  
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart (heart.  
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving

*Equality of persons.*

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,  
 In this new couple, dost thou prize,  
 When his eye as inflaming is  
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?  
 Be tryed by beauty, and than

The bridgroom is a maid, and not a man,  
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,  
 Which scornes unjust opinion; then the Bride  
 Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art  
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,  
 Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the lo-  
 (ving heart?

III.

*Raising of the Bridgroom.*

Though it be some divorce to think of you  
 Single, so much one are you two.  
 Let me here contemplate thee,  
 First, chearfull Bridgroom, and first let me see,  
 How thou prevent'st the Sunne,  
 And his red foaming horses dost outrunne,  
 How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest  
 All busineses, from thence to reinvest  
 Them when these triumphs cease, thou forward art  
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,  
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, & of thy loving heart.

*Raising*

## IIII.

*Raising of the Bride.*

**B**Ut now to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,  
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,  
 Since Soone thou liest down first, 'tis fit  
 Thou in first rising should'st allow for it.  
 Pouder thy Radiant haire,  
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,  
 Thou which, to all which come to looke upon,  
 Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaëton.  
 For our ease, give thine eyes the unusuall part  
 Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maist impart,  
 To us that come, thy inflaming eies; to him, thy loving

## V.

*Her apparelling.*

**T**Hus thou descend'st to our infirmitie,  
 Who can the Sunne in water see.  
 So dost thou, when in silke and gold,  
 Thou cloudst thy selfe; since we which doe behold  
 Are dust, and wormes, 'tis just

Our Objects be the fruits of wormes and dust.  
 Let every Iewell be a glorious starre,  
 Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are.  
 And though thou stoope, to appeare to us, in part,  
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art, (ving heart.  
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lo-

**V.I.**

*Going to the Chappell.*

**N**OW from your Easts you issue forth, and we,  
 As men which through a Cypres see  
 The rising Sunne, doe thinke it two;  
 So, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you;  
 But that vaile being gone,  
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.  
 The Church Triumphant made this match before,  
 And now the Militant doth strive no more.  
 Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,  
 Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart  
 All blessings which are scene, or thought, by Angels  
 (eye or heart.

*The*

## VII.

*The Benediction.*

Blest paire of Swans, Oh may you interbring,  
 Daily, new joyes, and never sing:  
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,  
 Till honour, yea till wisdome grow so stale,  
 That new great heights to trie,  
 It must serve your ambition, to die;  
 Raife heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live  
 Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give.  
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art,  
 May never age, or errour overthwart  
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North,  
 (this hean

## VIII.

*Feasts and Revels.*

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day  
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;  
 The tables groane, as though this feast  
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast.  
 And were the doctrine new

That



That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;  
 For every part to dance and revell goes,  
 They tread the ayre, and fall not where they rose.  
 Though sixe houres since, the Sunne to bed did part;  
 The maskes and banquets will not yet impart  
 A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

*The Brides going to bed.*

What mean'st thou Bride, this company to keepe?  
 To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleepe?  
 Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so:  
 Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow;  
 And you must entertaine  
 And doe all this dayes dances o'r againe.  
 Know that if Sunne and Moone together doe  
 Rise in one point, they doe not set so too.  
 Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,  
 Thou art not gone, being gone, where e'r thou art,  
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy lo-  
 (ving heart,



*The Bridegroomes coming.*

As he that sees a starre fall, runnes apace,  
 And findes a gellie in the place,  
 So doth the Bridegroome haste as much,  
 Being told this starre is falne, and findes her such.  
 And as friends may looke strange,  
 By a new fashion, or apparels change :  
 Their foules, though long acquainted they had been,  
 These clothes their bodies never yet had seene.  
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,  
 But must forthwith surrender every part, (heart.  
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or

*XI.*

*The good-night.*

Now, as in Tullias Tombe, one lampe burnt cleare,  
 Vnchang'd for fifteen hundred yeare,  
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,  
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.  
 Fire ever doth aspire,

And

And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire,  
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,  
 For none of these is fuell; but fire too.  
 This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts  
 Make of so noble individuall parts  
 One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving  
 (hearts.

*Idios.*

As I have brought this song, that I may doe  
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

*Allophanes.*

No Sir. This paper I have justly got,  
 For in burnt Incense the perfume is not  
 His onely that presents it, but of all;  
 What ever celebrates this Festivall  
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.  
 Nor may your selfe be Priest: but let me goe  
 Backe to the Court, and I will lay't upon  
 Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

*Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.*

**T**He Sun-beames in the East are spread,  
 Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,  
 No more shall you returne to it alone,  
 It nourseth sadnesse; and your bodies print,  
 Like

Like to a grave, the yeelding Downe doth dint ;  
 You and your other You meet there anon, ( thigh,  
 Put forth, put forth, that warme balme-breathing  
 Which when next time you in these sheets will smoe-  
 There it must meet another,  
 Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh )  
 Come glad from thence, goe gladder than you came,  
*To day put on perfection, and a womans name.*

Daughters of London, you which bee  
 Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasury,  
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you  
 Thousands of Angels on your marriage dayes,  
 Helpe with your presence, and devise to praise  
 These rites, which also unto you grow due;  
 Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,  
 By you fit place for every flowre and jewell,  
 Make her for love fit fuell

As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde ;  
 So may she faire and rich, in nothing lame,  
*To day put on perfection, and a womans name.*

And you frolique Patricians,  
 Sonnes of those Senatours, wealths deepe oceans,  
 Ye painted Courtiers, barrells of others wits,  
 Yee countrey men, who but your beasts love none,  
 Yee of those fellowships, whereof hee's one,  
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits,  
 Here shine; This bridegroom to the temple bring  
 Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers gra-  
 The sober virgin paceth;  
 Except my sight faile, tis no other thing.

Weepe

*Epithalamions.*

121

Weepe not, nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame,  
*To day put on perfection, and a womans name.*

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,  
And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,  
Till, mystically joyn'd but one they be;  
Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe  
Long time expect their bodies, and their tombe,  
Long after their owne parents fatten thee.

All elder claimes, and all cold barrenesse,  
All yeelding to new loves be farre for ever,  
Which might these two dislever,

Alwayes, all th' other may each one possess;  
For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,  
*To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.*

Winter dayes bring much delight,  
Not for themselves, but for they soone bring night;  
Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,  
Other disports then dancing jollities,  
Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,  
But that the Sun still in our halfe Spheare sweats;  
He flies in winter, but he now stands still,

Yet shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,  
His steeds will be restrain'd,  
But gallop lively downe the Western hill; (frame)  
Thou shalt, when he hath runne the Heavens halfe  
*To night put on perfection, and a womans name.*

The Amorous evening starre is rose,  
Why then should not our amorous starre inclose

I

Her

Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings  
Musicians and dancers take some truce  
With these your pleasing labours, for great use  
As much wearinesse as perfection brings.

You, and not onely you, but all toy'd beasts  
Rest duely; at night all their toyles are dispensed;  
But in their beds commenced

Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.  
She goes a maid, who, least she turne the same,  
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,  
And in thy nuptiall bed [loves altar] lie  
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse  
Thee of these chaines and robes, which were put on  
T' adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,  
Like vertue and truth, art best in nakednesse;

This bed is onely to virginities  
A grave, but to a better state, a cradle.  
Till now thou wast but able

To be what now thou art; then that by thee  
No more be said, *I may be*, but *I am*,  
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content,  
That this life for a better should be spent:  
So she a mothers rich stile doth preferre,  
And at the Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lie,  
Like an appointed Lambe, when tenderly

The priest comes on his knees, to imbowell her.  
Now sleepe or watch with more joy; and o light  
Of heaven; to morrow rise thou hot, and early,  
This

This Sunne will love so dearely

Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.  
Wonders are wrought, for she which had no name,  
*To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.*

*The end of the Epithalamions or  
Marriage Songs.*

# SATYRES.

## Satyre I.

**A**Way thou changeling motley humorist,  
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,  
Conforted with these few bookes, let me lye  
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.  
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines, and here  
Natures secretary, the Philosopher.  
And wily Statesmen, which teach how to tie  
The sinewes of a Cities mystick body;  
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand  
Giddie fantastique Poets of each land.  
Shall I leave all this constant company,  
And follow headlong wilde uncertaine thee?  
First, sweare by thy best love, here, in earnest  
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)

I,

Thou

Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,  
Though some more spruce cōpanion thou dost meet,  
Not though a Captaine doe come in thy way  
Bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay:  
Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier  
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer:  
Nor come a velvet Iustice with a long  
Great train of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen-strong,  
Wilt thou grin, or fawne on him, or prepare  
A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire?  
For better or worse take me, or leave me:  
To take, and leave me is adultery.  
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,  
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,  
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes  
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize  
The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate  
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat.  
That wilt consort none, untill thou have knowne  
What lands he hath in hope, or of his owne.  
As though all thy companions should make thee  
Ioyntures, and marry thy deare company.  
Why shouldst thou that dost not onely approve,  
But in ranke itchy lust, desire, and love  
The nakednesse and barrennesse to enjoy,  
Of thy plumpe muddy whore, prostitute boy;  
Hate vertue, though she be naked, and bare  
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;  
And, till our Soules be unapparelled  
Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.  
Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne  
He lost that, he was cloath'd but in beasts skinne,

And



And in this coarse attire, which I now weare  
With God, and with the Muses I conferre.  
But since thou like a contrite penitent,  
Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, dost repent  
These vanities, and giddinesses, loe  
I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.  
But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath bin  
Worne by as many severall men in sinne,  
As are black feathers, or muske-coloured hose,  
Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:  
Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away  
The infant of London, Heire to an India:  
And sooner may a gulling weather-Spie  
By drawing forth heavens Scheme, tell certainly  
What fashion'd hats, or ruffles, or suits next yeare  
Our subtil wittied antique youths will weare:  
Then thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show  
Whither, why, when, or with whō thou wouldst goe.  
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence  
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?  
Now we are in the street; he first of all  
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;  
And so imprison'd, and hem'd in by mee  
Sels for a little state his libertie;  
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet  
Every fine silken painted foole wee meet,  
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,  
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,  
As Prentises or Schooleboyes, which doe know  
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.  
And as fiddlers stop lowest, at highest sound,  
So to the most brave, stopps he nigh'st the ground.

But to a grave man he doth move no more  
 Than the wise politique horse would heretofore,  
 Or thou ô Elephant, or Ape wilt doe,  
 When any names the King of Spaine to you.  
 Now leapes he upright, jogs me, & cries, Doe you see  
 Yonder well-favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis he  
 That dances so diuinely; Oh, said I,  
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?  
 He droopt, we went, till one (which did excell  
 Th' Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)  
 Met us: they talk'd; I whispered, Let us goe,  
 'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe.  
 He heares not me, but, on the other side  
 A many coloured Peacock having spide,  
 Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheepe stay;  
 He followes, over-takes, goes on the way,  
 Saying, Him whom I last left, all repute  
 For his device in handsomeing a suite,  
 To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and pleite,  
 Of all the Court to have the best conceit;  
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;  
 But oh, God strengthen thee, why stop'st thou so?  
 Why, he hath traveled long? no, but to me  
 Which understand none, he doth seeme to be  
 Perfect French, and Italian, I replied,  
 So is the Poxe. He answer'd not, but spy'd  
 More men of sort, of parts and qualities.  
 At last his Love he in a window spies,  
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me  
 Violently ravished to his lechery.  
 Many were there, he could command no more;  
 He quarrell'd, fought, bled, and turn'd out of doore  
Directly

Directly came to me, hanging the head,  
And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

## Satyre I I.

**S**IR; though (I thanke God for it) I doe hate  
Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state  
In all ill things so excellently best, (rest.  
That hate toward them, breeds pittie toward the  
Though Poëtry indeed be such a sinne  
As I thinke That brings dearth, and Spawiards in:  
Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,  
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove  
Never, till it be sterv'd out, yet their state  
Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate:  
One (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead  
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read  
And saves his life) gives idiot Actors meanes,  
Starving himsele to live by his labour'd seanes.  
As in some Organ, Puppits dance above  
And bellows pant below, wch them do move, (charms  
One would move Love by richmes; but witchcrafts  
Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes,  
Rammes, and slings now are seely batery,  
Pistolets are the best Artillery.  
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,  
Are they not like singers at doores for meat?  
And they who write, because all write, have still  
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who (beggary) doth chaw  
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw  
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,  
 As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,  
 For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne  
 The meat was mine, th'excrement is his owne.  
 But these doe me no harme, nor they which use  
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure Iewes,  
 To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the  
 Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar be  
 As Confessors, and for whose sinfull sake  
 Schoolemen, new tenements in hell must make:  
 Whose strange sinnes, Canonists could hardly tell  
 In which Commandements large receipt they dwell.  
 But these punish themselves. The insolence  
 Of Coscus, onely, breeds my just offence, (poxe,  
 Whom time (which tortes all, and makes botches  
 And plodding on, must make a calfe an ox)  
 Hath made a Lawyer; which, (alas) of late  
 But scarce a Poët; jollier of this state,  
 Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes  
 Like nets, or limetwigs, wheresoever he goes,  
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,  
 And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench.  
 A motion Lady. Speake Coscus. I have beene  
 In love ever since *tricesimo* of the Queene,  
 Continuall claims I have made, injunctions got  
 To stay my rivals suit, that he should not  
 Proceed, spare me; in Hillary terme I went,  
 You said, If I Return'd next size in Lent,  
 I should be in Remitter of your grace;  
 In th'interim my letters should take place

Of

Of affidavits. Words, words, which would teare  
The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare.  
More, more, than ten Sclavonians scolding, more  
Than when windes in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore.  
When sick with Pœtry, and possesst with muse  
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse  
Law practice for meere gaine; bold soule repute  
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.  
Now like an owl-like watchman, he must walke  
His hand still at a bill, now he must talke  
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare  
That onely suretyship, hath brought them there,  
And to every suitor lye in every thing,  
Like a Kings favorite, or like a King.  
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,  
Bearing like Asses, and more shamelesse farre  
Than carted whores, lye, to the grave judge; for  
Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor  
Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives,  
As these things doe in him; by these he thrives.  
Shortly (as the sea) he will compasse all the land;  
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount to Dover strand.  
And spying heires melting with luxurie,  
Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as he.  
For as a thriftie wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,  
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,  
Of wasting candles, which in thirtie yeare  
(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;  
Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time  
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.  
In parchment then, large as his fields, he drawes  
Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes,

So huge, that men ( in our times forwardnesse )  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse.  
 These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,  
 Therefore spares no length; ( as in those first dayes  
 Where Luther was profest, He did desire  
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer  
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,  
 Adds to Christs prayer, the power and glory clause. )  
 But when he sels or changes land, he impaires  
 His writings, and ( unwatch'd ) leaves out, *ses heires*,  
 As slyly as any Commenter goes by  
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinitie  
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out (doubt.  
 Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the  
 Where are those spred woods wch cloth'd heretofore  
 Those bought lads? not built, nor burnt within dore.  
 Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halts  
 Carthusian fasts, and fullsome Bacchanals  
 Equally I hate. Meane's blest. In richmens homes,  
 I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,  
 None starve, none surfet so. But ( Oh ) we allow  
 Good workes, as good, but out of fashion now,  
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none drawes  
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statute lawes.

Satyre

## Satyre I I I.

**K**Inde pittie checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids  
 These teares to issue, which swell my eye-lids,  
 I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise,  
 Can railing then cure these worne maladies?  
 Is not our Mistresse faire Religion,  
 As worthy of all our Soules devotion,  
 As vertue was to the first blinded age?  
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to assuage  
 Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,  
 As we doe them in meanes, shall they surpass  
 Vs in the end? and shall thy fathers spirit  
 Meet blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit  
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and heare  
 Thee, whom he taught so easie wayes, and neare  
 To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this:  
 This feare great courage and high valour is.  
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay  
 Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey  
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?  
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?  
 Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice  
 Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice  
 Colder than Salamanders? like divine  
 Children in th' Oven, fires of Spaine, and the line.  
 Whose countries limbeckes to our bodies bee,  
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every he

Which



Which cries not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw,  
 Or eate thy poysonous words ? courage of straw !  
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and  
 To thy foes, and his ( who made thee to stand  
 Sentinell in his worlds garrison ) thus yeeld,  
 And for forbid warres, leave thappointed field ?  
 Know thy foes ; The foule devill, he, whom thou  
 Striv'st to please, for hate, not love, would allow  
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit ; and as  
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,  
 So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is  
 In her decrepit waine, and thou loving this,  
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet ; last,  
 Flesh ( it selfes death ) and joyes which flesh can taste,  
 Thou lovest ; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth  
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.  
 Seeke true religion, O where ? Mirreus  
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,  
 Seekes her at Rome, there, because he doth know  
 That she was there a thousand yeares agoe,  
 And loves the ragges so, as we here obey  
 The stated cloth where the Prince sate yesterday.  
 Crants to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,  
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd  
 Religion, plaine, simple, sullen, young,  
 Contemptuous yet unhandsome. As among  
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges  
 No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.  
 Grajus staves still at home here, and because  
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and lawes  
 Still new like fashions, bids him thinke that she  
 Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, he

Imbraceth

Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will  
Tender to him, being tender; as Wards still  
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or  
Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre  
All, because all cannot be good; as one  
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.  
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinkes that so  
As women doe in divers countryes goe  
In divers habits, yet are still one kinde;  
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-  
nesse too much light breeds. But unmoved thou  
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow;  
And the right; aske thy Father which is thee,  
Let him aske his. Though truth and falshood bee  
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is.  
Be busie to seeke her; beleeve me this,  
Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best,  
To adore, or seorne an Image, or protest,  
May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way  
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;  
To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,  
Cragg'd, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will  
Reach her about must, and about must goe:  
And what the hils suddennesse resists, win so.  
Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,  
Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in the night.  
To will, implies delay, therefore now doe.  
Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge to  
The mindes indeavours reach; and mysteries  
Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.  
Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men doe not  
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand (stand  
Sign'd

Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate  
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.  
 Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy soule be tyed  
 To mans lawes, by which she shall be tryed  
 At the last day? Or will it then boot thee  
 To say a Philip or a Gregory,  
 A Harry or a Martin taught thee this?  
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,  
 Equally strong; cannot both sides say so? (know;  
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds  
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be,  
 Then, humble to her, is idolatry. (dwell  
 As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that  
 At the rough streams calme head, thrive and do wel,  
 But having left their roots, and themselves given  
 To the streames tyrannous rage, alas, are driven  
 Through Mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost  
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:  
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust  
 Power, from God claim'd; then God himself to trust,

This most excellent satyre  
 following, has much of the  
 force of a ninth <sup>Satyre</sup>  
 sermon, or satire of the  
 first Book in Horace:

Gam fortè viâ &

## Satyre IV.

**W**ELL; I may now receive, and die, My sinne  
 Indeed is great, but yet I have beene in  
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hellis  
 A recreation, and scant map of this.  
 My mind, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been  
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to be seene,  
 I had no suit there, nor new suite to shew,  
 Yet went to Court; But as Glare which did goe  
 To Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse  
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse;  
 Before he scapt, So't pleas'd my destinie  
 (Guiltie of my sinne in going,) to thinke me  
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-  
 Full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,  
 As vaine, as witleffe, and as false as they  
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.  
 Therefore I sufferd this; Towards me did runne  
 A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sunne  
 E'r bred, or all which into *Noahs* Arke came:  
 A thing which would have pos'd *Adam* to name:  
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,  
 Than A fricks Monsters, Guianaes rarities,  
 Stranger than strangers; One, who for a Dane,  
 In the Danes Massacre had sure beene slaine,  
 If he had liv'd then; and without helpe dies,  
 When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rise.

One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,  
 One, to whō, the examining Iustice sure would cry,  
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are.  
 His cloaths were strange, though coarse; and black,  
 Sleevelesse his jerkin was, & it had bin (though bare)  
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene.)  
 Become Tufftassaty; and our children shall  
 See it plain Rashe awhile, then nought at all.  
 The thing hath travail'd, & saith, speaks all tongues,  
 And onely knoweth what to all States belongs.  
 Made of th' Accents, and best phrase of all these,  
 He speakes one language. If strange meats displease,  
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,  
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast,  
 Mountebanks drugtongue, nor the termes of law  
 Are strong enough preparatives, to draw  
 Me to beare this, yet I must be content  
 With his tongue: in his tongue, call'd complement;  
 In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores,  
 Make men speake treason, cozen subtlest whores,  
 Outflatter favourites, or outlie either  
 Iovius, or Surius, or both together.  
 He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God!  
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,  
 This fellow, chuseth me; He saith, Sir,  
 I love your judgement; Whom doe you preferre,  
 For the best Linguist? And I feelily  
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie.  
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir. Beza then,  
 Some Iesuits, and two reverend men  
 Of our two Academies I named; here  
 He stopt me, and said: Nay, your Apostles were  
Good

Good pretty Linguists, and so Panurge was;  
 Yet a poore Gentleman; All these may passe  
 By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold  
 His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,  
 That I was faine to say. If you had liv'd, Sir,  
 Time enough to have been Interpreter  
 To Babels bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood,  
 He adds, If of court life you knew the good,  
 You would leave lonenesse. I said, not alone,  
 My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashion.  
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not taste  
 Now; Aretines pictures have made few chaste:  
 No more can Princes courts, though there be few  
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue.  
 He, like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeakt, O fir,  
 'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Westminster,  
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tombes,  
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,  
 Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,  
 From King to King, and all their kin can walke:  
 Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes  
 Kings onely; The way to it is Kingsstreet. (meet  
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,  
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.  
 Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine? as you see,  
 I have but one Sir, looke, he followes me.  
 Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this minde am,  
 Your onely wearing is your Grogaram,  
 Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch  
 He would not flie; I chaff'd him. But as Itch  
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grownd  
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (foole) found,

Crossing hurt me. To fit my fallennesse,  
 He to another key his stile doth dresse.  
 And askes; what newes? I tell him of new playes.  
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which staves  
 A Sembrieſe, twixt each drop, he nigardly,  
 As, loath to enrich me, ſo reſ many a lye,  
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,  
 Of triviall houſhold traſh. He knowes; He knowes  
 When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, and he knows  
 A ſubtle States-man may gather of that; (what  
 He knowes who loves; whom, and who by poyſon  
 Halts to an Offices reverſion;  
 He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg  
 A liſenſe, old iron, bootes, ſhooves, and egge-  
 ſhels to tranſport; Shortly boyes ſhall not play  
 At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay  
 Toll to ſome Courtier; And wiſer then all us,  
 He knowes what Lady is not painted. Thus  
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,  
 Looke pale, and ſickly, like a Patient, Yet  
 He thruſts on more; And as he had undertooke  
 To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without booke,  
 Speakes of all States and deeds that have been ſince  
 The Spanyards came, to the loſſe of Amyens.  
 Like a bigge wife, at ſight of loathed meat,  
 Readie to travaile: ſo I ſigh, and ſweare  
 To heare this Makaron talke, in vaine: For yet,  
 Either my humour, or his owne to fir,  
 He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can  
 Diſcredit, Libels now gainſt each great man.  
 He names a price for every office paid;  
 He ſaith, our warres thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;

That



That offices are intailed, and there are  
Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre  
As the last day; and that great officers  
Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.  
Who wasts in meate, in cloathes, in horse, he notes;  
Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goates.  
I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when  
They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then  
Becomming Traytor, and me thought I saw  
One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw  
To suck me in, for hearing him, I found  
That as burnt venome Leachers doe grow sound  
By giving others their soares, I might grow  
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew  
All signes of loathing; But since I am in,  
I must pay mine, and my forefathers sinne  
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power  
Toughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; but the  
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring  
Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,  
And sayes, Sir, can you spare me? I said; willingly;  
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a Crowne? Thankfully I  
Gave it, as Ransome; but as fidlers, still,  
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will  
Thrust one more jigge upon you: so did he  
With his long complementall thanks vex me,  
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,  
And the Prerogative of my Crowne: Scant  
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see  
All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)  
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one  
Who feares more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitarinesse  
 My piteous soule began, the wretchednesse  
 Of suiters at Court to mourne, and a trance  
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance  
 It selfe o'r mee : Such men as he saw there,  
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more ; Low feare  
 Becomes the guilty, not the accuser ; Then,  
 Shall I, nones slave, of high borne or rais'd men  
 Feare frownes ? and, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee  
 To huffing, braggart, puffed Nobilitie ?  
 No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast beene  
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seene,  
 O Sunne, in all thy journey. Vanitie,  
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court ? I  
 Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and  
 Transported it, from Italy, to stand  
 With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers, for  
 Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor  
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and naturall  
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.  
 'Tis ten a clocke and past ; All whom the Mues,  
 Baloune, Tennis, Diet, or the stews  
 Had all the morning held, now the second  
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks, were found  
 In the Presence, and I. (God pardon me)  
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as bee  
 The fields they sold to buy them. For a King  
 Those hose are, cry his flatterers ; And bring  
 Them next weeke to, the Theatre to sell.  
 Wants reach all states. Me seemes they doe as well  
 At stage, as Court ; All are players ; who e'r looks  
 (For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside Books,  
 Shall

Shall finde their wardrobes Inventory. Now,  
 The Ladies come. As Pirats, which doe know (nel,  
 That there came weake ships fraught with Cutchan-  
 The men board them; and praise, as they think, well,  
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.  
 Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gowns, I thought  
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,  
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.  
 He call'd her beautie limetwigs, her haire net;  
 Shee feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose fet;  
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,  
 From hat, to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,  
 As if the Presence were a Moschite: and lift  
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to Thrift;  
 Making them confesse not onely mortall  
 Great stains and holes, in them, but veniall  
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate;  
 And then by *Durers* rules survey the state  
 Of his each limbe, and with strings the oddes tries  
 Of his necke to his legges, and waste to thighes.  
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry  
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety  
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes  
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes  
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,  
 And unto her protests protests protests  
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne  
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;  
 And whispers by Jesu, so often, that a  
 Purfeyant would have ravish'd him away  
 For saying of our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit  
 That they each other plague, they merit it.

But here comes Glorius that will plague them both;  
 Who in the other extreme, onely dorth  
 Call a rough carelesnesse, good fashion;  
 Whose cloake his spurres teare; or whom he spits on  
 He cares not hee. His ill words doe no harme  
 To him, he rushes in, as if arme, arme,  
 He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill  
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still  
 He strives to looke worse; he keepes all in awe;  
 Iests like a licens'd foole, commands like law.  
 Tyr d, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so  
 As men from gaoles to execution goe,  
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung  
 With the seven deadly sinnes) being among  
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw  
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know  
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine  
 Living barrels of beefe, flaggons of wine.  
 I shooke like a spied Spic. Preachers which are  
 Seas of Wits and Arts, you can, then dare,  
 Drowne the sinnes of this place, for, for mee  
 Which am but a scant brooke, it enough shall be  
 To wash the staynes away: Although I yet  
 With *Machabees* modesty, the knowne merit  
 Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,  
 I hope, esteeme my writs Canonicall.

## Satyre V.

**T**Hou shalt not laugh in this lease, Muse, nor they  
 Whom any pittie warmes. He which did lay  
 Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood  
 May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?)  
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme  
 Are wretched or wicked: of these two a Theame  
 Charitie and libertie give me. What is he  
 Who Officers rage, and Suitors misery  
 Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,  
 As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall  
 Bee, be made of the same elements:  
 Each thing, each thing implies or represents.  
 Then man is a world; in which, Officers,  
 Are the vast ravishing seas; and Suters,  
 Springs; now full, now shallow, now drie: which, to  
 That which drownes them, run: These selfe reasons  
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers (doe  
 Are the devouring stomacke, and Suitors  
 The excrements which they void: all men are dust,  
 How much worse are Suters, who to mens lust  
 Are made preys. O worse than dust, or worms meat,  
 For they doe eate you now, whose selves worms shall  
 They are the mills which grind you, yet you are (eat.  
 The winde which drives them; and a wastfull warre  
 Is fought against you, and you fight it: they  
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way.

Like wittals, th' issue your owne ruine is.  
 Greatest and fairest Empresse, know you this?  
 Alas, no more than Thames calme head doth know  
 Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne  
 You sir, whose righteousnes she loves, whō I (o'r flow.  
 By having leave to serve, am most richly  
 For service paid, authoriz'd, now begin  
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.  
 O Age of rusty Iron! (Some better wit  
 Call it some worse name, if ought equall it;)   
 The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold (now  
 Injustice is sold dearer) did allow  
 All claim'd fees. and duties. Gamesters, anon  
 The money which you swear, and sweare for, is gone  
 Into other hands: So controverted lands  
 Scape, like Angelica, the strivers hands.  
 If Law be in the Iudges heart, and hee  
 Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,   
 Where wilt thou appeale? power of the Courts be  
 Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw  
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to miserie,  
 To fetters, halters. But if the injury  
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou goest  
 Against the stream, whē upwards: when thou art most  
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they, (way  
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in thy  
 Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt be  
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see  
 That al thy gold was drown'd in them before: (more.  
 All things follow their like, only who have, may have  
 Iudges are Gods; he who made and said them so,  
 Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to goe,  
 By meanes of Angels. When supplication We

We send to God, to Dominations,  
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if we  
 Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would bee  
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis; Would it not anger  
 A Stoicke, a Coward, yea a Martyr,  
 To see a Pursivant come in, and call  
 All his clothes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all  
 His Plate, Chalice; and mistake them away,  
 And lack a fee for comming? Oh; ne'r may  
 Faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted,  
 To warrant thefts: she is established  
 Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and shee  
 Speaks Fates words, and tells who must bee  
 Rich, who poore; who in chaires, who in jayles:  
 Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nayles.  
 With which she scratcheth Suiters: In bodies  
 Of men, so in law, nailes are extremities.  
 So Officers stretch to more than Law can doe,  
 As our nailes reach what no else part comes to.  
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath he  
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?  
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrōg, & now hū-  
 Beg'st right, but that dole comes not til these die. gerly  
 Thou had'st much, & lawes Vrim and Thummin trie  
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper  
 Enough to cloath all the great Charricks Pepper-  
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese  
 Then Hammon, if he sold his Antiquities.  
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize  
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.  
 Thou art the swimming dog who shadows covered,  
 Which div'st, neare drowning, for what vanished.



## Satyre V I.

**M**En write that love and reason disagree,  
 But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee.  
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,  
 But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.  
 Thou say'st shee's wise and witty, faire and free,  
 All these are reasons why she should scorne thee.  
 Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew  
 By matching her as she would match her foe:  
 And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,  
 Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.  
 Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex  
 Her with example. Say, for feare her sexe  
 Shunne her, she needs must change; I doe not see  
 How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee.  
 Thou art a match a lustice to rejoyce,  
 Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.  
 Dry'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,  
 And wouldst th'have this to chuse thee, being free?  
 Goe then and punish some soone-gotten stuffe,  
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,  
 In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet;  
 For spight take her, prove kinde, make thy breath  
 Let her see she hath cause, & to bring to thee (sweet,  
 Honest children let her dishonest bee.  
 If she be a widow I'll warrant her  
 Shee'll thee before her first husband preferre,  
 And

And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,  
 (Shee'll love thee so) for, then thou hadst bid dead,  
 But thou such strong love, and weake reasons hast,  
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.  
 Yet pause'a while; and thou maist live to see  
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee.  
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now,  
 Doe what she can, love for nothing shee'll allow.  
 Besides, here were too much gaine and merchandise,  
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.  
 Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt  
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out.  
 Againe, be thy love true, shee'll prove divine,  
 And in the end the good on't will be thine.  
 For, though thou must ne'r thinke of other love,  
 And so wilt advance her as high above  
 Vertue as cause above effect can bee,  
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which shee'll make thee.

*The end of the Satyres.*

**LETTERS**

# LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

## THE STORME.

*To Mr. Christopher Brooke, from the Island voyage with the Earle of Essex.*

**T**Hou which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)  
Thou which art still thy selfe; by this shalt know  
Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye  
By *Hilliard* drawne, is worth a History,  
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)  
When by thy judgement they are dignifi'd,  
My Lines are such. 'Tis the preheminance,  
Of friendship onely to 'impute excellence.  
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,  
Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave  
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can southlay,  
Honour and misery have one face one way.)  
From out her pregnant intrailes sigh'd a winde  
Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde  
Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw  
Downward againe; and so when it did view

How

How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,  
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,  
Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh, and sweet,  
As, to a stomach sterv'd, whose insides meet,  
Meate comes, it came; and swole our sayles, when we  
So joy'd, as *Sara* her swelling joy'd to see,  
But 'twas, but so kinde, as our countrey men, (then  
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them  
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre  
Asunder, meet against a third to warre,  
The South and West winds joyn'd, & as they blew,  
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.  
Sooner than you reade this line, did the gale,  
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile;  
And what at first was call'd a gulf the same  
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name.  
*Jonas*, I pittie thee, and curse those men,  
Who when the storme rag'd most, did wake thee  
(Sleep is paines easiell salve, and doth fulfill (then  
All offices of death, except to kill.  
But when I wak'd, I saw, that I saw not,  
I, and the Sunne, which should teach me, had forgot  
East, West, day night; and I could onely say,  
If the world had lasted, yet it had beene day.  
Thousands our noyses were, yet we, mongst all  
Could none by his right name, but thunder call;  
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more  
Than if the Sunne had drunke the sea before,  
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, 'equally  
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die.  
And as sinburd'ned soules from grave will creep,  
At the last day, some forth their cabbins prepe:

And

And trembling aske what newes, and doe heare so  
 As jealous husbands, what they would not know.  
 Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,  
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare.  
 Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast  
 Shak d with an ague, and the Hold and Wasse  
 With a salt droppe clogg'd, and all our tacklings  
 Snapping, like too-too-high-stretch'd treble strings.  
 And from our totter'd sailes, raggs drop downe so,  
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.  
 Yea even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,  
 Strives to breake loose, and scape away from thence.  
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?  
 Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe;  
 Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailers, and if they (say.  
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to  
 Compar d to these stormes, death is but a qualme,  
 Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calme.  
 Darknesse, lights eldest brother, his birth-right  
 Clames o'r the world, & to heaven hath chas'd light.  
 All things are one, and that one none can be,  
 Since all formes, uniforme deformitie  
 Doth cover; so that we, except God say  
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.  
 So violent, yet long these furies be, (thee,  
 That though thine absence scerve me, 'I will not

*The Calme.*

**O**ur storme is past, & that stormes tyrannous rage,  
 A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.  
 The fable is inverted, and farre more  
 A block afflicts, now, then a stroke before.  
 Stormes chafe, and soon weare out themselves, or us;  
 In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.  
 As steady as I could with my thoughts were,  
 Smooth as thy Mistresse glasse, or what shines there,  
 The sea is now, and, as the lles which we  
 Seeke, when we can move, our ships rooted bee.  
 As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out:  
 As Lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.  
 And all our beautie, and our trimme, decays,  
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes.  
 The fighting place now seamen's ragges supply,  
 And all the tackling is a frippery.  
 No use of Lanthornes; and in one place lay  
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.  
 Earths hollownes, which the worlds lungs are,  
 Have no more winde than the upper valt of ayre.  
 We can nor lost friends, nor fought foes recover,  
 But Meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.  
 Onely the Calenture together drawes  
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes mawes  
 And on the hatches, as on Altars lies (mayes,  
 Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.

Who

Who live, that miracle doe multiplie  
 Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not die.  
 If in despight of these, we swim, that hath  
 No more refreshing, than a Brimstone bath,  
 But from the sea into the ship we turne,  
 Like parboy'd wretches, on the coales to burne.  
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,  
 Or like slack-sinew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,  
 Languish our ships. Now as a Miriade  
 Of Ants, durst th'Emperours lov'd Snake invade:  
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-gulls, finny chips,  
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-rid ships.  
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,  
 Or, to disuse me from the queasie paine  
 Of being belov'd, and loving: or the thirst  
 Of honour, or faire death, out-pusht me first,  
 I lose my end: for here as well as I  
 A desperate may live, and coward die.  
 Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies,  
 Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes.  
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay  
 A scourge, gainst which we all forget to pray.  
 He that at sea prays for more winde, as well  
 Vnder the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.  
 What are we then? How little more, alas,  
 Is man now, then, before he was, he was?  
 Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit;  
 Chance, or our selves still disproportion it.  
 We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,  
 I should not then thus feeble this misery.



*To S<sup>r</sup> Henry Wootton.*

**S** I R, more than kisses, letters mingle Soules,  
 For, thus friends absent speak. This ease controules  
 The tediousnesse of my life : But for these  
 I could ideate nothing, which could please,  
 But I should wither in one day, and passe  
 To a bottle of May, that am a lock of Grasse.  
 Life is a voyage, and in our lives wayes  
 Countries, Courts, Townes are Rocks, or Remoraes;  
 They breake or stop all ships, yet our star's such  
 That though then pitch they staine worse, we must  
 If in the furnace of the raging line, (touch,  
 Or under th'adverse icy pole thou pine,  
 Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in,  
 Dwell there : But oh, what refuge canst thou win  
 Parch'd in the Court, and in the countrey frozen?  
 Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?  
 Can dung, or garlike be perfume? Or can  
 A Scorpion, or Torpedo cure a man?  
 Cities are worst of all three; of all three?  
 (O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.  
 Cities are Sepulchres; they who dwell there  
 Are carcases, as if none such there were.  
 And Courts are Theaters, where some men play  
 Princes, some slaves, all to one end, of one clay.  
 The Countrey is a desert, where the good,  
 Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood.

L

There

There men become beasts, and prone to all evils ;  
 In Cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devils.  
 As, in the first Chaos, confusedly  
 Each elements qualities were in th' other three :  
 So pride, lust, covetize, being severall  
 To these three places, yet all are in all,  
 And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous.  
 Falshood is denizon'd. Vertue is barbarous.  
 Let no man say there, Vertues flinty wall  
 Shall locke vice in me, I'll doe none, but know all.  
 Men are sponges, which to powre out, receive :  
 Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.  
 For in best understandings sinne began,  
 Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.  
 Onely perchance beaſts sinne not ; wretched wee  
 Are beaſts in all, but white integritie.  
 I thinke if men, which in these places live  
 Durſt looke in themselves, and themselves retriue,  
 They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing  
 Vtopian youth, growne old Italian. (than  
 Be then thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell;  
 Inne any where ; continuance maketh hell.  
 And seeing the ſnaile, which every where doth come,  
 Carrying his owne house still, still is at home :  
 Follow (for he is easie pac'd ) this ſnaile,  
 Be thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gale.  
 And in the worlds sea doe not like corke sleepe  
 Vpon the waters face ; nor in the deepe  
 Sinke like a lead without a line : but as  
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,  
 Nor making sound : so, closely thy course goe.  
 Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no :

Onely

*fallentis semita vita.*

Onely 'in this be no Galenist. To make  
 Courts hot ambitions wholesome, doe not take  
 A dramme of Countries dulnesse; doe not add  
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.  
 But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe  
 Say o'r those lessons, which I learn'd of you:  
 Whom, free from Germanies schismies, and lightnes  
 Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse,  
 Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,  
 And brought home that faith which you carried  
 I throughly love, But if my selfe I have won (forth;  
 To know my rules, I have, and you have **DONNE**.

*To St Henry Goodjere.*

**W**HO makes the Past, a pattern for next yeare,  
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads,  
 Seene things he sees againe, heard things doth heare,  
 And makes his life but like a paire of beads.

A Palace, when 'tis that, which it should be,  
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:  
 But he which dwels there, is not so; for he  
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise;

So had your body 'her morning, hath her noone,  
 And shall not better; her next change is night:  
 But her faire larger guest, to 'whom Sun and Moone  
 Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,  
 Her appetite, and her digestion mend;  
 We must not sterue, nor hope to pamper her  
 With womens milke, and pappe, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seene  
 All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps, & Courts;  
 But aske your Garners if you have not beene  
 In harvests, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant  
 A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground  
 Beares no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant  
 Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit.  
 Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.  
 Goe, whither? hence you get, if you forget;  
 New faults till they prescribe to us, are smoake.

Our soule, whose country's heavē, & God her father,  
 Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent,  
 Yet so much in her travaile she doth gather,  
 That she returnes home wiser than she went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare (yours,  
 And make you asham'd, to make your hawks praise,  
 Which when her selfe she lessens in the aire,  
 You then first say, that high enough she toures.

However, keepe the lively taste you hold  
 Of God, love him now, but feare him more,

And

And in your afternoones thinke what you told  
And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falshood like a discord anger you,  
Else be not froward. But why doe I touch  
Things, of which none is in your practise new,  
And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir,  
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,  
And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,  
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

*To Mr Rowland Woodward.*

**L**ike one who'in her third widdowhood doth pro-  
Her selfe a Nuanne, tyed to retirednesse, (fesse  
So'affects my Muse, now, a chaste fallownesse.

Since she to few, yet to too many'hath flowne,  
How long loves weeds, and Satyrique thornes are  
Where seeds of better arts, were early sown?(grown,

Though to use, and love Poëtry, to mee,  
Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no Adukery;  
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee.

For though to us it seeme but light and thin,  
Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in  
Mens workes, vanitie weighes as much as sinne.

If our soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee  
May cleath them with faith, and deare honestie,  
Which God imputes as native puritie.

There is no Vertue, but Religion.  
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none  
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seeke we then our selves in our selves ; for as  
Men force the Sunne with much more force to passe,  
By gathering his beames with a Christall glasse ;

So wee ( if wee into our selves will turne,  
Blowing our sparkes of vertue ) may out-burne  
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourne.

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse  
Into any boyle the Soules of Simples, use  
Places, where they may lie still warme, to chuse :

So workes retirednesse in us ; To rome  
Giddily and be every where, but at home,  
Such freedome doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of our selves, yet may,  
If we can stock our selves, and thrive, uplay  
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy selfe then, to thy selfe be approv'd,  
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd,  
But to know that I love thee and would be lov'd.

---

*To Sr Henry Wootton.*

**H**ERE's no more newes, than vertue. 'I may as well  
Tell you *Calis*, or Saint *Michaels* tales, as tell  
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walke up and downe,  
And toyle to sweeten rest: so, may God frowne,  
If, but to leath both, I haunt Court, or Towne.

For, here, no one is from th'extremitie  
Of vice, by any other reason free,  
But that the next to him, still, is worse than he.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,  
(Gods Commissary,) doth so thoroughly hate,  
As in the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:

If they stand arm'd with seely honesty,  
With wishes, prayers, and neat integritie,  
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldnesse to this place belongs,  
And to have as many eares as all have tongues;  
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.



Beleeve me fir, in my youths giddiest dayes,  
When to be like the Court was a players praise,  
Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts like playes.

Then let us at these mimique antiques jeast,  
Whose deepest projects, and egregious gests  
Are but dull Morals of a game at Chests.

But now 'tis incongruitie to smile,  
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while.  
*At Court:* though from Court, were the better stile.

---

*To the Countesse of Bedford.*

MADAM,

**R**eason is our Soules left hand, Faith her right,  
By these we reach divinitie, that's you;  
Their loves who have the blessing of your light,  
Grew from their reason, mine from faire faith grew.

But as, although a squint left-handednesse  
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand:  
So would I, (not to encrease, but to expresse  
My faith) as I beleeve, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,  
Those friends whom your election glorifies;  
Then in your deeds, accessies and restraints,  
And what you reade, and what your selfe devise.

But

But soone, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,  
Grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach,  
Then backe againe to implicite faith I fall,  
And rest on what the Catholique voyce doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique  
Denies it; if he did, yet you are so.  
For, rockes, which high to sense deepe-rooted stick,  
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally growes  
A *Balsamum* to keepe it fresh, and new,  
If'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes;  
Your birth and beautie are this balme in you.

But, you of learning and religion,  
And vertue, 'and such ingredients, have made  
A Mithridate, whose operation  
Keepes off, or cures, what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physick, but your food,  
A diet fit for you; for you are here  
The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,  
That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and so  
His Factor for our loves; doe as yo doe,  
Make your returne home gracious; and bestow  
This life on that: so make one life of two.

For so God helpe me, 'I would not misse you there  
For all the good which you can doe me here.

To

*To the Countesse of Bedford.*

MADAM,

**Y**OU have refin'd me, and to worthiest things  
Vertue, Art, Beautie, Fortune; now I see  
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;  
And such, as they are circumstance'd, they bee.

Two ills can nere perplex us, sin t'excuse;  
But of two good things we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,  
Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)  
Makes her not be, or not show: all my rime  
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee;  
For, as darke texts need notes: there some must be  
To usher vertue, and say, *This is she.*

So in the countrey's beautie. To this place  
You are the season, (Madam) you the day,  
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face  
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display. (shrines  
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'en-  
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines,

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,  
And falsifies both computation so;  
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,  
We your new creatures, by new reckonings goe.

*This*

This shoves that you from nature loathly stray,  
That suffer not an Artificiall day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,  
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar sunne,  
To doe prophane autumnall offices,  
Whil'st here to you, we sacrificers runne;  
And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee' obey,  
We found your influence, and your Dictates say.

Yet to that Deitie which dwels in you,  
Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;  
These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*; they sue  
But that I may survey the edifice.

In all Religions as much care hath bin  
Of Temples frames, and beautie, 'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby,  
Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,  
But serve discourse, and curiosity,  
With that which doth religion but invest,  
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of Schools,  
And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles;

So in this pilgrimage I would behold  
You as you are Vertues Temple, not as she,  
What wals of tender christall her enfold;  
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars be,  
And after this survey, oppose to all  
Babblers of Chapels, you th' Escoriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly as faire;  
 On these I cast a lay and countrey eye.  
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,  
 I find you all record, and prophesie.  
 Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit  
 No sad nor guiltie legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both  
 You were the transcript, and originall,  
 The Elements, the Parent and the Growth  
 And every peece of you, is worth their All,  
 So intire are all your deeds, and you, that you  
 Must doe the same things still: you cannot two.

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinitie  
 Serves heresie to furdere or repressie)  
 Taste of Poëtique rage, or flatterie,  
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;  
 Oft from new proofs, and new phrase, new doubts  
 As strange attire alters the men we know. (grow

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale,  
 To higher Courts, senses decree is true.  
 The Mine, the Magazine, the common-weale,  
 The story of beautie, in Twicknam is, and you.  
 Who hath seen one, would both; As, who hath bin  
 In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin.

To Sr. Edward Herbert, now Lord Herbert of  
Cherbury, being at the siege of Iuliers.

**M**An is a lumpe, where all beasts kneaded be,  
Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree;  
The foole, in whom these beasts doe live at jarre,  
Is sport to others, and a Theater,  
Nor scapes he so, but is himselfe their prey;  
All which was man in him, is eate away,  
And now his beasts on one another feed,  
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.  
How happy 'is he, which hath due place assign'd  
To his beasts; and disforested his minde?  
Empal'd himselfe to keepe them out, nor in;  
Can sow, and dares trust come, where they have bin;  
Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,  
And is not Ass himselfe to all the rest.  
Else, man not onely is the heard of swine,  
But he's those devils too, which did incline  
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse;  
For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curse,  
As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in  
The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne,  
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,  
Our apprehension contributes the sting.  
To us, as to his chickins, he doth cast  
Hemlocke, and we as men, his hemlocke taste.

We

We doe infuse to what he meant for meat,  
Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat.  
For, God no such specifick poyson hath  
As kils men know not how; his fiercest wrath  
Hath no antipathy, but may be good  
At least for physick, if not for our food.  
Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod,  
And is his devill, that might be his God.  
Since then our businesse is, to rectifie  
Nature, to what she was; we're led awry  
By them, who man to us in little show,  
Greater than due, no forme we can bestow  
On him; for man into himselfe can draw  
All: All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw,  
All that is fill'd and all that which doth fill,  
All the round world, to man is but a pill;  
In all it workes not, but it is in all  
Poysonous, or purgative, or cordiall.  
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,  
And is to others joy *Opium*.  
As brave as true, is that profession than  
Which you doe use to make; that you know man.  
This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon  
All worthy bookes; and now are such an one.  
Actions are Authors, and of those in you  
Your friends finde every day a mart of new.



*To the Countesse of Bedford.*

**T**'Have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me  
Worst of spirituall vices, Simony :  
And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse  
Than worst of civill vices, thanklesnesse,  
In this, my doubt I seem'd loath to confesse,  
In that, I seem'd to ihunne beholdingnesse.  
But 'tis not so, *nothings*, as I am, may  
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.  
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more  
By having leave to write so, than before.  
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds, are showne,  
May not I yeeld (not gold but) coale or stone ?  
Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane :  
Here *Peter*, *loves*; there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane.  
So whether my hymns you admit or chuse,  
In me you've hallowed a Pagan Muse,  
And denizend a stranger, who mis-taught  
By blamers of the times they mard, hath sought  
Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe  
Shine in the worlds best part, or all It; you.  
I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts  
Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs.  
Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,  
But whither, onely knowing you, I know;  
Your, or you vertue, two vast uses serves,  
It ransomes one sexe, and one Court preserves:

There's

There's nothing but your worth, which being true,  
 Is knowne to any other, not to you.  
 And you can never know it; To admit  
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.  
 But since to you, your praises discords bee,  
 Stoop others ills, to meditate with mee,  
 Oh! to confesse we know not what we should,  
 Is halfe excuse, we know not what we would.  
 Lightnesse depresseth us, emptinesse fills,  
 We sweat and faint, yet still goe downe the hills;  
 As new Philosophy arrests the Sunne,  
 And bids the passive earth about it runne,  
 So we have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;  
 Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends.  
 As dead low earth eclipses and controules  
 The quick high Moone: so doth the body, Soules.  
 In none but us, are such mixt engines found,  
 As hands of double office: For, the ground  
 We till with them; and them to heaven we raise;  
 Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,  
 Doth but one half, that's none; He which saide, *Plough*  
*And looke not back*, to looke up doth allow.  
 Good seed degenerates, and oft obeyes  
 The soyles disease, and into cockle strays.  
 Let the mindes thoughts be but transplanted so,  
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow.  
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?  
 We but no forraigne tyrants could remove,  
 These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities  
 Caskets of souldes: Temples, and Palaces:  
 For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee,  
 Soules but preserv'd, borne naturally free;

As men to 'our prisons now, soules to us are sent,  
 Which learne vice there, and come in innocent.  
 First seeds of every creature are in us,  
 What ere the world hath bad, or precious,  
 Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene (scene:  
 That stones, wormes, frogs, and snakes in man are  
 But who ere saw, though nature can worke so,  
 That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?  
 We have added to the world Virginia, and sent  
 Two new starres lately to the firmament;  
 Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignitie  
 T'increase with ours those faire soules company?  
 But I must end this letter, though it doe  
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.  
 Vertue hath some perversenesse; For since will  
 Neither beleve her good, nor others ill,  
 Even in you vertues best paradise,  
 Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.  
 Too many vertues, or too much of one  
 Begets in you unjust suspicion.  
 And ignorance of vice, make vertue lesse,  
 Quenching compassion of our wretchednesse.  
 But these are riddles; some asperision  
 of vice becomes well some complexion.  
 Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode  
 The bad with bad, a spider with a road:  
 For so, ill thrals not them, but they tame ill  
 And make her doe much good against her will,  
 But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,  
 Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.  
 Take then no vicious purge, but be content  
 With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment.

*To the Countesse of Bedford.*

*On New-yeares day.*

**T**His twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,  
Some embleme is of me, or I of this,  
Who (Meteor-like, of stuffe and forme perplext,  
whose *what* and *where*, in disputation is,)   
If I should call me *any thing*, should misse.

I summe the yeares, and me, and finde me not  
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditour to th'new,  
That cannot say, My thankes I have forgot,  
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true.  
This bravery is since these times shew'd me you.

In recompence I would shew future times (such,  
What you were, and teach them to urge towards  
Verse embalmes vertue; and Tombes, or Thrones of  
Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much (rimes,  
As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch,

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name  
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,  
New spirits; for, strong agents with the same,  
Force that doth warme and cherish us, doe waste;  
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last:

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want  
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,  
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant;  
 Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place,  
 And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess  
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how  
 (One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse)  
 Should name know or expresse a thing so high,  
 And (not an inch) measure infinitie.

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,  
 But leave, lest truth be endangered by my praise,  
 And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,  
 And useth oft, when such a heart mis-sayes,  
 To make it good, for, such a praiser prayes.

He will best reach you, how you should lay out  
 His stocke of *beautie, learning, favour, blood;*  
 He will perplex securitie with doubt,  
 And cleare those doubts; hide from you, and shew  
 And so increase your appetite and food;

He will teach you, that good and bad have not  
 One latitude in cloysters, and in Court,  
 Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,  
 Some pittie is not good there, some vaine disport;  
 On this side, sin, with that place may comfort.  
 Yet he as he bounds seas, will fixe your houres,  
 Which pleasure, and delight may not ingresse.

And though what none else lost, be truliest yours;  
 He will make you, what you did not, possesse,  
 By using others, not vice; but weaknesse.

He will make you speake truths, and credibly,  
 And make you doubt that others doe not so:  
 He will provide you keyes, and lockes, to spie,  
 And scape spies, to good ends; and he will show  
 What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your owne conscience, he gives ianocence,  
 But for your fame, a discret warinesse,  
 And (though to scape, then to revenge offence  
 Be better,) he shewes both, and to repress  
 Joy, when your state swels, *sadnesse* when 'tis lesse.

From need of teares he will defend your soule,  
 Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;  
 He cannot, (that's, he will not) dis-inroule  
 Your name; and when with active joy we heare  
 This private Gospell, then 'tis our New Yeare.

*To the Countesse of Huntingdon.*

MADAM,

**M**An to Gods Image; *Eve*, to mans was made,  
 Nor finde we that God breath'd a soule in her.  
 Canons will not Church functions you invade,  
 Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees;  
 Wonders because they are rare ; But a new starre  
 Whose motion with the firmament agrees,  
 Is miracle; for, there, no new things are;

In woman so perchance milde innocence  
 A seldome comet is, but active good  
 A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense ;  
 For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a Starre, the *Magi* led to view  
 The manger-cradled infant, God below.  
 By vertues beames ( by fame deriv'd from you )  
 May apt soules, and the worst may vertue know.

If the worlds age, and death be argued well ( bend,  
 By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth  
 Then we might feare that vertue, since shee fell  
 So low as woman, should be neare her end,

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd ; exil'd by men  
 She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things; that's  
 She was in all men thinly scatter'd then, (you,  
 But now a masse contracted in a few.

Shee gilded us : but you are gold ; and She,  
 Informed us, but transubstantiates you,  
 Soft dispositions which ductile bee,  
 Elixarlike, shee makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,  
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not so,



But vertue, having made you vertue, 'is faine  
 To adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,  
 As, water being into aire rarifi'd  
 Neither appeare, till in one cloud they be,  
 So, for our sakes, you doe low names abide ;

Taught by great constellations, (which being fram'd,  
 Of the most starres, take low names, *Crab*, & *Bull*,  
 When single planets by the gods are nam'd)  
 You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend  
 And in the vaile of kindred others see ;  
 To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,  
 And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to me.

To whom, because from you all vertues flow,  
 And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,  
 I, which doe so, as your true subject owe  
 Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

If you can thinke these flatteries, they are,  
 For then your judgement is below my praise.  
 If they were so, oft, flatteries worke a farre,  
 As Counsels, and as farre th'endeavour raise,

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,  
 But I remaine a poysoned fountaine still ;  
 And not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood  
 Are more above all flatterie, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you  
 But my owne judgement, who did long agoe  
 Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,  
 And vertue should your beautie, & birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,  
 Rather then God should not be honour'd too,  
 And all these gifts confels'd, which he infill'd,  
 Your selfe were bound to say that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,  
 Or mouth, and Speaker of the universe,  
 A ministeriall Notary, for 'tis  
 Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,  
 And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise,

*To M. I. W.*

**A**LL haile sweet Poët, more full of more strong fire,  
 Then hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,  
 I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit  
 Of wit and art I love not, but admire;  
 Who have before or shall write after thee,  
 Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee  
 Like infancy or age to mans firme stay,  
 Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truely, that they better be  
 Which be envy'd than pittied : therefore I,  
 Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie:  
 O wouldst thou by like reason, pittie me,  
 But care not for me, I, that ever was  
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,  
 ( But for thy grace got in the Muses Schoole )  
 A Monster and a beggar, am a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late-borne modesty.  
 Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts, (part)  
 That men may not themselves, their owne good  
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie,  
 For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found  
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound  
 Thy worke but thine : how good it were to see  
 A Poë in thy praise, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as  
 The Painters bad god made a good devill,  
 'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill.  
 If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe,  
 Then write, then I may follow, and so bee  
 Thy debter, thy eecho, thy foyle, thy zancee.  
 I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape )  
 All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

---

*To M. T. W.*

**H**Ast thee harsh verse as fast as thy lame measure  
Will give thee leave, to him; My pain, & pleasure  
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,  
Feet and a reasoning soule, and tongue to speake.  
Tell him, all questions, which men have defended  
Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended;  
And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation  
Of him, at least in this earths habitation :  
And 'tis where I am, where in every street  
Infections follow, overtake, and meet,  
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,  
You are my pawnes, or else my Testament.

---

*To M. T. W.*

**P**Regnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,  
Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where  
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were.

As in our streets slie beggers narrowly  
Watch motions of the givers hand or eye,  
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And

And now thy Almes is given, thy letter is read,  
The body risen againe, the which was dead,  
And thy poore starveling bountifully fed,

After this banquet my Soule doth say grace,  
And praise thee for it, and zealously embrace  
Thy love, though I thinke thy love in this case  
To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat;  
They love that best of which they most doe eat.

---

*Incerto.*

**A**T once from hence my lines and I depart,  
I to my soft still walkes, they to my Heart;  
I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art;

Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter  
Perish, doth stand: as an Embassadour  
Lyes safe, how e'r his King be in danger:

So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy;  
My verse, the strict Map of my misery,  
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and doe repent,  
That from unhappy me, things happy are sent;  
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,  
Accept these lines, and if in them there be  
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

*To M.C.B.*

**T**Hy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,  
 Vrg d by this unexcusable occasion  
 Thee and the Saint of his affection  
 Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;  
 And let the love I beare to both sustaine  
 No blot nor maim by this division,  
 Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,  
 And strong that love pursu'd with amorous pain;  
 But though besides thy selfe leave behinde  
 Heavens liberall, and the thrice faire Sunne,  
 Going to where sterv'd winter aye doth wonne,  
 Yet, loves hot fires which martyr my sad minde,  
 Doe send forth scalding fighes, which have the Art  
 To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

*To M.S.B.*

**O** Thou which to search out the secret parts  
 Of the India, or rather Paradise  
 Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice  
 Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,  
 Disdaine not in thy constant travelling  
 To do as other Voyagers, and make

Some

Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take  
 Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;  
 I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I  
 Am harsh, nor as those Schismatiques with you,  
 Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;  
 But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poëtry,  
 I, though I brought no fuell, had desire  
 With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

---

*To M. B.B.*

**I**S not thy sacred hunger of science  
 Yet satisfy'd, is not thy braines rich hive  
 Fulfill'd with honey which thou dost derive  
 From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?  
 Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw  
 From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,  
 Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest  
 Th' immense vast volumes of our common law;  
 And begin soone, lest my grieve grieve thee too,  
 Which is, that that which I should have begun  
 In my youths morning, now late must be done;  
 And I, as Giddy Travellers, must doe,  
 Which stray or sleepe all day, and having lost (post  
 Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride  
 If thou unto thy Muse be married,  
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,  
 Be farre from me that strange Adultery

To



To tempt thee, and procure her widdowhood,  
 My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,  
 Divorc'd her selfe, the cause being in me,  
 That I can take no new in Bigamye,  
 Not my will onely, but power doth withhold,  
 Hence comes it, that these Rimes which never had  
 Mother, want matter, and they onely have  
 A little forme, the which their Father gave;  
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad  
 To be counted Children of Poetry  
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M. R. W. *Walter Raleigh*

I F, as mine is, thy life a slumber be, (me,  
 Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of  
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare  
 Shapes so like those Shapes, whom they would ap-  
 As this my letter is like me, for it (peare,  
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and  
 It is my deed of gift of me to thee, (wit,  
 It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.  
 So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,  
 Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,  
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,  
 Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,  
 As kindly as any enamored Patient  
 His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee than me;  
 Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be;  
 The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings  
 Guianæ harvest is nipt in the spring, (bring;  
 I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so  
 As with the Jewes guide God did; he did show  
 Him the rich land; but barr'd his entry in,  
 Our flownesse is our punishment and sinne;  
 Perchance, these Spanish businessses being done;  
 Which as the earth between the Moon and Sunne  
 Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,  
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:  
 But if (as All th' All must) hopes smoak away,  
 Is not Almightie Vertue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one  
 Some thing to answer in some proportion  
 All the worlds riches: and in good men, this  
 Vertue, our formes forme, and our soules soule is.

*To M. I. L.*

**O**F that short Roll of friends writ in my heart  
 Which with thy name begins, since their depart;  
 Whether in the English Provinces they be,  
 Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,  
 There's none that sometime greets us not, and yet  
 Your Trent is Lethe, that past, us you forget.  
 You doe not duties of Societies,

If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise, (fields,  
View your fat beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd  
Eate, play, ride, take all joyes which all day yeelds,  
And then againe to your imbracements goe :  
Some houres on us your friends, and some bestow  
Vpon your Muse, else both we shall repent,  
I that my love; she that her guifts on you are spent.

---

*To M.I.P.*

**B**Left are your North parts, for all this long time  
My Sun is with you, cold and darke is our Cline;  
Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,  
Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,  
And hither by kinde nature drawne from thence,  
Here rages chafes and threatens pestilence;  
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,  
Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day,  
With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is runne,  
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sunne :  
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,  
As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts ;  
So may thy woods of poll'd, yet ever weare *off*  
A greene, and (when she list) a golden haire ;  
So may all thy sheep bring forth Twins; and so  
In chase and race may thy horse all out-goe ;  
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold ;  
Thy Son ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;  
But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,  
As thou tell'st her, and none but her my paine.

To

*To E. of D. with fixe holy Sonets.*

**S**EE Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame  
 Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,  
 In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme (same;  
 (For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the  
 But though the ingendring force from whence they  
 Be strong enough, and nature doth admit (came  
 Seven to be borne at once; I send as yet  
 But fixe; they say, the seventh hath still some maim;  
 I choose your judgement which the same degree  
 Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,  
 As fire these drossie Rymes to purifie,  
 Or as Elixar to change them to gold;  
 You are that Alchymist which alwaies had (bad,  
 Wit, whose one sparke could make good things of

*To Sir H.W. at his going Ambassadour  
 to Venice.*

**A**fter those reverend papers, whose soule is  
 Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd  
 By which to you he derives much of his (name  
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ  
From his Originall, and a faire beame  
Of the same warme, and dazelling Sunne, though it  
Must in another Sphere his vertue streame :

After those learned papers which your hand  
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,  
From which rich treasury you may command  
Fit matter whether you will write or doe :

After those loving papers which friends send  
With glad griefe to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,  
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend  
To heaven in troopes, at a good mans passing-bell:

Admit this honest Paper, and allow

It such an audience as your selfe would aske ;  
What you must say at *Venice* this meanes now,  
And hath for nature what you have for task.

To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before  
Honour alone will to your fortune sit;  
Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more  
Than I have done your noble wanting-wit.

But 'tis an easier load (though both oppresse)  
To want, then governe greatnesse for we are  
In that, our owne and onely businesse,

In this we must for others vices care  
Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd  
In their last Furnace, in Activitie ;

N

Which

Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and warres  
To touch and test in any best degree. (o'rpast.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I )  
Fortune ( if there be such a thing as she )  
Spies that I beare so well her tyranny,  
That she thinkes nothing else so fit for mee.

But though shee part us : to heare my oft prayers  
For your increase, God is as ne'r me here ;  
And to send you what I shall begge, his staires  
In length and ease are alike every where.

*To M. M. H.*

**M**Ad paper stay, and grudge not here to burne  
With all those sonnes whom thy braine did  
At least lie hid with me, till thou retorne ( create,  
To rags againe, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthinesse  
To come unto great place as others doe,  
That's much, emboldens, puls, thrusts I confesse,  
But 'tis not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of me.  
Yet thou wilt goe, Goe, since thou goest to her  
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for she,  
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye  
Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence* :  
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die ;  
And, having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is  
A miracle ; and made such to worke more,  
Doth touch thee ( saples leafe ) thou grow'st by this  
Her creature ; glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother which delights to heare  
Her early childe mis-speake halfe uttered words,  
Or, because majestie doth never feare  
Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

And then, cold speechlesse wretch, thou diest againe,  
And wisely ; what discourse is left for thee ?  
From speech of ill, and her thou must abstaine,  
And is there any good which is not thee ?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,  
And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, (erre  
And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not  
If thou her shape & beautie, and grace commend.

Who knowes thy destiny ? when thou hast done,  
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,  
Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne,  
A nest almost as full of good as thee.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,  
Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,



When she revolves his papers, marke what show  
Of favour, she, alone, to them doth make.

Marke, if to get them, she o'rskip the rest,  
Marke if she reade them twice, or kisse the name;  
Marke if she doe the same that they protest,  
Marke, if she marke whither her woman came,  
Marke if sleight things be objected, and o'rblowne,  
Marke if her oathes against him be not still  
Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her owne,  
And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie;  
Nor to make my selfe her familiar;  
But so much I doe love her choyce, that I  
Would faine love him that shall be lov'd of her.

*To the Countesse of Bedford.*

**H**ONOUR is so sublime perfection,  
And so refin'd; that when God was alone  
And creaturelesse at first, himselfe had none;  
But as of the elements, these which we tread,  
Produce all things with which we are joy'd or fed,  
And, those are barren both above our head:

So from low persons doth all honour flow;  
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,  
And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.

For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne  
From grosse, by Stilling, this is better done  
By despis'd dung, than by the fire of Sunne.

Care not then, Madam, 'how low your praises lie;  
In labourers ballads oft more piety  
God findes, than in *Te Deums* melodie.

And, ordinance raisd on Towers, so many mile  
Send not their voyce, nor last so long a while  
As fires from th' earths low vaults in *Sici/ll*.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,  
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,  
But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,  
Or tooke Soules stuffe, such as shall late decay,  
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,  
Covering discovers your quick Soule; that wee (see.  
May in your through-shine front our hearts thoughts

You teach (though wee learn not) a thing unknown  
To our late times, the use of specular stone, (showne.  
Through which all things within without were

Of such were Temples ; so and such you are ;  
*Being* and *seeming* is your equall care,  
 And *vertues* whole *summe* is but *know* and *dare*.

Discretion is a wise mans Soule, and so  
 Religion is a Christians, and you know  
 How these are one, her yea, is not her no.

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense  
 Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence  
 They flie not from that, nor seeke presidence :

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,  
 Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,  
 Not banish it selfe, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to foder still and knit  
 These two, and dare to breake them ; nor must wit  
 Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In those poore types of God ( round circles ) so  
 Religions types the precelesse centers flow,  
 And are in all the lines which alwayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone  
 Or principally, then Religion  
 Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion,

Goe thither still, goe the same way you went,  
 Who so would change, doe covet or repent ;  
 Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

---

*To the Countesse of Huntington.*

**T**Hat unripe side of earth, that heavy clime  
That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time  
Before he ate ; mans shape, that would yet bee  
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts companie)  
So naked at this day, as though man there  
From Paradise so great a distance were,  
As yet the newes could not arrived bee  
Of *Adams* tasting the forbidden tree ;  
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,  
And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne. .

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,  
Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,  
And loseth younger formes ; so, to your eye,  
These (*Madame*) that without your distance lie,  
Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be,  
Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.  
But, I who can behold them move, and stay,  
Have found my selfe to you, just their midway ;  
And now must pittie them ; for, as they doe  
Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you,  
Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see  
A sighing Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie,  
I come not to call pittie from your heart,  
Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part  
Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane,  
And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.

I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,  
I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down:  
Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day,  
I hate that thing whispers it selfe away.  
Yet since all love is fever, who to trees  
Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.  
T'is love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,  
That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade.  
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his  
Was he that first taught women, to disdain. (paine.  
As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,  
Vntill this raw disordered heape did breake,  
And severall desires led parts away,  
Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay,  
Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,  
Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd:  
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,  
An unripe willingnesse which nothing did,  
A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease,  
That found a want, but knew not what would please.  
What pretty innocēce in those dayes mov'd?  
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;  
Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,  
Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why.  
That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe,  
Might well (those times considered) man become.  
As all discoverers whose first assay  
Findes but the place, after, the nearest way:  
So passion is to womans love, about,  
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.  
It is not love that sueth, or doth contend;  
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.

Man's

Man's better part consists of purer fire,  
 And findes it selfe allowed, ere it desire.  
 Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,  
 And journeys not till it finde summer-way.  
 A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,  
 Is sport for every girle to practise on. (know.  
 Who strives through womans scornes, women to  
 Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe ;  
 It must be sicknesse after one disdain,  
 Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe,  
 Let others sinne, and grieve ; one cunning sleight  
 Shall freeze my Love to Christall in a night.  
 I can love first, and (if I winne) love still ;  
 And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will.  
 It is her fault if I unsure remaine,  
 Shee onely can untie, I binde againe.  
 The honesties of love with ease I doe,  
 But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But (Madame) I now thinke on you ; and here  
 Where we are at our highs, you but appeare,  
 We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,  
 But a foule shadow, not your breake of day.  
 You are at first hand all that's faire and right,  
 And others good reflects but backe your light.  
 You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,  
 That youngest flatteries doe scandall it.  
 For, what is more doth what you are restraine,  
 And though beyond, is downe the hill againe.  
 We have no next way to you, we crosse to it ;  
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute,  
 Each good in you's a light ; so many a shade  
 You make, and in them are your motions made.

These

These are your pictures to the life. From farre  
We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are :  
So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow  
In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.

Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love,  
Your purest luster must that shadow move.  
The soule with body, is a heaven combin'd  
With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd.  
Where thoughts the starres of soule we understand,  
We guesse not their large natures, but command.  
And love in you, that bountie is of light,  
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite.  
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,  
But soule we finde too earthly to ascend,  
Till slow accesse hath made it wholly pure,  
Able immortall clearnesse to endure.  
Who dare aspire this journey with a staine,  
Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe.  
No more can impure man retaine and move  
In that pure region of a worthy love :  
Then earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,  
And leave his nature to converse with fire : ( speak ;  
Such may have eye, and hand ; may sigh, may  
But like swoln bubbles, whē they are high 'st they break  
Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde  
The Sunnes comfort ; others thinke him too kinde.  
There is an equall distance from her eye,  
Men perish too farre off, and burne too nigh.  
But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright  
From the first Raves, to his last opposite :  
So able man, blest with a vertuous Love,  
Remote or neare, or howsoe'r they move ;

There





And that thee frownes least longing should exceed,  
and raging breed;  
So her disdaines can ne'r offend;  
Vnlesse selfe-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in mee, and cold disdaine  
kils that againe,  
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,  
till all consume.  
Who can of love more gift make,  
Then to love selfe for loves sake.

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart  
to have no part,  
Nor rest in fiery eyes, which alwayes are  
Canicular.  
Who this way would a Lover prove,  
May shew his patience, not his love.

A frowne may be sometimes for phyfick good,  
But not for food ;  
And for that raging humour there is fure  
A gentler Cure.  
Why barre you love of private end,  
Which never fhould to publique tend ?

To

*To the Countesse of Bedford.**Begun in France, but never perfected.*

**T**Hough I be *dead* and buried, yet I have  
 ( Living in you ) Court enough in my grave,  
 As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee,  
 So many resurrections waken mee.  
 That thankfulnessse your favours have begot  
 In mee, embalmes me ; that I doe not rot ;  
 This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,  
 Must both to growth and to confession bring  
 My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so  
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow ;  
 First I confesse I have to others lent  
 Your stock, and over prodigally spent  
 Your treasure, for since I had never knowne  
 Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne  
 In you, I should not thinke or say they shine,  
 ( So as I have ) in any other Mine ;  
 Next I confesse this my confession,  
 For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon  
 Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much,  
 And make your mindes sincere complexion blush.  
 Next I confesse my impenitence, for I  
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby  
 Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r reade you,  
 May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,  
 By studying copies, not Originals,

*Desunt Catera.**To*

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, & M<sup>rs</sup> Essex Riche,  
From Amyens.*

*MADAME,*

**H**ere where by All All Saints invoked are,  
'Twere too much schisme to be singular,  
And 'gainst a practice generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saints, should my 'humilitie  
To other Sainct than you directed bee,  
That were to make my schisme, heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,  
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,  
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because Faith is in too low degree,  
I thought it some Apostleship in mee  
To speake things which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who are a firmament  
Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent,  
They're your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call vertuous, are not so  
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow  
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tastelesse flat humilitie  
In dowbak'd men some harmelesnesse we see,  
'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee :

So is the Blood sometimes; Whoever ran  
To danger unimportun'd, he was than  
No better than a *sanguine* Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare  
All contributions to this life forbear,  
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and onely there.

Spirituall *Cholerique* Critiques, which in all  
Religions finde faults, and forgive no fall,  
Have through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall.

We're thus but parcell guilt; to Gold we're grown  
When Vertue is our Soules complexion;  
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none,

Vertue's but aguish, when 'tis severall,  
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall,  
True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie  
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,  
For, your soule was as good Vertue, as she;

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you  
Which is scarce lesse than soule, as she could doe,  
And so hath made your beautie, Vertue too.

Hence

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,  
As others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,  
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by the honour of your sight  
Grow capable of this so great a light  
As to partake your vertues, and their might:

What must I thinke that influence must doe,  
Where it findes sympathie and matter too,  
Vertue, and beautie of the same stuffe, as you?

Which is, your noble worthy sister; shee  
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie  
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries  
The Master at the end large glasses ties,  
So to present the roome twice to our eyes:

So I should give this letter length, and say  
That which I said of you; there is no way  
From either, but by the other not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testifie  
My true devotion, free from flatterie;  
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie.

*To the Countesse of Salisbury. August. 1614.*

Faire, great, and good, since seeing you, we see  
 What heaven can doe, what any Earth can be.  
 Since now your beautie shines, now when the Sunne  
 Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,  
 That his disshevel'd beames, and scattered fires  
 Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres  
 In Lovers Sonnets : you come to repaire  
 Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire,  
 Since now, when all is withered, shrunk, and dry'd,  
 All vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde,  
 All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,  
 Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,  
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,  
 (Ciments of greatnesse) being vapour'd hence,  
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,  
 Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,  
 All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,  
 And drawne their sound gold ingot, into wyre,  
 All trying by a love of littlenesse  
 To make abridgements, and to draw to lesse,  
 Even that nothing, which at first we were,  
 Since in these times your greatnesse doth appeare,  
 And that we learne by it, that man to get  
 Towards him thats infinite, must first be great.  
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit  
 So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it,

O

( For



(For Who can judge, or witnesse of those times,  
 Where all alike are guilty of the crimes ? )  
 Where he that would be good, is thought by all  
 A monster, or at best phantasticall :  
 Since now you durst be good, and that I doe  
 Discerne by daring to contemplate you,  
 That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,  
 Through your light, largenesse, vertue understood :  
 If in this sacrifice of mine, be showne  
 Any small sparke of these, call it your owne :  
 And if things like these have beene said by me  
 Of others; call not that Idolatrie.  
 For had God made man first, and man had seene  
 The third daies fruits and flowers, & various Greene,  
 He might have said the best that he could say  
 Of those faire creatures which were made that day :  
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth  
 Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,  
 He might have said the best that he could say,  
 And not be chid for praising yesterday :  
 So though some things are not together true,  
 As, that another is worthiest, and, that you :  
 Yet, to, say so, doth not condemne a man,  
 If when he spoke them, they were both true than,  
 How faire a prooffe of this in our soule growes,  
 We first have soules of growth, and sense : and those,  
 When our last soule, our soule immortall came,  
 Were swallow'd into it, and have no name.  
 Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast  
 The power and praise of both them on the last ;  
 No more doe I wrong any, if I adore  
 The same things now which I ador'd before,

The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing  
 In a low constable, and in the King  
 I reverence; His power to worke on me;  
 So did I humbly reverence each degree  
 Of faire, great, good, but more, now I am come  
 From having found their *walks*, to finde their *home*;  
 And as I owe my first soules thanks, that they  
 For my last soule did fit and mould my clay,  
 So am I debtor unto them, whose worth  
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth  
 This new great lesson, thus to study you;  
 Which none, not reading others, first, could doe,  
 Nor lack I light to read this booke, though I  
 In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;  
 For as your fellow Angels, so you doe  
 Illustrate them who comie to study you;  
 The first whom we in Histories doe finde  
 To have profest all Arts, was one borne *Blinde*;  
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,  
 Not those, by which Angels are seene and see;  
 So, though I am borne without those eyes to live,  
 Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give,  
 Which are fit meanes to see bright courts and you;  
 Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe;  
 I shall by that all goodnesse have discern'd  
 And though I burne my Library, be leach'd

*To the Lady Bedford.*

**Y**OU that are she, and you that's double she;  
 In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see;  
 Shee was the other part, for so they doe  
 Which build them friendships, become one of two;  
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit,  
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet  
 Twinnes, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,  
 As divers starres one Constellation make,  
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so  
 Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe;  
 Had you dy'd first, a carcasle she had beene;  
 And we your rich Tombe in her face had seene;  
 She like the soule is gone, and you here stay,  
 Not a live friend, but th' other halfe of clay;  
 And since you act that part, As men say, here  
 Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there;  
 And doe all honour and devotion due  
 Vnto the whole, so we all reverence you;  
 For, such a friendship, who would not adore  
 In you, who are all what both were before,  
 Not all, as if some perished by this,  
 But so, as all in you contracted is;  
 As of this all, though many parts decay,  
 The pure which elemented them shall stay;  
 And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,  
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite:  
 So Madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,  
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;

Her vertues doe, as to their proper spheare,  
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were.  
 As perfect motions are all circular,  
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.  
 Shee was all spices, you all metals; so  
 In you two we did both rich Indies know.  
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or wast  
 One dramme of Gold, but what was first shall last,  
 Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,  
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;  
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,  
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make.  
 Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt,  
 That you can match her, or not be without;  
 But let some faithfull booke in her roome bee,  
 Yet but of *Judith* no such booke as shee.

*Sapho to Philenis.*

**V**Here is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said  
 To have, is that inchanting force decay'd?  
*Verse* that draws *Natures* works, frō *Natures* law,  
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.  
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poëtique* fire;  
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?  
 Thoughts, my minds creatures, often are with thee,  
 But I, their maker, want their libertie.  
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,  
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it.  
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;  
 And I am rob'd of *Pictare*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.  
 Dwels with me still mine irkesome *Memory*.  
 Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.

That tels me how faire thou art : Thou art so faire,  
 As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,  
 Are grac'd thereby ; And to make blinde men see,  
 What things *gods* are, I say they are like to thee.  
 For, if wee justly call each silly *man*  
 A little world, What shall we call thee than  
 Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire,  
 As *Downe*, as *Starres*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,  
 But thy right hand, and cheeke, and eye, onely  
 Are like thy other hand, and cheeke, and eye.  
 Such was my *Phao* a while, but shall be never,  
 As thou, wast, art, and, oh, maist thou be ever.  
 Here lovers sweare in their *Idolarry*,  
 That I am such; but *Griefe* discolors me.  
 And yet I grieve the lesse, least griefe remove  
 My beautie, and make me unworthy of thy love.  
 Playes some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet  
 A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.  
 His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse  
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse.  
 Thy bodie is a naturall *Paradise*,  
 In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,  
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou than  
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man ?  
 Men leave behinde them that which their sin shows,  
 And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows.  
 But of our dallyance no more signes there are,  
 Than *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire.  
 And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had ;  
 All, all that *Nature* yeelds or *Art* can adde.  
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,  
 But so, as thine from one another doe :

And,

And, oh, no more; the likenesse being such,  
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?  
 Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;  
 Why should they brest to brest, or thighs to thighs?  
 Likenesse begets such strange selfe flatterie,  
 That touching my selfe all seemes done to thee.  
 My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,  
 And amorously thanke my selfe for this.  
 Me, in my glasse, I call thee; But alas, *(glasse.*  
 When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and  
 O cure this loving madness, and restore  
 Me to mee; thee my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.  
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet die,  
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*,  
 So may thy mighty amazing beaurie move  
 Envy in all women, and in all men, *love*,  
 And so be change and sickness farre from thee,  
 As thou by comming neare, keep'st them from me.

---

To Ben. Iohnson, 6. Jan. 1603.

**T**HE State and mens affaires are the best playes  
 Next yours, 'Tis nor more nor lesse thā due praise,  
 Write, but touch not the much descending race  
 Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,  
 As but themselves none thinke them usurpers.  
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.  
 If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,  
 Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know

Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,  
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie.  
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus,  
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us,  
 Judge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,  
 And so me; And when I true friendship end,  
 With guilty cōscience let me be worse stung, (tongue  
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes*  
 Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell  
 As to my friend, and to my selfe is Counsell:  
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout  
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flout.  
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,  
 More then we *them*; that ere long God may forbear;  
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase  
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease,  
 Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun  
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone  
 Them and their soules. But; that they that allow  
 But one God, should have religions enough  
 For the Queens Masque, & their husbands, for more  
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore.  
 Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks  
 The bruised Reed, nor quencth smoaking flaxe.

---

To Ben. Iohnson, 9. Novembris, 1603.

If great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe;  
 If meane, I will spare them, I know the pelfe,

Which



Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraide,  
 It may corrupt a Iudge, make me afraid  
 And a Iury. But 'twill revenge in this,  
 That, though himselfe be Iudge, he guiltie is.  
 What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,  
 I had rather sufferer than doer be.  
 That I did trust it was my Natures praise,  
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.  
 That judgement is, that surely can comprise  
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.  
 What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have  
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery. (we,  
 Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble,  
 Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,  
 Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,  
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse  
 They have great gaine of me, who gaine doe winne,  
 (If such gaine be not losse) from every sinne.  
 The standing of great mens lives would afford  
 A pretty summe, if God would sell his Word.  
 He cannot; they can theirs, and breake them too.  
 How unlike they are that they are likened to?  
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,  
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

---

*To Sir Tho. Rowe. 1603.*

*Deare Tom:*

**T**ELL her if she to hired servants shew  
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe;  
 When

When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,  
 For who hath but one minde, hath but one face,  
 If then why I take not my leave she aske,  
 Aske her againe why she did not unmaske.  
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew she  
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied me?  
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for mee?  
 Or else was she unwilling I should goe?  
 I thinke the best, and love so faithfully  
 I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves me.  
 If this prove not my faith, then let her trie  
 How in her service I would fructifie.  
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew  
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.  
 Then he whose wit and verse growes now so lame,  
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.  
 Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,  
 White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand.  
 I doe esteeme her favour, not the stuffe;  
 If what I have was given, I have enough,  
 And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had  
 All my friends hate, For now departing sad  
 I feele not that: Yet as the Rack the Gout  
 Cures, so hath *this* worse griefe *that* quite put out:  
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,  
 Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.  
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,  
 That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.  
 Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse  
 Willing then those which die, and not confesse.

*The end of the Letters.*

# ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

*Wherein,*

By occasion of the untimely death  
of Mistris ELIZABETH DRURY,  
the frailty and the decay of this whole  
World is represented.

The first Anniversary.

*To the praise of the dead, and the*

ANATOMY.

**W**ell dy'd the World, that we might live to see  
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:  
No evill wants his good; so wilder heires  
Bedew their Fathers Tombes with forced reares,  
Whose state requites their losse; whiles thus we gain,  
Well may we walke in blackes, but not complaine.  
Yet how can I consent the world is dead  
While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead  
Seemes to informe a World; and bids it be,  
In spight of losse or fraile mortality?

And

And thou the subject of this welborne thought,  
Thrice noble maide, couldst not have found nor  
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate, (fought,  
Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate  
Thy worth so well to our last Nephewes eyne,  
That they shall wonder both at his and thine :  
Admired match ! where strives in mutnall grace  
The cunning pencill, and the comely face :  
A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much  
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch ;  
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,  
And say, that but enough those praises bee,  
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their tearfull head  
From the angry checkings of thy modest red :  
Death barres reward and shame, when envy's gone,  
And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.  
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay  
More on their Tombes, then houses : these of clay,  
But those of brasse, or marble were : so wee  
Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee.  
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,  
And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus :  
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid,  
Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repaid.  
So these high songs that to thee suited bin  
Serve but to sound thy Makers praise and thine,  
Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him  
Amid the quire of Saints, and Seraphim,  
As any Angels tongue can sing of thee ;  
The subjects differ, though the skill agree :  
For as by infant yeares men judge of age,  
Thy early love, thy vertues did presage

What

What high part thou bear'st in these best of Songs,  
Where to no burden, nor no end belongs,  
Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lossefull gaine  
Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine;  
Never may thy name be in our songs forgot,  
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

## An Anatomy of the World.

### *The first Anniversary.*

**V**hen that rich Soule which to her heaven is  
Whó all doe celebrate, who know they have  
(For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse  
It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,  
And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,  
May lodge an inmate soule, but 'tis not his.)  
When that Queene ended here her progresse time,  
And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe,  
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,  
Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song:  
This World, in that great earthquake languished;  
For in a common bath of teares it bled,  
Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:  
But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,  
Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this,  
(Because since now no other way there is,  
But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,  
All must endeavour to be good as shee.)

This

This great consumption to a fever turn'd,  
 And so the world had fits ; it joy'd, it mourn'd ;  
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,  
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care :  
 So thou sick world mistak'st thy selfe to bee  
 Well, when alas, thou art in a Lethargie :  
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than  
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or man,  
 That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,  
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.  
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of moane,  
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.  
 Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst ; thou wast  
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'rpast.  
 For as a childe kept from the Fount, untill  
 A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill  
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid,  
 Had not her coming, thee her palace made :  
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,  
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.  
 Some moneths shee hath been dead (but being dead,  
 Measures of time are all determin'd)  
 But long shee hath beene away, long, long, yet none  
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.  
 But as in states doubtfull of future heires,  
 When sicknesse without remedie impaires  
 The present Prince, they're loath it should be said,  
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead :  
 So mankinde, feeling now a generall thaw,  
 A strong example gone, equall to law ;  
 The Cymment which did faithfully compact,  
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd and slack'd,

Thought

Thought it some blasphemy to say she' was dead,  
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered  
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more,  
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse de-  
 But though it be too late to succour thee, (plore.  
 Sick World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since she  
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,  
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,  
 I (since no man can make thee live) will trie,  
 What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.  
 Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art  
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.  
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,  
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered  
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none  
 Alive to studie this dissection;  
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still,  
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill  
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,  
 Her Ghost doth walke, that is, a glimmering light,  
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good  
 Reflects from her, on them which understood  
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,  
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;  
 Which, from the carcasle of the old world, free,  
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee  
 Produc'd; the matter and the stufte of this,  
 Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:  
 And though to be thus elemented, arme  
 These creatures, from homeborne intrinsique harme,  
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,  
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,

Which



Which of themselves produce no venomous sinne,  
Except some forraine Serpent bring it in )  
Yet because outward stormes the strongest breake,  
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,  
This new world may be safer, being told,  
The dangers and diseases of the old:  
For with due temper men doe then forgoe,  
Or eovet things, when they their true worth know,  
There is no health ; Physitians say that wee,  
At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.  
And can there be worse sicknesse than to know,  
That we are never well, nor can be so ?  
We are borne ruinous : poore mothers crie,  
That Children come not right, nor orderly,  
Except they headlong come, and fall upon  
An ominous precipitation.  
How witty's ruine, how importunate  
Vpon mankind ? it labour'd to frustrate  
Even Gods purpose ; and made woman, sent  
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.  
They were to good ends, and they are so still,  
But accessory, and principall in ill ;  
For that first marriage was our funerall :  
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,  
And singly, one by one they kill us now.  
We doe delightfully our selves allow  
To that consumption ; and profusely blinde  
( We kill our selves to propagate our kinde.  
And yet we doe not that ; we are not men :  
There is not now that mankind, which was then,  
When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,  
(Ioynt-tenants of the world ) who should survive.

When,

When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long liv'd trees,  
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority,  
 When, if a slow pac'd starre had stolne away  
 From the observers marking, he might stay  
 Two or three hundred yeares to seee againe,  
 And then make up his observation plaine;  
 When, as the age was long, the life was great,  
 Mans growth confess'd, and recompens'd the meat;  
 So spacious and large, that every Soule  
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:  
 And when the very stature, thus erect,  
 Did that soule a good way towards heaven direct,  
 Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,  
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?  
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to trie  
 Whether a true made clock runn right, or lie.  
 Old Granfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,  
 And for our children we reserve to morrow;  
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,  
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives;  
 And as in lasting, so in length it may,  
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne;  
 For had a man at first in forrests straid,  
 Or ship-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have said  
 A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,  
 That met him, would not hastily assaile,  
 A thing so equall to him: now alas,  
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe  
 As credible; mankinde decays so soone,  
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:  
 Only death adds to our length: nor are we grown  
 In stature to be men, till we are none.

But this were light, did our lesse volume hold  
 All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold  
 Their silver, or dispos'd into lesse glasse  
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was:  
 But 'tis not so: w' are not retir'd, but damp't;  
 And as our bodies so our mindes are cramp't:  
 'Tis shrinking; not close weaving that hath thus,  
 In minde and body both bedwarfed us.  
 We seeme ambitious Gods whole worke t'undoe;  
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,  
 To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee  
 Doe what we can, to do't so soone as hee:  
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,  
 And with new Physick, a worse Engine farre.  
 This man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom  
 All faculties, all graces are at home;  
 And if in other creatures they appeare,  
 They are but mans Ministers, and Legats there,  
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce  
 Them to Civilitie, and to mans use:  
 This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend,  
 Till man came up, did down to man descend:  
 This man so great, that all that is, is his,  
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!  
 If man were any thing, hee's nothing now:  
 Helpe, or at least some time to waste, allow  
 To 'his other wants, yet when he did depart  
 With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.  
 Shee, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie,  
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *hee*;  
 Shee, in whom vertue was so much refin'd,  
 That for allay unto so pure a minde

Shee tooke the weaker Sex : shee that could drive  
 The poysonous rincture, and the staine of *Eve*,  
 Out of her thoughts and deeds ; and purifie  
 All by a true religious Alchymie ;  
 Shee, she is dead, shee's dead : when thou know'st this  
 Thou know'st how poore a trifling thing man is,  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomic,  
 The heart being peish'd, no part can be free,  
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on  
 The supernaturall food, Religion :  
 Thy better growth growes withered, and scant ;  
 Be more than man, or thou'art lesse than an Ant.  
 When as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame  
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame  
 For, before God had made up all the rest,  
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best :  
 It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all  
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,  
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maim,  
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame  
 The noblest part, man, felt it first ; and then  
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man,  
 So did the world from the first houre decay  
 That evening was beginning of the day,  
 And now the Springs and Summers which we see,  
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.  
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,  
 The Element of fire is quite put out ;  
 The Sunne is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit  
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.  
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,  
 When in the Planets, and the firmament

They seeke so many new ; they see that this  
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atonies. —  
 'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone ;  
 All just supply, and all Relation :  
 Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,  
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got  
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can bee  
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but he.  
 This is the worlds condition now, and now  
 She that should all parts to reunion bow,  
 She that had all magnetique force alone,  
 To draw, and fasten hundred parts in one ;  
 She whom wife nature had invented then  
 When she observ'd that every sort of men  
 Did in their voyage, in this worlds Sea stray,  
 And needed a new compasse for their way ;  
 She that was best, and first originall  
 Of all faire copies, and the generall  
 Steward to Fate ; she whose rich eyes and brest  
 Guilt the West-Indies, and perfum'd the East,  
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow  
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,  
 And that rich Indie, which doth gold interre,  
 Is but as single money coyn'd from her :  
 She to whom this world must it selfe referre,  
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,  
 She, she is dead ; shee's dead : when thou knowest  
 Thou knowest how lame a creeple this world is, (this,  
 And learn it thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lye  
 In any humour, or one certaine part ;  
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,

Thou

Thou seest a Meticque feaver hath got hold  
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould;  
And that thou hast but one way, not to admit  
The worlds infection, to bee none of it.  
For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts  
Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.  
For the worlds beautie is decay'd, or gone,  
Beautie, that's colour, and proportion,  
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall  
Their round proportion embracing all,  
But yet their various and perplexed course,  
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce  
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,  
Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,  
As disproportion that pure forme: It teares  
The Firmament in eight and fortie shieres,  
And in these Constellations then arise  
New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes:  
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or  
When new towres rise, and old demolish'd are. (war.  
They have impal'd within a Zodiake  
The free-borne Sun, and keep twelve signes awake  
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule,  
And fright him back, who else to either Pole  
(Did not these tropiques fetter him) might runne:  
For his course is not round, nor can the Sunne  
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way  
One inch direct; but where he rose to day  
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,  
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:  
And seeming weary of his reeling thus,  
He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer us.

So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne  
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun.  
 All their proportion's lame, it sinke, it swels:  
 For of Meridiaps, and Parallels,  
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne  
 Vpon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.  
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus  
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.  
 We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race  
 They are diversly content t'obey our pace.  
 But keepe the earth her round proportion still?  
 Doth not a Ténarus or higher hill  
 Rise so high like a Rock, that one might thinke  
 The floating Moone would shipwreck there & sink?  
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being struck to day,  
 Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way  
 Of their wish'd journeys end, the bottome, die.  
 And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,  
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise  
 At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies:  
 If under all, a vault infernall be,  
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we  
 Invented another torment, that there must  
 Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)  
 Then solidnesse and roundnesse have no place.  
 Are these but warts, and peckholes in the face  
 Of th' earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this  
 The worlds proportion disfigur'd is;  
 That those two legges whereon it doth relie,  
 Reward and punishment, are bent away.  
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,  
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead.

Since



( Since even grieve it selfe, which now alone  
Is left us, is without proportion,  
Shee by whose lines proportion should bee  
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetrie,  
Whom had that Ancient scene, who thought soules  
Of Harmony, he would at next have said (made  
That Harmony was shee, and thence inferre  
That soules were but Resultances from her,  
And did from her into our bodies goe,  
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow :  
Shee, who if those great Doctours truly said  
That the Arke to mans proportion was made,  
Had beene a type for that, as that might be  
A type of her in this, that contrary  
Both Elements and Passions liv'd at peace  
In her, who caus'd all Civill warre to cease.  
Shee, after whom, what forme soe'r we see,  
Is discord and rude incongruitie ;  
( She, she is dead, she's dead ; when thou know'st this,  
Thou knowest how ugly a monster this world is :  
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,  
That here is nothing to enamour thee :  
And that not onely faults in inward parts,  
Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts,  
Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,  
Endanger us : but that if every thing  
Be not done fitly and in proportion,  
To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,  
( Since most men be such as most thinke they bee )  
They are lothsome too, by this deformitie.  
For good, and well, must in our actions meet ;  
Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet.

But beauties other second Element,  
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neare spent.  
 And had the world his just proportion,  
 (Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.  
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell  
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,  
 As gold fals sick being stung with Mercury,  
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.  
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,  
 Swadling the new-borne earth, God seem'd to like  
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,  
 To mingle and vary colours every day:  
 And then, as though she could not make enow,  
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.  
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,  
 Yet sight hath onely colour to feed on,  
 And colour is decay'd: summers robe growes  
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed Garment showes.  
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spread,  
 Is inward sunke, and onely our soules are red.  
 Perchance the world might have recovered,  
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead:  
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew  
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,  
 As in an unvext Paradise, from whom  
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,  
 Whose composition was miraculous,  
 Being all colour, all diaphanous,  
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thicke grosse bodies were,  
 And liveliest stones but drowsie and pale to her.)  
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,  
 Thou knowest how wan a Ghost this our world is:

And

And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That it should more affright than pleasure thee:  
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,  
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke  
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,  
 Or with bought colours to illude mens sense.  
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,  
 Then that her influence the heaven forbears,  
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,  
 The father or the mother barren is.  
 The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre,  
 In the due birth time, downe the balmy shoure;  
 Th' ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,  
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;  
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;  
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;  
 Th' ayre shewes such Meteors, as none can see,  
 Not onely what they meane, but what they be.  
 Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled  
 Th' Egyptia *Mages* to have made more such. (much  
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring  
 Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,  
 So as the influence of those starres may be  
 Imprison'd in a Herbe, or Charme or Tree,  
 And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe?  
 The art is lost, and correspondence too,  
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,  
 And man least knowes their trade and purposes.  
 If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not  
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,  
 She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,  
 Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:

Since

Since herbes, and roots by dying lose not all,  
 But they, yea ashes too, are medicinall,  
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that  
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at :  
 And all the world would be one dying swan,  
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than.  
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,  
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot,  
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit  
 That unto us; she working more than it.  
 But shee, in whom to such maturitie  
 Vertue was-growne, past growth, that it must die ;  
 Shee, from whose influence all impression came,  
 But by receivers impotencies, lame,  
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate  
 All states to gold yet gilded every state,  
 So that some Princes have some temperance ;  
 Some Counsellors, some purpose to advance  
 The common profit; and some people have  
 Some stay, no more than Kings should give, to crave;  
 Some women have some taciturnitie,  
 Some Nunneries some graines of chastitie.  
 Shee that did thus much, and much more could doe,  
 But that our Age was Iron, and rusty too,  
 She, she is dead, she's dead; when thou know'st this,  
 Thou know'st how drie a Cinder this world is.  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie  
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing  
 Is worth our travaile, grieve, or perishing,  
 But those rich joyes which did possesse her heart,  
 Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.

But

But as in cutting up a man that's dead,  
 The body will not last out, to have read  
 On every part, and therefore men direct  
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;  
 So the worlds carcasfe would not last, if I  
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy;  
 Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell (well:  
 Them their disease, who faine would thinke they're  
 Here therefore be the end: and blessed maid,  
 Of whom is meant what ever hath beene said,  
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, (song,  
 Whose name refines coorse lines, and makes prose  
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,  
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,  
 As oft as thy feast sees this widdowed earth,  
 Will yearely celebrate thy second birth,  
 That is, thy death; for though the soule of man,  
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than  
 When man doth die, our bodie's as the wombe,  
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.  
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon,  
 And have your last, and best concoction  
 From her example and her vertue, if you  
 In reverence to her doe thinke it due,  
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,  
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse:  
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make  
 A last, and lasting st peete, a song. He spake  
 To Moses to deliver unto all  
 That song, because he knew they would let fall  
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,  
 But keepe the song still in their memory:

Such

Such an opinion; in due measure, made  
 Me this great office boldly to invade:  
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre  
 Me, from thus trying to imprison her;  
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,  
 I saw not why verse might not doe so too.  
 Verse hath a middle nature, heaven keepes Soules,  
 The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

*A funerall Elegie.*

**T**Is losse to trust a Tombe with such a guest,  
 Or to confine her in a marble chest,  
 Alas, what's Marble, Icar, or Porphyrie,  
 Pris'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,  
 Or with those Pearles and Rubies, which she was:  
 Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse;  
 And so is all to her materials,  
 Though every inch were ten Escurials;  
 Yet shee's demolish'd: can we keepe her then  
 In workes of hands, or of the wits of men?  
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give  
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?  
 Sickly, alas, short liv'd, Abortive bee  
 Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not she,  
 And can she, who no longer would be shee,  
 Being such a Tabernacle stoope to bee  
 In paper wrapt: or when shee would not lie  
 In such an house, dwell in an Elegie?

But

But 'tis no matter; we may well allow  
 Verse to live so long as the world will now,  
 For her death wounded it. The world contains  
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,  
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,  
 The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poore;  
 The officers for hands, Merchants for feet,  
 By which, remote and distant Countreyes meet:  
 But those fine spirits, which doe tune, and set  
 This Organ, are those peeces, which beget  
 Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee  
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be;  
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,  
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,  
 Except the world it selfe, so great was shee.  
 Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,  
 Death cannot give her such another blow,  
 Because she cannot such another show.  
 But must we say she's dead? may't not be said  
 That as a sundred clock is peecemeale laid,  
 Not to be lost, but by the Makers hand  
 Repolish'd, without error then to stand,  
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs  
 It selfe into the earth, and after comes  
 (Having first made a Naturall bridge, to passe  
 For many leagues) farre greater than it was,  
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore  
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, than before?  
 Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee  
 Who live, and lack her here, this vantage see?  
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene  
 An Angel made a Throne, or Cherubin?

Wee



We lose by't: and as aged men are glad  
 Being tastelesse growne, to joy in joyes they had,  
 So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon  
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone,  
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this world, that you,  
 Fearing the last fires hastening to subdue  
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neare gone,  
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;  
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,  
 Because it need disguise no thought within,  
 'Twas but a through-light scarf her minde t'enroule;  
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule:  
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd;  
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;  
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate  
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate.  
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,  
 Those new starres every Artist exercise,  
 What place they should assigne to them they doubt,  
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out:  
 So the world studyed whose this piece should be,  
 Till she can be no bodies else, nor shee:  
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd  
 Rather t'adorne, than last, she soone expir'd,  
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,  
 For marriage, though it doth not staine, doth die:  
 To scape th' infirmities which wait upon  
 Woman, she went away, before sh' was one;  
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,  
 Tooke so much death as serv'd for *Opium*;  
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,  
 Sh'ath yeilded to too-long an extasie:

He which not knowing her sad History,  
Should come to reade the booke of destiny,  
How faire, and chaste, humble and high she'ad been,  
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,  
And measuring future things, by things before,  
Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,  
Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,  
Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke.  
But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her  
To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre  
Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty  
She tooke, but for thus much, thus much to die,  
Her modesty not suffering her to be  
Fellow-Commissioner with Destiny,  
She did no more but die; if after her  
Any shall live, which dare true good preferre;  
Every such person is her delegate,  
T'accomplish that which should have been her Fate.  
They shall make up that Book and shall have thanks  
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.  
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,  
Which from the gift of her example rise;  
And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth,  
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

# OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

*Wherein,*

By occasion of the Religious death  
of Mistris ELIZABETH DRURY,  
the incommodities of the Soule in  
this life, and her exaltation in the  
next, are contemplated.

## The second Anniversary.

### *The Harbinger to the PROGRESSE.*

**T**WO Soules move here, and nine (a third) must  
Paces of admiration, and of love; (move  
Thy Soule (deare Virgin) whose this tribute is,  
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse;  
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see  
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree:  
Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest farre,  
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:  
No soule (whiles with the luggage of this clay  
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;

Or

Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe  
 So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow;  
 But now thou art as high in heaven nowne  
 As heav'ns from us; what soule besides thine owne  
 Can tell thy joyes, or say how can relate  
 Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?

I envie thee ( Rich soule ) I envy thee,

Although I cannot yet thy glory see :

And thou ( great spirit ) which hers follow'd hast

So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;

So farre, as none can follow thine so farre,

( And if this flesh did not the passage barre,

Hadst caught her ) let me wonder at thy might

Which long agoe hadst lost the vulgar sight,

And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they

Can see thee lessened in thine avery way,

So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne

Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,

From this worlds carkasse having mounted high

To that pure life of immortallitie.

Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves to raise

That more may not become a creatures praise,

Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every yeare

Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here,

Still upward mount, and let thy Makers praise

Honour thy Laura, and adorne thy layes.

And since thy Muse her head in heaven inthron'd,

Oh let her never stoop below the clouds :

And if those glorious sainted soules may know

Or what we doe, or what we sing below,

Those acts, those songs shall fill content them best

Which praise those awfull Powers that make them

best.

Q

OF

# OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOVLE.

---

## *The second Anniversary.*

**N**othing could make me sooner to confesse  
 That this world had an everlastingnesse,  
 Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,  
 Since both this lower worlds, and the Sunnes Sunne,  
 The Lustre and the vigour of this all  
 Did set; 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.  
 But as a ship which hath strooke saile, doth runne  
 By force of that force which before it wonne:  
 Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,  
 Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne,  
 One from the Trunke, another from the Head,  
 His soule be sail'd, to her eternall bed,  
 His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll.  
 As though he beckned and call'd back his soule,  
 He graspes his hands, and he puls up his feet,  
 And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet  
 His soule; when all these motions which we saw,  
 Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:  
 Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings  
 Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings.  
 So struggles this dead world, now she is gone;  
 For there is motion in corruption.

As some dayes are, at the Creation nam'd,  
 Before the Sun, the which fram'd dayes, was fram'd:  
 So after this Sunn's set, some shew appears,  
 And orderly vicissitude of yeares.  
 Yet a new deluge, and of *Leibe* flood,  
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good;  
 Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all,  
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall,  
 Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee,  
 To be hereafter prais'd; for praising thee,  
 Immortall maid, who though thou wouldst refuse  
 The name of mother, be unto my Muse  
 A Father, since her chaste Ambition is  
 Yearely to bring forth such a childe as this.  
 These Hynnes may worke on future wits; and so  
 May great Grand-children of thy praises grow.  
 And so, though not revive, embalme and spice  
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice,  
 For thus, Man may extend thy Progenie,  
 Vattill man doe but vanish, and not die.  
 These Hymnes thy issue may encrease so long,  
 As till Gods great *Venus* change the song.  
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,  
 And serve thy thirst with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.  
 Be thirsty still, and drinke still till thou goe  
 To th'onely Health; to be Hydrotique so,  
 Forget this rotten world; And unto thee  
 Let thine owne times as an old story bee,  
 Be not concern'd: studie not why nor when;  
 Doe not so much as not beleewe a man,  
 For thought to erre, be worst, to try truths forth  
 Is farre more businesse than this world is worth.

The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed  
 By it, but as a worme that carkasse bred;  
 And why shouldst thou poor worme, consider more  
 When this world will grow better than before,  
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon  
 That carkasses last resurrection;  
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,  
 As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.  
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie;  
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.  
 Looke upward; that's towards her, whose happy state  
 We now lament not, but congratulate  
 She, to whom all this world was but a stage,  
 Where all late harkning how her youthfull age  
 Should be imploy'd; because in all shee did  
 Some Figure of the golden times was hid.  
 Who could not lack, what e'r this world could give,  
 Because shee was the forme that made it live;  
 Nor could complaine that this world was unfit  
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it.  
 Shee that first tryed indifferent desires  
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,  
 Shes to whose person Paradise adher'd,  
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd  
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule  
 (Had she been there) the Star full Northerne Pole;  
 She, she is gone; shee's gone: when thou know'st this,  
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is  
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;  
 He honours it too much that thinkes it naught.  
 Think then, my soule, that death is but a Groome  
 Which brings a Tapour to the outward roomo,

Whence



Whence thou spielt first a little glimmering light,  
 And after brings it nearer to thy light:  
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death.  
 Think thy selfe labouring now with broken breath,  
 And thinke those broken and lost Notes to be  
 Division, and thy happiell Harmony.  
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;  
 And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,  
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence.  
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with feavers violence,  
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it  
 Thy Physick; chide the slacknesse of the fit.  
 Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,  
 But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,  
 So, this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.  
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,  
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust,  
 Give one thy pride, to another give thy Lust:  
 Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before,  
 And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.  
 Think thy friends weeping round, & think that they  
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.  
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,  
 That they confesse much in the world, amiss,  
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,  
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not.  
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, & think fro thence  
 They reinvest thee in white innocence.  
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low,  
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe.)  
 Thinke thee a Prince, who of themselves create  
 Wormes, which insensibly devour their state.

Thinke that they bury thee; and thinke that right  
 Layes thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night.  
 Thinke these things cheerefully, and if thou bee  
 Drowfie, or slack, remember then that she,  
 She whose complexion was so even made,  
 That which of her ingredients should invade  
 The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse:  
 So farre were all remov'd from more or lesse.  
 But as in Mithridate, or iust perfumes,  
 Where all good things being met, no one presumes  
 To governe, or to triumph on the rest,  
 Onely because all were, no part was best,  
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities  
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,  
 None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,  
 And say, this is a line, or this a point:  
 So though the Elements and humours were  
 In her, one could not say, this governes there,  
 Whose even constitution might have wonne  
 Any disease to venture on the Sunne,  
 Rather then her: and make a spirit feare,  
 That he too disuniting subject were.  
 To whose proportions if wee would compare  
 Cubes, th are unstable; Circles, Angular;  
 She who was such a chaine as Fate employes  
 To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes;  
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke,  
 No accident could threaten any linke;  
 Shee, she embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meate,  
 The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eate;  
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath  
 Title to heayen, and plead it by his Faith.

And though he may pretend a conquest, since  
 Heaven was content to suffer violence,  
 Yea though he plead a long possession too; (doe)  
 (For they are in heaven on earth who heavens works  
 Though he had right and power and place, before,  
 Yet death must usher, and unlock the doore;  
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke  
 How thou at first wast made but in a sinke;  
 Thinke that it argued some infirmities,  
 That those two soules, which then thou foundst in me;  
 Thou fedst upon, and drew't into thee both  
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth.  
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious;  
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus.  
 This curd milke, this poore unlittered whelp,  
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,  
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou  
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.  
 Thinke that no stubborne sullen Anchorit,  
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit  
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells  
 So foully as our Soules in their first-built Cels;  
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie,  
 After, enabled but to suck, and cry, (Inne,  
 Thinke, when 'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore  
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinn,  
 And that usurp'd, or threatned with a rage  
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age.  
 But thinke what death hath now enfranchis'd thee,  
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and libertie;  
 Thinke that a rusty Peece discharg'd, is flowne  
 In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,

And freely flies: this to thy Soule allow, (now  
 Think thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but  
 And think this flow-pac'd foule which late did cleave  
 To a body, and went but by the bodies leave,  
 Twenty perchance or thirtie mile a day,  
 Dispatches in a minute all the way  
 'Twixt heaven, and earth; she staves not in the ayre,  
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare;  
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,  
 Whether the ayres middle region be intense;  
 For th' Element of fire, she doth not know,  
 Whether she pass by such a place or no;  
 Shee baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie  
 Whether in that new world men live, and die,  
*Venus* retards her not, & enquire, how shee  
 Can, (being one starre) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* bee;  
 He that charm'd *Lagus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,  
 Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye;  
 Who if shee meet the body of the Sunne,  
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;  
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard,  
 Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father bard;  
 But ere she can consider how shee went,  
 At once is at, and through the firmament,  
 And as these starres were but so many beads  
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads  
 Her through those spheares, as through the beads,  
 Whose quick necessity makes it still one thing: (string  
 As doth the pin, which test our bodies slacke,  
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and backe;  
 So by the soule doth death string Heaven and Earth;  
 For when our Soule enjoys this her third birth,

( Creation

(Creation gave her one, a second grace,) Shee,  
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,  
 As colours are, and objects, in a room: And  
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come,  
 This must, my Soule thy long-short Progress be;  
 To advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,  
 She, whose faire body no such prison was,  
 But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe  
 An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent  
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went  
 But for so much as they were like to her;  
 She, in whose body (if we dare preferre  
 This low world, to so high a mark as she,)  
 The Westerne treasure, Easternes picery,  
 Europe, and Afrique, and the upknowne rest  
 Were easily found, or what in them was best;  
 And when w<sup>e</sup> have made this large discoverie  
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee  
 Twenty such parts; whose plenty and riches is  
 Enough to wake twenty such worlds as this;  
 She, whom had they knowne, who did first betroth  
 The Tutelar Angels, and assigned one, both  
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,  
 To functions, Offices, and dignities,  
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,  
 They would have given her one for every limbe;  
 Shee, of whose soule, if we may say, 'twas gold;  
 Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold  
 Many degrees of that; wee understood  
 Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,  
 That one might almost say, her bodie thought;  
 She

Shee, shee thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone :  
 And chides us slow pac'd snailles who crawle upon  
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,  
 Longer then whil'st we beare our brittle shell.  
 But twere but little to have chang'd our roome,  
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe  
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so,  
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know ?  
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not,  
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.  
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,  
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne,  
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st that thou art  
 By what way thou art made immortall, know. (so)  
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend  
 Even thy selfe, yea though thou wouldst but bend  
 To know thy body. Have not all soules thought  
 For many ages, that our bodie's wrought  
 Of aire, and fire, and other Elements ?  
 And now they thinke of knew ingredients.  
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way  
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.  
 Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in  
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne ?  
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth  
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe ? (flow)  
 And for the putrid stufte which thou dost spit,  
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it ?  
 There are no passages, so that there is  
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.  
 And of those many opinions which men raise (praise  
 Of Nails and Haires, dost thou know which to  
 What

What hope have we to know our selves, when we  
 Know not the least things, which for our use bee?  
 We see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,  
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;  
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats;  
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets  
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact,  
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;  
 What *Cesar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said,  
 Why grasse is Greene, or why our blood is red,  
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.  
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe?  
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedanterie,  
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie?  
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme  
 Below; But up unto the watch-Towre got,  
 And see all things despoild of fallacies:  
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes;  
 Nor heare through Labyrinths of cares, nor learne  
 By circuit, or collections to discern.  
 In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it;  
 And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget.  
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist be  
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,  
 She who all Libraries had throughly read  
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practised  
 So much good as would make as many more:  
 She whose example they must all implore;  
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse  
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse  
 Are but a new, and worse edition  
 Of her some one thought or one action:

She



Shee, who in th' art of knowing Heaven, was growne  
 Here upon earth, to such perfection,  
 That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,  
 (In a farre fairer print,) but read the same:  
 Shes she not satisfied with all this waight,  
 (For so much knowledge as would over-fraight  
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone  
 As well to enjoy, as get perfection,  
 And calls us after her, in that she tooke,  
 (Taking her selfe) our best and worthiest booke.  
 Returne not, my soule, from this extasie,  
 And meditation of what thou shalt be,  
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,  
 With whom thy conversation must be there,  
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station  
 Canst thou chose out, free from infection,  
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?  
 Shalt thou not finde a spongie slack Divine  
 Drinke and suck in th' instructions of great men,  
 And for the word of God vent them agen?  
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things be  
 So like as Courts) which in this let us see,  
 That wits, and tongues of Libellers are weake,  
 Because they doe more ill, than these can speake?  
 The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect  
 Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect  
 In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show;  
 So lies the poyson of sinne in the most low.  
 Up, up, my drowsie soule, where thy new eare  
 Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare.  
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid  
 Ioy in not being that, which men have said.

Where.

Where she is exalted more for being good;  
 Then for her interest of Mother-hood.  
 Vp to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit  
 Expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.  
 Vp to those Prophets, which now gladly see  
 Their Prophecies growne to be History.  
 Vp to th' Apostles, who did bravely runne  
 All the suns course, with more light than the Sunne.  
 Vp to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed  
 Oyle to th' Apostles Lampes, dew to their seed.  
 Vp to those Virgins, who thought, that almost  
 They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,  
 If they to any should his Temple give.  
 Vp, up, for in that Squadron there doth live  
 Shee, who hath carried thither new degrees  
 (As to their number) to their dignities  
 Shee, who being to her selfe a State, enjoy'd  
 All royalties which any State employ'd;  
 For she made warres, and triumph'd; reason still  
 Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will.  
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this,  
 That beautie, and chastitie together kisse:  
 She did high justice, for she crucified  
 Every first motion of rebellious pride:  
 And she gave pardons, and was liberall,  
 For, onely her selfe except, she pardoned all.  
 She coyn'd, in this, that her impression gave  
 To all our actions all the worth they have:  
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast  
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest.  
 As these prerogatives being met in one,  
 Made her a soveraigne State; Religion  
 Made

Made her a Church; and these two made her all.  
 She who was all this All, and could not fall  
 To worse, by company, (for she was still  
 More Antidote, than all the world was ill,)  
 Shee, she doth leave it, and by Death, survive  
 All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive  
 The more, because shee's there, he doth not know  
 That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow,  
 But pause, my soule; And studie, ere thou fall  
 On accidentall joyes, th' essentiall.  
 Still before Accessories doe abide  
 A tryall, must the principall be tride,  
 And what essentiall joy canst thou expect  
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect  
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love  
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move)  
 Poore censured censurer, *that* she, and *that* thou,  
 Which did begin to love, are neither now,  
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;  
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay.  
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name)  
 Yesterdayes waters, and to dayes the same.  
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes; neither now,  
 That Saint nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow  
 Concern'd, remaines; but whil't you thinke you bee  
 Constant, you're hourly in inconstancy.  
 Honour may have pretence unto our love,  
 Because *that* God did live so long above  
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,  
 That he at last made creatures to bestow  
 Honour on him; not that hee needed it,  
 But that, to his hands man might grow more fit.

But since all Honours from inferiours flow,  
(For they doe give it; Princes doe but shew  
Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this  
On such opinions, and capacities  
Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse:  
Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.  
Hath ever any man to 'himselfe assign'd  
This or that happinesse to arrest his minde,  
But that another man which takes a worse,  
Thinks him a foole for haying tane that course?  
They who did labour Babels tower to erect,  
Might have considered, that for that effect,  
All this whole solid Earth could not allow  
Nor furnish forth materials enow;  
And that his Center, to raise such a place  
Was farre too little to have beene the Base;  
No more affoord this world, foundation  
To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.  
But as the Heathen made them severall gods  
Of all Gods benefits, and all his rods,  
(For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are  
Gods unto them, so agues be, and warre)  
And as by changing that whole precious Gold  
To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old,  
And lost their onely God, who ever must  
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:  
So much, mankinde true happinesse mistakes;  
No joy enjoyes that man, that many makes.  
Then, Soule. to thy first pitch worke up againe;  
Know that all lines which circles doe containe,  
For once that they the Center touch, doe touch  
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;

Double

Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employd;  
 All will not serve; onely who have enjoy'd  
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it;  
 For it is both the object, and the wit.  
 This is essentiall joy, where neither he  
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee,  
 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;  
 Had th' Angels once look'd on him, they had flood:  
 To fill the place of one of them, of more,  
 Shee whom we celebrate is gone before.  
 Shee, who had here so much essentiall joy,  
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy;  
 Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,  
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know  
 His face in any naturall Stone or Tree,  
 Better then when in Images they be:  
 Who kept by diligent devotion,  
 Gods Image, in such reparation,  
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,  
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne:  
 Who being sollicit to any act,  
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;  
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here  
 Betroth' to God, and now is married there;  
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day,  
 Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;  
 Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be  
 Both where more grace, and more capacity  
 At once is given: she to Heaven is gone,  
 Who made this world in some proportion  
 A heaven, and here, became unto us all,  
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall.

But

But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,  
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much.  
 How poore and lame must then our casuall bee?  
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee  
*My Lord*, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,  
 By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man.  
 When no Physitian of redresse can speake,  
 A joyfull casuall violence may break  
 A dangerous Apostem in thy brest;  
 And whil'st thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,  
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.  
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee.  
 What should the nature change? or make the same  
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?  
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say,  
 Onely by comming, that it can away.  
 Onely in Heaven joyes strength is never spent;  
 And accidentall things are permanent.  
 Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decayes;  
 For that soule ever joyes and ever stayes.  
 Joy that their last great Consummation  
 Approaches in the resurrection;  
 When earthly bodies more celestiall  
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;  
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit  
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.  
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that shee,  
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,  
 Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be call'd best,  
 There where the stufte is not such as the rest)  
 Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee,  
 Onely in Heaven could learne, how it can bee

R

Made

Made better ; for shee rather was two soules,  
 Or like to full on both sides written Rols,  
 Where eyes might reade upon the outward skinne,  
 As strong Records for God, as mindes within,  
 Shee, who by making full perfection grow,  
 Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,  
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,  
 — Where shee receives, and gives addition.  
 Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames  
 A thousand prayers to Saints, whose very names  
 The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knowes not  
 And where what lawes of Poëtry admit, (yet  
 Lawes of Religion have at least the same,  
 Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.  
 Could any Saint provoke that appetite,  
 Thou here should'st make mee a French convertite.  
 But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content,  
 To take this, for my second yeares true Rent,  
 Did this coyne beare any other stampe, than his,  
 That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.  
 Since his will is, that to posteritie,  
 Thou shouldst for life, and death a patterne bee,  
 And that the world should notice have of this,  
 The purpose and th'authoritie is his ;  
 Thou art the Proclamation ; and I am  
 The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

EPICEDDES



**E P I C E D E S**  
**A N D**  
**O B S E Q V I E S**

*Vpon*

The deaths of sundry Personages.

---

*Elegie on Prince HENRY.*

**L**ooke to me faith, and looke to my faith, God;  
For both my centers feele this period.  
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is;  
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;  
For into 'our reason flow, and there doe end  
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:  
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,  
Shut in, for man, in one circumference;  
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are,  
So disproportion'd, and so angulare,  
As is Gods Essence, place, and providence,  
Where, how, when, what soules doe, departed hence,  
These things (eccentrique else) on faith doe strike;  
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.  
For reason, put to her best extension,  
Almost meets faith, and makes both centers one.

R 2

And

And nothing ever came so neare to this,  
 As contemplation of that Prince wee misse.  
 For all that faith might credit mankinde could,  
 Reason still seconded, that this Prince would.  
 If then least moving of the Center, make  
 More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake.  
 What must this doe, centers distracted so,  
 That we see not what to beleeve or know?  
 Was it not well believ'd till now, that hee,  
 Whose reputation was an extasie,  
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,  
 Till he discover'd what wayes hee would take;  
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,  
 Met a *Torpedo*, and were stupified;  
 And others studies, how hee would be bent,  
 Was his great fathers greatest instrument,  
 And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie  
 This soule of peace, to Christianitie;  
 Was it not well beleev'd, that he would make  
 This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,  
 And that his times might have stretch'd out so farre,  
 As to touch those, of which they emblemes are?  
 For to confirme this just believe, that now  
 The last dayes came, wee saw heav'n did allow,  
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,  
 In peacefull times rumours of warres should rise.  
 But now this faith is heresie: wee must  
 Still stay, and vex our great grand-mother, Dust.  
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store  
 Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more  
 Would ease us much, doth he grudge miserie;  
 And will not let's enjoy our curse; to die!

As,

As, for the earth throwne lowest downe of all,  
 'Twere an ambition to desire to fall,  
 So God, in our desire to die, doth know  
 Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:  
 Therefore we live; though such a life we have,  
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.  
 What had his growth and generation done,  
 When, what we are, his putrefaction  
 Sustaines in us, Earth, which griefes animate?  
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule than that.  
 And could grieve get so high as heav'n, that Quire,  
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire  
 (With grieve to see him) he had staid below,  
 To rectifie our errors they foreknow.  
 Is th' other center, Reason, faster then?  
 Where should wee looke for that, now we are not  
 For if our Reason be our connexion  
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.  
 For, as if all the substances were spent,  
 'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,  
 So is't to looke for reason, he being gone,  
 The onely subject reason wrought upon.  
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers linkes  
 Industrious man discerneth, as he thinkes,  
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in  
 A new liake, man knowes not where to begin:  
 At a much deader fault must reason bee,  
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee.  
 But now, for us, with busie prooffe to come,  
 That we have no reason, would prove we had some,  
 So would just lamentations: Therefore wee  
 May safelier say, that we are dead, than hee,

So, if our griefes we doe not well declare,  
We have double excuse ; he's not dead ; and we are,  
Yet I would not die yet ; for though I bee  
Too narrow, to thinke him, as he is hee,  
( Our Soules best baiting, and mid-period,  
In her long journey, of considering God )  
Yet, ( no dishonour ) I can reach him thus,  
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.  
Oh may I, ( since I live ) but see or heare,  
That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare,  
I pardon Fate, my life : who ere thou be,  
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she,  
I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,  
By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,  
By all the soules yee sigh'd, that if you see  
These lines, you wish, I knew your history.  
So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,  
I were an Angell, singing what you were.

## To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

I Have learned by those lawes wherein I am a little conversant, that he which bestowes any cost upon the dead. obliges him which is dead, but not the heire; I doe not therefore send this paper to your Ladiship, that you should thanke me for it, or thinke that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are ever above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words, which must expresse it: But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours: so his vertues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece, in which qualitie I humbly present it, and as a testimony how intirely your family possesseth

Your Ladiships most humble  
and thankfull servant,

JOHN DONNE.

R 4

Obsequies

Obsequies to the Lord *Harringtons* brother.*To the Countesse of Bedford.*

**F**Aire soule, which wast, not onely as all soules bee,  
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,  
But didst continue so; and now dost beare  
A part in Gods great Organ, this whole Spheare:  
If looking up to God, or downe to us,  
Thou finde that any way is pervious,  
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mens actions doe  
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,  
See, and with joy, me to that good degree  
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee,  
And by these meditations refin'd,  
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,  
And so can make by this soft extasie,  
This place a map of heaven, my selfe of thee.  
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;  
Times dead-low water; when all mindes devote  
To morrowes businesse, when the labourers have  
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,  
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this,  
Now when the Client, whose last hearing is  
To morrow, sleepes, when the condemned man,  
(Who when he opes his eyes, must shut them than  
Againe by death,) although sad watch he keepe,  
Doth practise dying by a little sleepe,

Thou

Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soone  
As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,  
All the world growes transparent, and I see  
Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;  
And I discerne by favour of this light,  
My selfe, the hardest object of the sight.  
God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see  
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee:  
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend  
All, in these mirrours of thy wayes, and end;  
Though God be our true glasse, through which wee  
All, since the being of all things is hee, (see  
Yet are the trunks which doe to us derive  
Things, in proportion, fit by perspective,  
Deeds of good men: for by their beeing here,  
Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare.  
But where can I asseme, or where arrest  
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?  
For fluid vertue cannot bee look'd on,  
Nor can endure a contemplation;  
As bodies change, and as I doe not weare  
Those spirits, humours, blood I did last yeare,  
And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,  
That drop, which I looked on, is presently  
Pulst with more waters from my sight, and gone:  
So in this sea of vertues, can no one  
Bee 'insisted on, Vertues, as rivers passe,  
Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was;  
And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so  
Part of his body to another owe,  
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,  
Because God knowes where every Atome lies;

So,



So, if one knowledge were made of all those,  
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose  
His vertues into names, and rankes; but I  
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie,  
Should I divide and discontinue so  
Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.  
For as, he that should say, spirits are fram'd  
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,  
Honours not spirits halfe so much, as he  
Which sayes they have no parts, but simple be :  
So is t of vertue, for a point and one  
Are much intirer than a million.  
And had Fate meant to have had his vertues told,  
It would have let him live to have beene old,  
So, then, that vertue in season, and, then, this,  
We might have seene, and said, that now he is  
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just :  
In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,  
And to be sure berimes to get a place,  
When they would exercise, lack time, and space.  
So was it in this person, forc'd to be  
For lacke of time, his owne epitome.  
So to exhibite in few yeares as much.  
As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch.  
As when an Angel downe from heav'n doth flie,  
Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,  
We cannot thinke, now he is at the Sunne, (runne,  
Now through the Moon. now he through th'air doth  
Yet when he is come, we know he did repaire  
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moone, & Aire,  
And as this Angel in an instant knowes,  
And yet we know, this sodaine knowledge growes

By

By quicke amassing severall formes of things,  
Which he successively to order brings ;  
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot  
So fast as he, thinke that he doth not so ;  
Iust as a perfect reader doth not dwell  
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,  
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,  
And lay together every A, and B ;  
So, in thort liv'd good men, is not understood  
Each severall vertue, but the compound good.  
For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,  
As Angels goe, and know, and as men read.  
O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme  
Sent hither, the worlds tempest to becalme,  
Before by deeds, they are diffus'd and spred,  
And so make us alive, themselves be dead ?  
O Soule, O circle why so quickly bee  
Thy ends, thy birth and death clos'd up in thee ?  
Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd  
In heav'n, the other might securely, have pac'd  
In the most large extent through every path, (hath,  
Which the whole world, or man the abridgement  
Thou know'st, that though the tropique circles have  
(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)  
All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all  
The endlesnesse of the Equinoctiall :  
Yet, when we come to measure distances,  
How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,  
When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile ;  
Onely great circles, then, can be our scale :  
So though thy circle to thy selfe expresse  
All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse,

And

And wee by our good use of it may trie,  
 Both how to live well (young) and how to die,  
 Yet since wee must be old, and age endures  
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures  
 Of hot ambitions, irreligious ice,  
 Zeales agues; and hydropique avarice,  
 (Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,  
 As well, as lust and ignorance of youth;)   
 Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,  
 And by thy doing set us what to doe?  
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele  
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,  
 Whose *hands* get shaking palsies, and whose *string*  
 (His sinewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring  
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flee*,  
 Either beates not, or beates unevenly,  
 Whose voyce, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumbe,  
 Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,  
 If these clocks be not wotund, or be wound still,  
 Or be not set, or set at every will;  
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,  
 If then we follow all, or follow none.  
 Yet, as in great clockes, which in steeples chime,  
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'employ their time,  
 An errour doth more harme, being generall,  
 When, small clocks faults onely 'on the wearer fall.  
 So worke the faults of age. on which the eye  
 Of children, servants, or the State relie. (soule,  
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a  
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule,  
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,  
 Instructions, such as it could never bee

Disordered,

Disordered, stay here, as a generall  
And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?  
Oh why wouldest thou be an instrument  
To this unnaturall course, or why consent  
To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,  
That when the ebbes longer than flowings be,  
Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,  
Should so much faster ebbe out, than flow in?  
Though her flood were blown in, by thy first breath,  
All is at once sunke in the whirle-poolle death.  
Which word I would not name, but that I see  
Death else a desert, growne a Court by thee.  
Now I am sure, that if a man would have  
Good company, his entry is a grave.  
Me thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthils bee,  
Where, when the severall labourers I see,  
For children, house, Provision taking paine,  
They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, & grain;  
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which  
The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.  
There is the best concourse and confluence,  
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence  
Begins Gods Citie, New Ierusalem,  
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them;  
At that gate then, Triumphant soule, dost thou  
Begin thy Triumph. But since lawes allow  
That at the Triumph day, the people may,  
All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say.  
Let me here use that freedome, and expresse  
My grieve, though not to make thy triumph lesse:  
By law to Triumphs none admitted be,  
Till they as Magistrates get victory,

Though

Though then to thy force, all youths foes did yeeld,  
 Yet till fit time had wrought thee to that field,  
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,  
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,  
 And so in that capacitie remove  
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love,  
 Thou could'st no title to this triumph have,  
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurpe a grave.  
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet  
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate  
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance,  
 But till thou should'st successfully advance  
 Thine armes 'gainst fœrraine enemies, which are  
 Both Envie, and acclamation popular,  
 (For, both these Engines equally defeat,  
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,)  
 Till then thy Warre was but a civill Warre,  
 For which to Triumph none admitted are;  
 No more are they, who though with good successe,  
 In a defensive warre, their power expresse.  
 Before men triumph the dominion  
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone;  
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to  
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in, (win  
 And to deliver up to God that state,  
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate,  
 (Which is thy soule and body) as intire  
 As he, who takes endeavours doth require,  
 But didst not stay, t' inlarge his kingdome too,  
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;  
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no  
 Hath got by getting thee, than t' had before? (more  
 For,

For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here;  
Of one another in possession were;  
But this from Triumph most disables thee,  
That, that place which is conquered, must bee  
Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt  
Of imminent commotions to breake out:  
And hath he left us so? or can it bee  
His territory was no more than Hee?  
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis  
Of every exemplar man, the whole world is,  
And he was joyned in commission  
With Tutelar Angels, sent to very one.  
But though this freedome to upbraide, and chide  
Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd  
With this, that it might never reference have  
Vnto the Senate, who this triumph gave;  
Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not  
At that authority, by which he got  
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might;  
So, though triumphant soule, I dare to write  
Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,  
That thou so early wouldst abandon us;  
Yet I am farre from daring to dispute  
With that great soveraignty, whose absolute  
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,  
'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugn'ers bee  
Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)  
Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine  
Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit,  
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.  
Though then in our time, be not suffered  
That testimonie of love, unto the dead,

To

To die with them, and in their graves be hid,  
 As Saxon wives, and French soldarii did ;  
 And though in no degree I can expresse  
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,  
 Who at his friends death made whole townes deuest  
 Their wals and bulwarks, which became them best:  
 Doe not faire soule this sacrifice refuse,  
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,  
 Which, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast  
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

---

*Elegie on the Lady Markham.*

**M**An is the World, and death th' Ocean,  
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.  
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet  
 God hath set markes, and bounds, 'twixt us and it,  
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend.  
 And breakes our banke, when ere it takes a friend.  
 Then our land waters ( teares of passion ) vent ;  
 Our waters, then above our firmament,  
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her sinnes let fall)  
 Take all a brackish taste, and Funerall.  
 And even those teares, which should wash sin, are sin.  
 We, after Gods No, drowne the world againe.  
 Nothing but man of all invenom'd things  
 Doth worke upon it selfe with inborne stings.  
 Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see  
 Through passions mist, what we are, or what shee.

In



In her this Sea of death hath made no breach,  
 But as the tide doth wash the limie beach,  
 And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,  
 So is her flesh refin'd by death's cold hand,  
 As men of China, after an ages stay  
 Doe take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay:  
 So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines  
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles and Mines,  
 Of which, this flesh was) her soule shall inspire  
 Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire  
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,  
 Make and name them th' Elixar of this All.  
 They say, the sea, when it gaires, loseth too,  
 If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe  
 Vsurpe the bodie; 'our soule, which subject is  
 To th' elder death, by sinne: is freed by this;  
 They perish both, when they attempt the just;  
 For, graves our Trophies are, and both death's dust.  
 So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both;  
 For, none to death finnes, that to sinne is loath.  
 Nor doe they die, which are not loath to die,  
 So hath she this, and that virginitie.  
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,  
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent.  
 Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,  
 How little poyson cracks a christall glasse:  
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see  
 That Gods Word must be true, All sinners bee  
 So much did zeale her conscience ravise,  
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lie,  
 Making omissions, acts; laying the touch  
 Of sinne, on things that sometime may be such.

As *Moses* Cherubins, whose natures doe  
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged to :  
 So would her soule, already 'in heaven, seeme then,  
 To climbe by teares, the common stayres of men.  
 How fit she was for God, I am content  
 To speake, that death his vaine haſt may repent.  
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet,  
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,  
 To have reform'd this forward hereſie,  
 That women can no parts of frienſhip bee ;  
 How Morall, how Divine ſhall not be told,  
 Leſt they that heare her vertue, thinks her old.  
 And leſt we take deaths part, and make him glad  
 Of ſuch a prey, and to his triumph adde.

---

*Elegie on Miſtris Boulſted.*

**D**Eath I recant, and ſay, unſaid by me  
 What ere hath ſlip'd, that might diminifh thee.  
 Spirituall treaſon, atheiſme 'tis, to ſay,  
 That any can thy Summons diſobey.  
 Th'earths face is but thy Table ; there are ſet  
 Plants, cattell, men, diſhed for Death to eate.  
 In a rude hunger now he millions drawes  
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or ſterv'd jawes.  
 Now he will ſeeme to ſpare, and doth more waſte,  
 Eating the beſt firſt well preſerv'd to laſt.  
 Now wantonly he ſpoyles, and eates us not,  
 But breaks off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.

Nor

Nor will this earth serve him; he sinkes the Deepe  
 Where harmeleffe fish monastique silence keepe,  
 Who (were Death dead) the Roes of living land;  
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.  
 He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes  
 In birds, Heavens choristers, organique throates,  
 Which (if they did not die) might seeme to be  
 A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie.  
 O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?  
 And how without Creation didst begin?  
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,  
 All the foure Monarchies, and Antichristnes,  
 How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now  
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.  
 Our births and lives, vices and vertues, bee  
 Wastefull consumptions, and degrees of thee.  
 For, we to live, our bellowes weare, and breathe;  
 Nor are we mortall, dying, dead, but death.  
 And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,  
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay  
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee  
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.  
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne  
 One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.  
 She was more stories high: hopelesse to come  
 To her Soule, thou hast offer'd at her lower roome.  
 Her Soule and bodie was a King and Court;  
 But thou hast both of Captaine mis'd and sort;  
 As houses fall not, though the Kings remove,  
 Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above,  
 Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place  
 As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,

Both worke a separation, no divorce.  
 Her Soule is gone to usher up her Coarse,  
 Which shall be almost another soule, for there  
 Bodics are purer, then best soules are here,  
 Because in her, her vertues did outgoe  
 Her yeares, would'st thou, ô enulous death, doe so,  
 And kill her young to thy losse: must the cost  
 Of beautie, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?  
 What though thou found'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of  
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursu'th. (youth?  
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold,  
 Shortly, ambitious: covetous, when old,  
 She might have prov'd: and such devotion  
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.  
 If all her vertues must have growne, yet might  
 Abundant vertue 'have brod a proud delight.  
 Had shee persever'd just, there would have bin  
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.  
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine  
 To sociablenesse, a name, prophane,  
 Or sinne by tempting, or, not daring that,  
 By wishing, though they never told her what.  
 Thus might'st thou have slain more soules had'st thou  
 Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine armie lost. (not cross  
 Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,  
 Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone.  
 But wee may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,  
 Our teares are due, because we are not such.  
 Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,  
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

*Elegie on his Mistress.*

**B**Y our first strange and fatall interview  
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,  
 By our long starving hopes, by that remorse  
 Which my words masculine perswasive force  
 Begot in thee, and by the memory  
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,  
 I calmly beg. But by thy fathers wrath,  
 By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,  
 I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I  
 And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy,  
 Here I unswear, and overswear them thus,  
 Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.  
 Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,  
 Be my true Mistris still, not my fain'd Page;  
 I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde  
 Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,  
 Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before,  
 My soule from other lands to thee shall soare,  
 Thy (else Almighty) beaurie cannot move  
 Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,  
 Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast read  
 How roughly hee in peeces shivered  
 Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.  
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd  
 Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery,  
 That absent Lovers one in th'other be.

Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change  
 Thy bodies habite, nor minde, bee not strange  
 To thy selfe onely. All will spie in thy face  
 A blushing womanly discovering grace;  
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone  
 Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.  
 Men of France, changeable Camelions,  
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions  
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company  
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,  
 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!  
 Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe  
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page  
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,  
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext. But none of these  
 Nor spongy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,  
 If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee  
 England is onely a worthy Gallerie,  
 To walke in expectation, till from thence  
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence.  
 When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,  
 Nor let thy looks our long hid love confesse,  
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse  
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse  
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh  
 Nurse, o my love is slaine, I saw him goe  
 O'r the white Alpes alone: I saw him I,  
 Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.  
 Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove*  
 Thinke it enough for me to have had thy love.

*Elegie.*

*Elegie.*

MADAME,

**T**HAT I might make your Cabinet my tombe,  
 And for my fame which I love next my soule,  
 Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,  
 Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.  
 Others by Wills give Legacies, but I  
 Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

My fortune and my will this custome breake,  
 When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,  
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou  
 In my graves inside see what thou art now,  
 Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay  
 To ripe and mellow thee, w'are stubborne clay,  
 Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie  
 Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;  
 Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,  
 Our soules become worne-eaten Carkasses.

idem, pagina, 386.

S 4

*Elegie*



*Elegie on Mistris Boulstred.*

**D**Eath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,  
 Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth  
 The executioner of wrath thou art, (flow,  
 But to destroy she just is not thy part.  
 Thy coming terrour, anguish, grieve denounces;  
 Her happy state courage, ease, joy pronounces.  
 From out the Chrystall palace of her breast,  
 The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest, (threats,  
 (Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God  
 But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,)  
 And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,  
 To joy that it through many dangers fought,  
 The key of mercy gently did unlocke.  
 The doores 'twixt heaven & it, when life did knock.  
 Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,  
 Because to mortall eyes it did decay;  
 A better witnessse than thou art, assures,  
 That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;  
 No dramme thereof shall want or losse sustaine,  
 When her best soule inhabits it againe.  
 Goe then to people curst before they were,  
 Their soules in Triumph to thy conquest beare,  
 Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares  
 Which our face, not for her, but our harme weares.  
 The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, (be,  
 Which wils our soules in these streams washt should  
 And

And on our hearts, her memories best tombe,  
 In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.  
 Blinde were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine  
 Through fleshes misty vaile those beames divine.  
 Deafe were the eares, not charm'd with that sweet  
 Which did i'th spirits instructed voice abound, (solid  
 Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt,  
 At what in her last Act it saw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,  
 Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night:  
 But by all soules not by corruption choaked  
 Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked.  
 Calme the rough seas, by which she sayles to rest  
 From sorrowes here to a kingdome ever blest,  
 And teach this hymne of her with joy, and sing

*The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting,*

*Elegie*

*Elegia on the L.C.*

**S**orrow, who to this house scarce knew the way :  
 Is, Oh; heire of it; our All is his prey,  
 This strange chance claims strange wonder, & to us  
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus ;  
 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve,  
 And give praise too, our cold tōgues could not serve :  
 'Tis well, he kept teares from our eyes before,  
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store.  
 Oh, if a sweet bryar, climbe up by a tree,  
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee,  
 Or fell d, and burnt for holy sacrifice,  
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,  
 As we for him dead : though no family  
 Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie  
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare  
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share,  
 We lose what all friends lov'd, him, he gains now  
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,  
 If he could have foes, in whose praîse grew  
 All vertues, whose name subtle Schoolemen knew;  
 What ease, can hope that we shall see 'him, beget,  
 When we must die first, and cannot die yet ?  
 His children are his pictures, Oh they bee  
 Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he,  
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since he is gone,  
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

*The end of Funerall Elegies.*

LETTERS.

# LETTERS

HEN. GOODEERE.

**E**Tiā vulgari linguā scripta testatur litera nos amicorum meminisse, sed alienā, nos de illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatiūcula, sed ut matutina stella transiunt, & evanescent. In his autem haremus, & immoramur, & amicos uti solem ipsum permanentem nobiscum degentēque contemplamur; Habes cur latine. Ipsius etiam scribendi audi rationem. Peto consiliū, in quo simul amicitiam profitear meam, tuamq; agnosco: Etenim non libenter nosmetipsos excusamus aut ingenii prudentieve dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec certe quicquā quisquam (sic modo ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo consilium petiit. Quod enim divina sapientia extremū charitatis terminum perfecerat, animam ponere, idem regularum Ecclesia tractatores

tractatores (quod ipsimet Canonici crassam æ-  
 quitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendo  
 asserunt & usurpant. Certè, non tam beneficium  
 obnoxii quam consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem.  
 Philosophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia sua  
 negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum  
 perspicui sumus & fenestrati. Elucescit mihi  
 moris nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulò quàm  
 optatam fortassis magis inhonora) occasio externa  
 visendi regna, liberosq; per quàm amantissimæ  
 conjugis charissimæ pignora, ceteraque hujus  
 aura oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquē-  
 di. De hoc ut tecum agerem te convenire cupio.  
 Quod (etsi nec id recussem) nollem in adibus  
 Barbarianis. Habeo cur abstinere. Amicitia  
 enim nec veteris, nec ita stricta munera paulò  
 quàm decent imprudētiori impetu mihi vide-  
 or ibi peregisse. Prandere si vocat foras, aut  
 curare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut  
 nocturnam liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum  
 Tricubum jam commoranti per te intellige-  
 re, & satis mihi fiet. Interim seponas oro char-  
 tulas meas, quas cū sponsione cità redhibiti-  
 onis (ut barbarè, sed cum ingeniosissimo Ap-  
 pollinari

pollinari loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorū satyricus non sunt, non sunt; extremum iudicium, hoc est, manus ultimam jamjam subitura sunt. Earum nonnullæ Purgatorium suum passuræ, ut correctiores emanent. Alia quorum me inscio in mundum erepserunt, exempla tamen in archetypis igne absumpta fatebūtur se à me ad Inferos damnata esse. Reliquæ quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi quod à nutrice contrectatæ) aut ita infelicitè steriles, ut ab illis nulla ingēta sunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dilabentur. Vale & amore meo frui, quem vetat fortuna sola ne uti possis. Et nisi anima candida ingenua mea libertate gaudere matis, habet sibi mancipium

JO. DONNE.

De

DE LIBRO CVM MVTV-  
aretur, Impresso, Domi à pueris fu-  
stratim lacerato, & post reddito  
Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v.  
D.D.Andrews.

*P*Arturium madido qua nixu prala, recepta;  
Sed qua scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.  
Transit in Sequanam Mœnus; Victoris in ades,  
Et Francofurtum, te revehente meat.  
Qui liber in pluteas, blattis, cinerique relictos,  
Si modo sit prali sanguine tinctus, abit,  
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,  
Involat & veterum scrinia summa Patrum.  
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro  
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.  
Nimirum, medico pueros de semine natos,  
Hac nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.  
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon  
Ipse Pater, Iuvenem, me dabit arte, senem?  
Hei miseris senibus; nos vertit dura senectus  
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem.  
Hoc tibi servasti prastandum, Anique Dierum,  
Quo viso, & vivit, & juvenescit Adam.  
Interea, Infirma fallamus radia vita,  
Libris, & Cœlorum amulâ amicitia.  
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,  
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

I.D.

To

quàm



To Sir H.G.

I Send not my Letters as tribute, nor interest, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as testimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to justify my custome of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all such offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuse my selfe of diminishing that affection which sends them, when I aske my selfe why. Onely I am sure that I desire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kindes, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a Bedesman, for I decline no jurisdiction, nor refuse any tenure. I would not open any doore upon you, but looke in when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, then they list to reveale to one another. It is then in this onely, that friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for such revelations when they are offered. If at any time I seeme to study you more inquisitively, it is for no other end but to know how to present you to God, in my prayers, and what to aske of him for you; For even that holy exercise may not be done inopportunately, nor importunately. I finde little error in that Grecians counsell, who sayes, If thou aske any thing of God,  
offer

offer no sacrifice, nor aske elegantly, nor vehemently, but remember that thou wouldst not give to such an asker. Nor in his other country man, who affirms sacrifice of blood to be so unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more spirituall, are too grosse; Yea words which are our subtlest and delicate outward creatures, being composed of thoughts & breath, are so muddy, so thicke, that our thoughts themselves are so, because (except at the first rising) they are ever leavened with passions and affections. And, that advantage of nearer familiaritie with God, which the Act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon Gods assuming us, not our going to him. And, our accesses to his presence are but his descents into us. And, when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us before hand the thing and the petition; for, I scarce thinke any ineffectuall prayer free from both sinne and the punishment of sinne: Yet as God bestowed a seventh of our time for his exterior worship, and as his Christian Church early presented him a Type of the whole yeare in a Lent, and after imposed the obligation of canonicke houres, constituting thereby morall Sabbath's every day. I am far from dehorting those fixed devotions: But I had rather it were bestowed upon thanksgiving than petition, upon praise than prayer. Not that God is increased by that, or wearied by this; All is one in the receiver, but not in the sender. And thanks doth both offices. For nothing doth so innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would also rather make short prayers than extend them, though God can neither be surpris'd, nor besieged: for long prayers have  
more

more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the worke, and more of the devill by often distractions: For after in the beginning we have well intreated God to harken, wee speake no more to him. Even this letter is some example of such infirmities; which being intended for a letter, is extended and strayed into a Homily. And whatsoever is not what it was purposed, is worse. Therefore it shall at last end like a letter by assuring you I am &c.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

Nature hath made all bodies like, by mingling and kneading up the same elements in every one. And amongst men, the other nature, custom, hath made every mind like some other. We are patterns or copies, we inform or imitate. But as he hath not presently attained to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent Master in his A, another in his B, much lesse he which hath sought all the excellent masters, & employed all his time to exceed in one letter, because not so much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evenness and proportion, and respect to one another gives the perfection; So is no man vertuous by particular example. Not he which doth all actions to the patterne of the most valiant, or liberall, which Histories afford: Nor he which chuses first every one their best actions, & thereupon doth something like those. Perchance such may be *in via perficiendæ*, which

T

Divines

Divines allow to Monasticall life, but not *Perfection*, which, by them is onely due to Prelacie; For vertue is even, and continuall, and the same, and can therefore breake no where, nor admit ends, nor beginnings; It is not onely not broken, but not tyed together. He is not vertuous, out of whose actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be seene, because they are thick bodies, but not vertue, which is all light. And vices have swellings and fits, and noise, because being extreames, they dwell far asunder, and they maintaine both a forraine warre against vertue, and a civill against one another, and affect soverainety, as vertue doth societie. The later Physitians say, that when our naturall inborne preservative is corrupted or wasted, and must be restored by a like extracted from other bodies, the chiefe care is, that the mummy have in it no excellling quality, but an equally digested temper: And such is true vertue. But men who have preferred money before all, thinke they deale honourably with vertue, if they compare her with money: And think, that as mony is not called base, till the allay exceed the pure: So they are vertuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praise, or (in a lower abasing) if they incurre not infamy or penalty. But you know who said *Angusta innocentia est ad legem bonum esse*, which rule being given for positive lawes, severe mistakers apply even to Gods law, and (perchance against his commandment) binde themselves to his counsailes, beyond his lawes. But they are worse, that thinke that because some men formerly wastfull, live better with halfe their

their rents, than they did with all, being now advantaged with discretion and experience, therefore our times need lesse morall vertue than the first, because we have Christianitie, which is the use and application of all vertue. As though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little vertue goe farre. For as plentifull springs are fittest, and best become large Aqueducts, so doth much vertue such a steward and officer as a Christian. But I must not give you a Homily for a letter. I said a great while since, that custome made men like; We who have beene accustomed to one another are like in this, that we love not businesse. This therefore shall not be to you nor me a busie letter. I end with a Probleme, whoserever rand is, to aske for his fellowes, I pray before you ingulfe your selfe in the Progresse, leave them for mee, and such other of my papers as you will lend me till your returne. And besides this allegoricall lending, lend me truly your counsels. And love God and me, whilst I love him and you.

---

*To the La. G.*

MADAME,

I Am not come out of England, if I remaine in the noblest part of it, your minde; Yet I confesse, it is too much diminution to call your minde any part of England, or this world, since every part even of your body, deserves titles of higher

dignitie. No Prince would be loath to die, that were assured of so faire a tombe to preserve his memorie: But I have a greater advantage than so; for, since there is a religion in friendship, and a death in absence, to make up an intire friend, there must be an heaven too: and there can be no heaven so proportionall to that religion, and that death, as your favour, and I am gladder that it is a heaven, than that it were a Court, or any other high place of this world, because I am likelier to have a roome there, than here, and better cheape: Madam, my best treasure is time, and my best imployment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulnessse for my redeemer) is to studie good wishes for you, in which, I am by continuall meditation; so learned, that any creature (except your owne good Angell) when it would doe you most good, might be content to come and take instructions from

*Your humble and affectionate*

Amyens the  
7. of Feb.  
here, 1613.

*servant,*

I. D.

To

*To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquier.*

SIR.

**N** Either your letters, nor silence, needs excuse, your friendship is to mee an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a yeare: He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as wee doe not onely then thanke our land, when wee gather the fruit, but acknowledge that all the yeare thee doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not friendship then onely to be esteemed, when shee is delivered of a letter, or any other reall office, but in her continuall propensnesse and inclination to doe it. This hath made me easie in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my selfe your forgivenesse for not answering your letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so farre as to a title you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you finde it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment, and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor designe upon the stile. Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledg in my selfe, is to have descended to print any thing in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times, by men who professe, and practise much gravitie; yet I confesse I wonder how I decline to it, and doe not pardon my selfe; But for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be



understood to have bound my selfe to have spoken  
just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone  
about to praise her, or any other in rime; except I  
tooke such a person, as might be capable of all that I  
could say: If any of those Ladies thinke that Mistris  
*Dewry* was not so, let that Lady make her selfe fit  
for all those praises in the booke, and they shall be  
hers. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste that I  
cry you mercy for spending any time of this letter  
in other imployment than thanking you for yours. I  
hope before *Christmas* to see England, & kisse your  
hand, which shall ever, (if it disdain not that office)  
hold all the keyes of the libertie and affection, and  
all the faculties of

Your most affectionate

Paris the 14 of April,

here, 1612.

servant,

I. D.

---

To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,

I Should not onely send you an account by my ser-  
vant, but bring you an account often by my selfe,  
(for our letters are our selves, and in them absent  
friends meet) how I doe, but that two things make  
me forbear that writing; first, because it is not for  
my

my gravitie to write of feathers, and strawes; and in good faith I am no more, considering in my body, or fortune; and then because whensoever I tell you how I doe, by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I shall be otherwayes then when it left me: At this time (I humbly thanke God) I am onely not worse, for I should as soone looke for Roses, at this season of the yeare, as looke for increase of strength; and if I be no worse all Spring, than now, I am much better; for I make account those Church-services which I am loath to decline, will spend somewhat; & if I can gather so much as will beare my charges, recover so much strength at *London*, as I shall spend at *London*, I shall not be loath to be left in that state I am now, after that is done; but, I doe but discourse, I doe not wish; life, or health, or strength, I thanke God enter not into my prayers, for my selfe: for others they often doe; and amongst others, for your selfe and sonne, whom I beseech God to blesse with the same blessings which I beg for the children, and for the person of

*Your friend and humble servant*

Alery harch,

Novemb. 2.

1630.

*in Christ Iesus,*

*I.D.*

T 4

To

*To my honour'd friend G. G. Esquire.*

SIR,

**T**His advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent favours, that I am so much the oftner at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the solitude, and close imprisonment, that they reduce me to after; that I am thereby the oftner at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happinesse, and I doubt not, but amongst his many other blessings God will adde some one to you for my prayers. A man would be almost content to die, (if there were no other benefit in death) to heare of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not thorow all, for one writ to me, that some (and he said of my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew my selfe to live at ease, discharged of preaching: It is an unfriendly, and, God knowes, an ill-grounded interpretation, for I have alwayes beene soryer when I could not preach, than any could be they could not heare me. It hath beene my desire (and God may be pleased to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit, if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, dye the sooner by occasion of those labours, Sir, I hope

to

to see you about Candlemas, about which time also will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlaine beleeye me to be dead, and leave me out, for as long as I live, and am not speechlesse, I would not decline that Service. I have better leasure to write than you to reade, yet I will not oppresse you with too much letter: God blesse you and your Sonne, as I wish.

*Your poore friend and servant*

January 7.

1630.

*in Christ Iesus,*

I. D.

*To Sir H. G.*

SIR,

**T**HIS Tuesday morning, which hath brought me to London, presents mee with all your letters. Mee thought it was a rent day, I meane such as yours, and not as mine: And yet such too, when I considered how much I ought you for them. How good a mother, how fertile and abundant the understanding is, if she have a good father. And how well friendship performes that office. For that which is denyed in other generations is done in this of yours. For here is superfætation, childe upon childe, and, that which is more strange, twinnes at a latter conception. If in my second religion, friendship, I had a conscience, either *Errantem* to mistake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem* to bee ravished by others opinions

opinions or examples, or *Dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *scrupulosam* to incline to one, but upon reasons light in themselves or indiscussed in me (which are almost all the diseases of conscience) I might mistake your often, long, and busie letters, and feare you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and spare you. For you know our Court tooke the resolution, that it was the best way to dispatch the French Prince backe againe quickly to receive him solemnly, ceremoniously, and expensively, when he hoped a domestique and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in waight nor price, but in number and bulke I thought I might : Because hee may cast up a greater summe who hath but forty small moneys, then hee with twenty Portugueses. The memory of friends, ( I meane onely for letters ) neither enters ordinarily into busied men, because they are ever imployed within, nor into men of pleasure, because they are never at home. For these wishes therefore which you won out of your pleasure and recreation , you were as excusable to me if you writ seldome as Sir H. Wootton is, under the oppression of businesse, or the necessitie of seeming so : Or more than he , because I hope you have both pleasure and businesse. Onely to me, who have neither, this omission were sinne. For though writing bee not of the precepts of friendship, but of the counsells: yet, as in some cases to some men counsells become precepts, though not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his Church , (as selling and dividing goods in the first time, continence in the Roman Church, and order and decency in ours ) so to mee  
who

who can doe nothing else, it seemes to binde my conscience to write. And it is sinne to doe against the conscience, though that erre. Yet no mans letters might bee better wanted than mine, since my whole letter is nothing else but a confession that I should and would write. I ought you a letter in verse before by mine owne promise, and now that you thinke you have hedged in that debt by a greater by your letter in verse, I thinke it now most seasonable and fashio-  
nall for me to break. At least, to write presently were to accuse my selfe of not having read yours so often as such a letter deserves from you to me. To make my debt greater (for such is the desire of all, who cannot or meane not to pay) I pray read these two problemes : for such light flashes as these have beene my hawkings in my surry journies. I accompany them with another ragge of verses, worthy of that name for the smalnesse, and age, for it hath long lyen among my other Papers, and laughs at them that have adventured to you : for I thinke till now you saw it not, and neither you, nor it should repent it. Sir, if I were any thing, my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it : But infinite nothings are but one such : Yet since even Chymeraes have some name and titles, I am also

*Yours.*

To

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

**I**N the history or stile of friendship, which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both is a mixt parenthesis : It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the beeing, yet to the verdure, and freshnesse thereof. Letters have truely the same office, as oathes. As these amongst light and emptie men, are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections : but with weightier, they are sad attestations : So are letters, to some complement, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lie in my behalfe ( for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in mee ) so I allow my letters much lesse that civil dishonesty, both because they goe from mee more considerately, and because they are permanent, for in them I may speake to you in your chamber a yeare hence before I know not whom, and not heare my selfe. They shall therefore ever keepe the sinceritie and intemperatenesse of the fountaine, whence they are derived. And as where-soever these leaves fall, the roote is in my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you I am a friend, and  
an



an honest man, Of what generall use, the fruit should speake, and I have none : and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing; yet even of barren Sicamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemencies, or sudden showres made you need so shadowy an example or Remembrancer. But (Sir) your fortune and minde doe you this happy injury, that they make all kinde of fruits uselesse unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wisely where I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you reade it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Michin. 15. Aug. 1607.

---

*To Sir H. G.*

SIR,

**I**T should be no interruption to your pleasures to heare mee often say that I love you, and that you are as much my meditation as my selfe: I often compare not you and me, but the Spheare in which your resolutions are, and my wheele; both I hope concentrique to God: for me thinkes the new Astronomy is thus appliable well; that we which are a little earth should rather move towards God, then that hee which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should move towards us. To your life full of varietie, nothing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all  
stickings

stickings and hesitations seeme stupid and stony, so to this, all fluid slipperinesses and transitory migrations seeme giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or posterne, going in or out, never within his house, himselfe: It is a garment made of remnants, a life ravelled out into ends, a line discontinued, and a number of small wretched points: uselesse, because they concur not: A life built of past and future, not proposing any constant present. They have more pleasures than wee, but not more pleasure: they joy oftner, wee longer; and no man but of so much understanding as may deliver him from being a foole, would change with a mad-man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they which dwell farthest from the Sunne, if in any convenient distance, have longer dayes, better appetites, better digestion, better growth, and longer life. And all these advantages, have their mindes who are well removed from the scorplings, and dazlings and exhalings of the worlds glory; but neither of our lives are in such extreames; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burne you, or envy which would deuest others, live in the Sun, not in the fire; and I which live in the Country without stupifying, am not in darknesse, but in shadow, which is no light, but a pallid, warish and diluted one. As all shadowes are of one colour if you respect the body from which they are cast (for our shadowes upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden. greene and flowery,) so all retyrings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike to the barbarousnesse and insipid dulnesse of the countrie: Onely the im-  
employment.

ployment, and that upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, businesse or bookes, gives it the tincture or beautie. But truly wheresoever we are, if we can but tell our selves truly what and where wee would be, wee may make any state and place such : For we are so composed, that if abundance, or glory scorch and melt us, wee have an earthly cave, our bodies to goe into by consideration, and coole our selves : and if wee bee frozen, and contracted with lower and darke fortunes, we have within us a torch, a soule, lighter and warmer than any without : wee are therefore our owne umbrellas, and our owne Sunnes. These Sir, are the Sallads, and Onyons of Michin, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send Melons and Quelque choses from Court and London. If I present you not as good dyet as they, I would yet say grace to theirs, and bid much good doe it you. I send you, with this, a letter which I sent to the Countesse. It is not my use nor duty to doe so. But for your having of it, there were but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and you are sure you have hers. I also writ to her Ladyship for the verses she shewed in the garden, which I did not onely to extort them, nor onely to keepe my promise of writing, for that I had done in the other letter; and perchance shee hath forgotten the promise, nor onely because I thinke my letters just good enough for a Progresse, but because I would write apace to her, whilst it is possible to expresse that which I yet know of her, for by this growth I see how soone she will be ineffable.

To

---

*To the Countesse of Bedford.*

*Happiest and worthiest Lady,*

**I** Doe not remember that ever I have seen a petition in verse, I would not therefore be singular, nor add these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so neare as to make a petition for verse, it is for those your Ladiship did mee the honour to see in Twickenham garden, except you repent your making and having mended your judgement by thinking worse, that is, better, because juster, of their subject. They must needs be an excellent exercise of your wit, which speake so well of so ill. I humbly beg them of your Ladiship, with two such promises, as to any other of your compositions were threatnings: That I will not shew them, and that I will not beleeeve them; And nothing should be so used which comes from your braine or heart. If I should confesse a fault in the boldnesse of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your Ladiship might use your stile and old fashion of the Court towards mee, and pay mee with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kisse your Ladiships faire learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

*Your Ladiships servant,*

JOHN DONNE.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

**B**ECAUSE I am in a place and season where I see every thing bud forth, I must doe so too, & vent some of my meditations to you, the rather because all other buds being yet without taste or vertue, my letters may be like them. The pleasantnes of the season displeases me. Every thing refreshes; and I wither, and I grow older, and not better. My strength diminishes, and my load grows, and being to passe more & more storms, I find that I have not only cast out all my ballast, which nature and time gives, reason & discretion, & so am as empty & light as vanity can make me, but I have over-fraught my selfe with vice, & so am ridiculously subject to two contrary wrackes, sinking and over-setting, and under the iniquitie of such a disease as enforces the patient when he is almost starv'd, not only to fast, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to cast out. Sometimes I thinke it easier to discharge my selfe of vice than of vanitie, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a roome, than the smoak: And then I see it was a new vanitie to thinke so. And when I thinke sometimes that vanitie, because it is thinne and ayrie, may be expelled with vertue or businesse, or substantiall vice; I finde that I give entrance therby to new vices. Certainly as the earth & water, one sad, the other fluid, make but one body: so to vice, and

and vanitie, there is but one *Centrū morbi*. And that which later Physitians say of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes ; for that which they call destruction, (which is a corruption and want of those fundamentall parts whereof we consist) is vice : And that *Colleſtio Stercorum* (which is but the excrement of that corruption,) is our vanitie and indiscretion. Both these have but one roote in me, and must be pulled out at once, or never. But I am so farre from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes onely, but in every sense, not in my concupiscence onely, but in every power and affection. Sir, I was willing to let you see how impotent a man you love, not to dishearten you from doing so still ( for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring, they came not yesterday, nor meane to goe away to day : They Inne not, but dwell in me, and see themselves so welcome, and finde in me so good bad company of one another, that they will not change, especially to one not apprehensive, nor easily accessible ) but I doe it that your counsell might cure mee, and if you deny that, your example shall, for I will as much strive to be like you, as I will wish you to continue good.

---

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

I Hope you are now well come to London, and well, and well comforted in your fathers health & love, and well contented that we ask you how you doe, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my selfe;

If

If I knew that I were ill, I were well; For we consist of three parts, a Soule, and Body, and Minde: which I call those thoughts & affections, and passions, which neither Soule nor Body hath alone, but have beene begotten by their communication; as Musick results out of our breath and a Cornet. And of all these the diseases are cures, if they be knowne. Of our Soules sicknesses, which are finnes, the knowledge is, to acknowledge, and that is her physick, in which we are not dieted by drams and scruples, for we cannot take too much. Of our bodies infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinseco*, from the opinion of the Physician, and that the subject and matter be flexible, and various, yet their rules are certaine; and if the matter be rightly applyed to the rule, our knowledge thereof is also certaine. But of the diseases of the minde, there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule; for our own tast and apprehension and interpretation should be the judge, and that is the disease it selfe. Therefore sometimes when I finde my selfe transported with jollitie, & love of company, I hang leads at my heeles, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my yeares, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family. When sadnesse dejects me, either I countermine it with another sadnesse, or I kindle squibbs about me againe, and flie into sportfulnesse and company. And I finde ever after all, that I am like an Exorcist, which had long laboured about one, which at last appeares to have the Mother, that I still mistake my disease. And I still vex my selfe with this, because if I know it not, no body can know it. And I com-



fort my selfe because I see dispassioned men are subject to the like ignorances. For divers mindes out of the same thing often draw contrary conclusions, as Augustine thought devout Anthony to be therefore full of the holy Ghost, because, not being able to reade, he could say the whole Bible, and interpret it. And Thyraus the Iesuite for the same reason doth thinke all the Anabaptists to be possessed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one conclusion. As, To the Romane Church, Magnificence and Splendor hath ever beene an argument of Gods favour: and Poverty and affliction, to the Greeke. Out of this varietie of mindes it proceeds, that though all our Soules would goe to one end, Heaven; and all our bodies must goe to one end, the earth; Yet our third part, the minde, which is our naturall Guide here, chuses to every man a severall way. Scarce any man likes what another doth, nor, advisedly, that which himselfe. But, Sir, I am beyond my purpose; I meant to write a letter, and I am falne into a discourse, and I doe not onely take you from some businesse, but I make you a new businesse by drawing you into these meditations. In which yet let my openness be an argument of such love as I would faine expresse in some worthier fashion.

*The end of the Letters.*

IN-

# INFINITATI SACRVM,

16. *Augusti* 1601.

## METEMPSYCOSIS.

*Poëma Satyricon.*

---

### EPISTLE.



Thers at the Porches  
and entries of their  
Buildings set their  
Armes ; I, my pi-  
cture ; if any colours  
can deliver a minde so plaine, and  
flat, and through light as mine. Na-  
turally at a new Author, I doubt, and  
stick, and doe not say quickly, good.  
I censure much and taxe ; And this  
liberty costs me more than others,  
by how much my own things are

## EPISTLE.

worse than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it ; nor so unjust to others, to doe it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not books, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not something exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt, how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use ; If I doe borrow anything of Antiquitie, besides that I make  
account

## EPISTLE.

account that I pay it to posteritie, with as much, and as good : you shall still finde me to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, ( for I will have no such Readers as I can teach ) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also : and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Maceron, since no unreadinesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the Organs workes this. And therefore though this

## E P I S T L E.

soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell mee, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever beene her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when shee was that apple which EVE eate, to this time when shee is shee, whose life you shall finde in the end of this booke.

T H E

# THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOVLE.

## *First Song.*

I.



Sing the progresse of a deathlesse  
soule,

Whom Fate, which God made, but  
doth not controule,

Plac'd in most shapes; all times before  
the law

Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing:  
And the great world t'his aged evening,  
From infant morne, through manly noone I draw,  
What the cold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,  
Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, 'is in this one;  
A worke to'outweare *Seths* pillars, brick and stone,  
And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.

## I I.

**T**Hee, eye of Heaven, this great Soule envies not,  
 By thy male force, is all we have, begot.  
 In the first east, thou now beginst to shine,  
 Suck'st early balme, and Iland spices there,  
 And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere  
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,  
 And see at night thy Westernè land of Mine,  
 Yet hast thou not more Nations seene than shee,  
 That before thee one day began to bee, (out live thee.  
 And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long

## I I I.

**N**Or holy *Ianus* in whose soveraigne boate  
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate,  
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall  
 Of all mankind, that Cage and vivarie  
 Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Destiny  
 Vs, and our latest nephewes did install  
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)  
 Didst thou in that great stewardship embarke  
 So diverse shapes into that floating parke, (sparke.  
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly



## IV.

**G**reat Destiny the Commissary of God,  
That hast mark'd out a path and period  
For every thing, who, where we off-spring tooke,  
Our wayes and ends seest at one instant. Thou  
Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow  
Ne'r smiles nor frowaes, ô vouchsafe thou to looke  
And shew my story, in thy eternall booke.  
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand  
So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,  
How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand.

## -V.

**T**O my fixe lusters almost now outwore,  
Except thy booke owe me so many more,  
Except my legend be free from the letts  
Of steepe ambition, sleepeie povertie,  
Spirit quenching sicknesse, dull captivitic,  
Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,  
And all that cals from this, and t'others whets,  
O let me not launch out, but let me save  
Th'expende of braine and spirit; that my grave  
His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

VI.

## VI.

**B**Ut if my dayes be long, and good enough,  
 In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough  
 It selfe; for I will through the wave, and some  
 And hold in sad lone wayes, a lively spright  
 Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light.  
 For though through many streights, & lands I roam,  
 I launch at Paradise, and I saile towards home;  
 The course I there began, shall here be staid,  
 Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and Anchors laid  
 In Thames, wch were at Tygris, & Euphrates waide.

## VII.

**F**Or the great soule which here amongst us now  
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and  
 Wch as the Moone the sea, moves us, to heare (brow,  
 Whose story, with long patience you will long;  
 (For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song)  
 This soule to whom *Luther* and *Mahomet* were  
 Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare,  
 And mend the wracks of th' Empire, and late Rome,  
 And liv'd when every great change did come,  
 Had first in Paradise, a low, but fatall roome.

## VIII.

---

VIII.

**Y**Et no low roome, nor then the greatest, lesse,  
If (as devout and sharpe men fitly guesse)  
That Crosse, our joy, and grieve, (where nailes did tie  
That All, which alwayes was all, every where,  
Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes did beare;  
Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;)   
Stood in the selfe-same roome in Calvarie,  
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,  
For on that tree hung in securitie (free.  
This soule made by the Makers will from pulling

---

IX.

**P**Rince of the Orchard, faire as dawning morne,  
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soone as borne  
That apple grew, which this soule did enlive  
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps  
For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes,  
Tooke it, and t'her whom the first man did wive  
(Whom and her race, onely forbiddings drive)  
He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate;  
So perished the eaters, and the meate (swear.  
And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die and

X.

## X.

**M**An all at once was there by woman flaine,  
 And one by one we are here flaine o'r againe  
 By them. The mother poysoned the well-head,  
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,  
 No smalnesse scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets,  
 She thrust us out, and by them we are led  
 Astray, from turning; to whence we are fled.  
 Were prisoners Iudges, t'would seeme rigorous,  
 Shee sinn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus (us.  
 To love them, whose fault to this painful love yolk'd

## XI.

**S**O fast in us doth this corruption grow,  
 That now we dare aske why we should be so,  
 Would God (disputes the curious Rebelle) make  
 A law, and would not have it kept? Or can  
 His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man  
 For one, will God (and be just,) vengeance take?  
 Who sinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the Snake  
 Nor her, who was not then made; nor is it writ  
 That *Adam* cropt, or knew the Apple; yet  
 The worme and she, and he, and we endure for it.

## XII.

**B**Vt snatch me heavenly Spirit, from this vaine  
Reckoning their vanity, lesse is their gaine  
Than hazard still, to meditate on ill, (toyes  
Though with good minde, their reason's like those  
Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes  
Stretch to so nice a thinnesse through a quill  
That they themselves break, and do themselves spill,  
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise  
As wrastlers, perfects them; Not liberties (heresies,  
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end

## XIII.

**I**Vst in that instant when the serpents gripe  
Broke the sleight veines, and tender conduit pipe,  
Through which this soule frō the trees root did draw  
Life, and growth to this Apple, fled away,  
This loose soule, old, one and another day.  
As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,  
'Tis so soone goone, (and better prooffe the law  
Of sense, than faith requires) swiftly she flew  
T'a darke and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw (anew,  
There through th'earth-pores, & in a Plāt hous'd her  
XIV.

## XIV.

**T**He plant thus abled, to it selfe did force  
A place, where no place was; by natures course  
As aire from water, water fleets away  
From thicker bodies, by this root throng'd so  
His spungie confines gave him place to grow,  
Iust as in our streets, when the people stay  
To see the Prince, and so fill up the way  
That weefels scarce could passe, whē she comes nere  
They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,  
As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

## XV.

**H**is right arme he thrust out towards the East,  
Westward his left; th'ends did themselves digest  
Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:  
And as a slumberer stretching on his bed;  
This way he this, and that way scattered  
His other legge, which feet with toes up beare;  
Grew on his middle part, the first day, haire,  
To show, that in loves businesse he should still  
A dealer be, and be us'd, well, or ill:  
His apples kindle; his leaves, force of conception kill.

XVI.

X V I.

A Mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe  
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile hairs; (eares,  
 A young *Colossus* there he stands upright,  
 And as that ground by him were conquered,  
 A leasie garland weares he on his head,  
 Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright  
 That for them you would call your Loves lips white,  
 So, of a lone un haunted place posselt,  
 Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest  
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

X V I I.

NO lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,  
 But t'was because there was none yet but Eye:  
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;  
 Her sinne had now brought in infirmitie,  
 And so her cradled childe, the moist-red eyes  
 Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light,  
 Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might;  
 And tore up both, and so coold her child's blood;  
 Vnvertuous weeds might long un vex'd have stood;  
 But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe  
 (most good.

X

X V I I I.



## XVIII.

**T**O an unfetter'd soules quick nimble haste (pac'd :  
 Are falling starres, and hearts thoughts, but slow  
 Thinner than burnt aire flies this soule, and shee  
 Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns  
 Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes  
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny  
 Confin'd, and enjail'd her, that seem'd so free,  
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore  
 Warnebird ore spread, and sat still evermore, (dore.  
 Till her inclos'd child kicke, and pic'd it selfe a

## XIX.

**O**Vt crept a sparrow, this soules moving Inne,  
 On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,  
 As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with  
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds, (paine,  
 All a new downy mantle overspreads,  
 A mouth he opes, which would as much containe  
 As his late house, and the first houre speakes plaine,  
 And chirps aloud for meate. Meat fit for men  
 His father steales for him, and so feeds then (hen,  
 One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his

XX.

## X X.

**I**N this worlds youth wise Nature did make hast,  
Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;  
Already this hot coeke in bush and tree,  
In field and rent o'rflutters his next hen,  
He askes her not, who did so taste, nor when,  
Nor if his sister or his neece shee be,  
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy  
If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse  
The next that calls; both liberty do use; (freely chuse.  
Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may

## X X I.

**M**En, till they tooke lawes which made freedome  
Their daughters and their sisters did ingresse,  
Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not  
So jolly, that it can move this soule: Is  
The body, so free of his kindnesse,  
That selfe preserving it hath now forgot,  
And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,  
Which temperance streightens: freely on his friends  
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,  
Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three years end.

## X X I I.

**E**Lse might he long have liv'd ; man did not know  
 Of gummy blood, which doth in holly grow  
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive  
 With fain'd cals, his nets, or enwrapping snare  
 The free inhabitants of the plyant ayre.  
 Man to beget, and woman to conceive  
 Askt not of roots, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave :  
 Yet chuseth he, though none of these he feares,  
 Pleasantly three, then streightned twenty yeares  
 To live, and to encrease his race himself outweary.

## X X I I I.

**T**HIS cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,  
 The soule from her too active organs fled  
 T'a brooke ; a female fishes sandie Roe  
 With the males jelly, newly leav'ned was,  
 For they had intertough'd as they did passe,  
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,  
 This soule inform'd, and abled it to rowe  
 It selfe with finnie eares, which she did fit,  
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet  
 Perschance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

X X I V.

X X I V.

**W**Hen goodly, like a ship in her full trim,  
A Swan, so white that you may unto him  
Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,  
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,  
And with his arch'd neck this poore fish catch'd:  
It moov'd with state, as if to looke upon  
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one  
Could thinke he sought it, he had swallowed cleare  
This, and much such, and unblam'd, devour'd there  
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

X X V.

**N**ow swome a prison in a prison put,  
And now this Soule in double walls was shut,  
Till melted with the Swans digestive fire,  
She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth,  
Fate not affording bodies of more worth  
For her as yet, bids her againe retire  
T'another fish, to any new desire  
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none  
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.  
Weaknesse invites, but silence feasts oppression.

## X X V I.

**P**ACE with the native streame, this fish doth keepe,  
 And journies with her, towards the glassie deepe,  
 But oft retarded, once with a hidden net (taught  
 Though with great windowes, (for when need first  
 These tricks to catch food, then they were not  
 As now, with curious greedinesse to let (wrought  
 None scape, but few, and fit for use to get,)  
 As, in this trap a ravenous Pike was tane,  
 Who, though himselfe distressed, would faine have slain  
 This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left againe.

## X X V I I.

**H**ERE by her smallnesse she two deaths or'past,  
 Once innocence scap'd, & left the oppressor fast;  
 The net through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,  
 And whether she leape up sometimes to breath  
 And sucke in ayre, or finde it underneath,  
 Or working parts like mills, or limbecks hath  
 To make the water thinne, and ayre like faith  
 Cares not, but safe the Place she's come un-  
 Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe  
 She knows not, but between both makes a board  
 (or two.  
 X X V I I I.

## X X V I I I.

**S**O farre from hiding her guests, water is,  
That she shoves them in bigger quantities  
Then they are. Thus her doubtfull of her way,  
For game and not for hunger a sea Pie  
Spied through this traitorous spectacle, from high,  
The seely fish where it disputing lay,  
And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away,  
Exalted she's, but to the exalters good,  
(As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.)  
It's rais'd, to be the Raisers instrument and food.

## X X I X.

**I**S any kinde subject to rape like fish?  
Ill unto man they neither doe, nor wish,  
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,  
They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey  
Of beasts, nor their young sonnes to beare away;  
Fowles they pursue not, nor doe undertake  
To spoyle the nests industrious birds doe make;  
Yet them all these unkinde kindes feed upon,  
To kill them is an occupation,  
And laws make Fasts, and Lents for their destruction.

## X X X.

**A** Sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre  
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour  
 The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,  
 Fat gluttonies best oratour: at last  
 So long he hath flowne, and hath flowne so fast,  
 That leagues o'r-past at sea, now tyr'd he lies,  
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:  
 The soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,  
 The fish I follow, and keepe no calender  
 Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer.

## X X X I.

**I**Nto an embriion fish, our Soule is throwne,  
 And in due time throwne our againe, and growne  
 To such vastnesse, as if unmanacled  
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some  
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome,  
 Or seas from Africks body had severed  
 And torne the hopefull Promontories head;  
 This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes faile,  
 A great ship overfet, or without faile (this whale  
 Stalling might (when this was a whale) bee like

## X X X I I.



## XXXII.

**A**T every stroke his brazen finnes doe take,  
More circles in the broken sea they make  
Then cannons voyces, when the ayre they teare :  
His ribbes are pillars, and his high arch'd roose  
Of barke that blunts best Steele, is thunder-proofer;  
Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,  
And feele no sides, as if his vaste womb were  
Some Inland sea, and ever as he went  
He spouted rivers up, as if he ment  
To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament.

## XXXIII.

**H**E hunts not fish, but as an officer,  
Stayes in his Court, at his owne net, and there  
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall ;  
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,  
And in his gulfe-like throte, suckes every thing  
That passeth heere. Fish chaseth fish, and all,  
Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall ;  
O might not States of more equalitie  
Consist, and is it of necessity  
That thousand guiltlesse snails, to make one great

XXXIV.

## XXXIV.

**N**OW drinkes he up seas, and he eates up flocks,  
 He justles Ilands, and he shakes firme rockes.  
 Now in a roomfull house this Soule doth floate,  
 And like a Prince she sends her faculties  
 To all her limbes, distant as Provinces.  
 The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate  
 Parched, since first launch'd forth his living boate,  
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction  
 Nearest; There's no pause at perfection,  
 Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.

## XXXV.

**T**WO little fishes, whom he never harm'd,  
 Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd  
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe  
 Good to themselves by his death: they did not eate  
 His flesh, nor suck those oyls, which thence outstreat,  
 Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe  
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,  
 But that they fishes were, and could not speake.  
 How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,  
 If wretches can on them the comon anger wreak?

XXXVI.

## XXXVI.

**T**He flail-finnd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-  
Onely attempt to doe, what all doe with. (fish  
The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins;  
The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,  
And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe  
Begins to sinke; the sword-fish upward spins,  
And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes  
So well the one, his sword the other plies,  
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dies, (panies.  
And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all com-

## XXXVII.

**VV**Ho will revenge his death, or who will call  
Those to account, that thought and wrought  
The heirs of slain kings, we see are often so (his fals  
Transported with the joy of what they get,  
That they, revenge and obsequies forget,  
Nor will against such men the people goe,  
Because he's now dead, to whom they should shew  
Love in that act. Some kings by vice being growne  
So needy of subjects love, that of their own shewne.  
They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince  
XXXVIII.

## XXXVIII.

**T**His Soule now free from prison, and passion,  
 Hath yet a little indignation  
 That so small hammers should so soone downe beat  
 So great a castle. And having for her house  
 Got the streight cloyster of a wretched mouse  
 (As basest men, that have not what to eate,  
 Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great  
 Than they, who good repos'd estates possesse) (lesse  
 This Soule, late taught that great things might by  
 Be slain, to gallant mischiefe doth her selfe addresse.

## XXXIX.

**N**atures great master-peece, an Elephant,  
 The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant  
 Of beasts; who thought none had, to make him wise,  
 But to be just, and thankfull, loth t'offend  
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)  
 Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,  
 And foe to none, suspects no enemies,  
 Still sleeping stood; vext not his fantasie  
 Blacke dreames, like an unbent bow carelesly  
 His sinewy Proboscis did remissly lie.

XL.

**I**N which as in a gallery this mouse  
Walk'd, & survey'd the roomes of this vast house,  
And to the braine, the soules bed-chamber, went,  
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town  
Cleane undermin'd, the slaine beast tumbled downe,  
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent  
To kill, not scape; for, onely he that meant  
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,  
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:  
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

**N**Ext, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne  
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help (whelp  
To issue. It could kill, as soone as goe:  
Abel, as white, and milde as his sheep were,  
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdoms, there  
Was the first type) was still infested so,  
With this wolfe, that it bred his lesse and woe;  
And yet his bitch, his sentinell attends  
The flock so neare, so well warns and defends, (tends,  
That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her in,

XLII.

## X L I I.

**H**E tooke a course, which since, successefully,  
 Great men have often taken, to espie  
 The counsels, or to breake the plots of foes,  
 To *Abels* tent he stealeth in the darke,  
 On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could barke,  
 Attach'd her with streight gripes, yet he call'd those,  
 Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,  
 Where deeds move more than words; nor doth shee  
 Nor much resist, nor needs he streighten so (show,  
 His prey, for, were she loose, she would nor bark,  
 (nor goe.

## X L I I I.

**H**E hath ingag'd her; his, she wholly bides;  
 Who not her owne, none others secrets hides.  
 If to the flock he come, and *Abel* there,  
 She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,  
 Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.  
 At last a trap, of which some every where  
*Abel* had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,  
 By the Wolves death; and now just time it was  
 That a quick soule should give life to that masse  
 Of blood in *Abels* bitch, and thither this did passe.

X L I V.

XLIV.

SOME have their wives, their sisters some begot,  
But in the lives of Emperours you shall not  
Reade of a lust, the which may equall this;  
This Wolfe begot him selfe, and finished  
What he began alive, when he was dead,  
Sonne to him selfe, and father too, he is  
A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse  
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay  
In *Abels* tent, and with soft *Moaba*,  
His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV.

HE soone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,  
And *Abel* (the dam dead) would use this new  
For the field, being of two kindes thus made,  
He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,  
And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey.  
Five yeares he liv'd, and cozened with his trade,  
Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid  
Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,  
From dogs, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;  
And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI.



## X L V I.

**I**T quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so  
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe  
 From tent to tent, and with the Children play,  
 His organs now so like theirs he doth finde,  
 That why he cannot laugh and speake his minde,  
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay  
 With *Adams* first daughter *Siphatecia*,  
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,  
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,  
 And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was.

## X L V I I.

**H**E was the first that more desir'd to have  
 One than another; first that ere did crave  
 Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;  
 First that could make love faces, or could doe  
 The velters somber salts, or us'd to wooe  
 With hoiting gambols, his owne bones to breake  
 To make his Mistris merry; or to wreake  
 Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde  
 They easily doe, that can let feed their mind (do finde  
 With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes & beasts

X L V I I I.

XLVIII.

**B**y this misled, too low things men have prov'd,  
 And too high; beasts and angels have been lov'd;  
 This Ape, though else through vain, in this was wise,  
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way  
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay;  
 His toyes prevaile not, likewise meanes he tries,  
 He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,  
 And up lifts subely with his russet pawe  
 Her kidskin apron without feare or awe (law.  
 Of nature; nature hath no goale, though she hath

XLIX.

**F**irst she was silly and knew not what he meant,  
 That vertue, by his touches chaste and spent,  
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,  
 She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,  
 And willing halfe and more, more then halfe wroth,  
 Shee neither pull nor pushes, but out-right  
 Now eries, and now repents; when *Thelemme*  
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw  
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew. (new  
 This house thus batter'd down, the soule posselt a

Y

L.

## L.

**A**ND whether by this change she lose or win (in,  
 She comes out next, where th'Ape wold have gone  
*Adam* and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now  
 Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe  
 Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become  
 A spongic liver, that did richly allow,  
 Like a free conduit, on a high hills brow,  
 Life-keeping moysture unto every part,  
 Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,  
 Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits doe impart.

## L I.

**A**Nother part became the well of sense,  
 The tender well arm'd feeling brain, frō whence,  
 Those sinewy strings which doe our bodies tie,  
 Are ravel'd out, and fast there by one end,  
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend,  
 And now they joyn'd, keeping some qualitie  
 Of every past shape; she knew treachery,  
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough  
 To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,  
 Sister and wife to *Caine*, *Cain* that first did plow.

L II.

WHO ere thou beest that read'st this sullen Writ,  
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it;  
Let me arrest thy thoughts, wonder with me,  
Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,  
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,  
By curst *Caines* race invented be,  
And blest *Seth* yext us with Astronomy.  
There's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,  
Of every qualitie Comparison,  
The onely measure is, and judge, Opinion.

*The end of the Progresse of the Soule.*

## HOLY SONNETS.

*La Corona.*

- (praise)
1. **D**Eigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and  
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,  
Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasure,  
All changing unchang'd Ancient of dayes,  
But doe not with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,  
Reward my Muses white sinceritie,

Y 3

But

But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,  
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes;  
 The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our  
 For at our ends begins our endlesse rest, (ends,  
 The first last end, now zealously possesse,  
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.  
 'Tis time that heart and voyce be lifted high,  
*Salvation to all that will is nigh.*

## ANNUNTIATION.

2 *Salvation to all that will is nigh,*  
 That All, which alwayes is all every where,  
 Which cannot sinne, and yet all finnes must beare,  
 Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,  
 Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lie  
 In prison, in thy wombe; and though hee there  
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet hee'll weare  
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may  
 Ere by the spheares time was created thou (trie,  
 Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,  
 Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yea thou art now  
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,  
 Thou' hast light in darke, and shutt'st in little roome,  
*Immensitie cloyster'd in thy deare wombe.*

## NATIVITIE.

3 *Immensitie cloyster'd in thy deare wombe,*  
 Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,  
 There he hath made himselfe to his intent  
 Weake enough, now into our world to come;

But oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome?  
Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,  
Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent  
Th'effects of *Herods* jealous generall doome.  
Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eye, how he  
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?  
Was not his pittie towards thee wondrous high,  
That would have need to be pittied By thee?  
Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,  
*Wuh his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.*

TEMPLE.

4 *With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe,*  
*Joseph* turne backe; see where your child doth sit,  
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,  
Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;  
The Word but lately could not speake, and loe  
It suddenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,  
That all which was, and all which should be writ,  
A shallow seeming childe, should deeply know?  
His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,  
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse,  
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,  
With the Sunne to begin his businesse,  
He in his ages morning thus began,  
*By miracles exceeding power of man.*

CRUCIFYING.

5 *By miracles exceeding power of man,*  
He faith in some, envie in some begat,

For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;  
 In both affections many to him ranne,  
 But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can,  
 Alas, and doe, unto the immaculate,  
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,  
 Measuring selfe-lives infinitie to span,  
 Nay to an inch. Loc, where condemned he  
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by  
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die.  
 Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,  
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,  
*Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.*

## RESURRECTION.

*6 Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule,*  
 Shall (though thee now be in extreme degree  
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly.) be  
 Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard or foule;  
 And life by this death abled, shall controule  
 Death, whom thy death, slue; nor shall to me  
 Feare of first or last death bring miserie,  
 If in thy life booke my name thou enroule,  
 Flesh in that long sleepe is not putrified,  
 But made that there, of which, and for which t'was;  
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified.  
 May then sinnes sleep and death soone from me passe,  
 That wak't from both, I againe risen may  
*Salute the last, and everlasting day.*



## ASCENSION.

*7 Salute the last and everlasting day,*  
 Ioy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,  
 Yee whose true teares, or tribulation  
 Have purely washt, or burnt your droffie clay;  
 Behold the Highest parting hence away,  
 Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,  
 Nor doth he by ascending, shew alone,  
 But first he, and he first enters the way.  
 O strong Ramm, which hast batter'd heaven for me,  
 Mild lamb wch with thy blood hast mark'd the path;  
 Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,  
 Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath,  
 And if thy holy Spirit my Muse did raise,  
*Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer & praise.*

---

*Holy Sonnets.*

I.

**T**Hou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?  
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,  
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,  
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday,  
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,  
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast  
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste

By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh ;  
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee  
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe ;  
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine,  
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art  
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

## I I.

**A**S due by many titles I resigne  
 My selfe to thee, O God. First I was made  
 By thee ; and for thee, and when I was decay'd  
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine,  
 I am thy Sonne, made with thy selfe to shine,  
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,  
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and till I betray'd  
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine ;  
 Why doth the devill then usurpe on me ?  
 Why doth he steale nay ravish that's thy right ?  
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,  
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I shall see  
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not chuse  
 And Satan hates me, yet is loath to lose me. (me,

## III.

**O** Might those sighes and teares returne againe  
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,  
 That I might in this holy discontent  
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;  
 In mine Idolatry what showers of raine  
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?  
 That sufferance was my sinne I now repent,  
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine,  
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, & night-scouting thiefe,  
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud  
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe  
 Of comming ills. Po (poore) me is allow'd  
 No ease; for long, yet vehement grieve hath beene  
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

## IV.

**O** H my black Soule now thou art summoned  
 By sicknesse, deaths herald and champion;  
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done  
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence he is fled,  
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,  
 Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;

But

But damn'd and hal'd to execution,  
 Wissheth that still he might be imprisoned ;  
 Yet grace if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;  
 But who shall give thee that grace to begin ?  
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning black,  
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne ;  
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might  
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

---

## V.

**I** Am a little world made cunningly  
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,  
 But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night  
 My worlds both parts, and ( oh ) both parts must die,  
 You which beyond that heavē which was most high  
 Have found new sphears, and of new land can write,  
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might  
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,  
 Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more :  
 But oh it must be burnt, alas the fire  
 Of lust and envie burnt it heretofore,  
 And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,  
 And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale  
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

**T**His is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint  
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race  
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,  
My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,  
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoynt  
My body and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,  
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,  
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt :  
Then as my soule, to heaven her first seat, takes flight,  
And earth-borne body in the earth shall dwell,  
So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,  
To where they are bred, and would presse me to hell.  
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,  
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

VII.

**A**T the round earths imagin'd corners, blow  
Your trumpets; Angels, and arise, arise  
From death, you numberlesse infinities  
Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,  
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'rthrow,  
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,  
Despaire, law, chance hath slain, and you, whose eies  
Shall,

Shall behold God, and never taste deaths woe,  
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and me mourne a space,  
 For, if above all these my sinnes abound,  
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,  
 When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,  
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good  
 As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

## VIII.

**I**F faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd  
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,  
 And adds this even to full felicitie,  
 That valiantly I held wide mouth o'rstride :  
 But if our mindes to these soules be descri'd  
 By circumstances, and by signes that be  
 Apparent in us not immediately,  
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?  
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,  
 And stile blasphemous Conjurers to call  
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall  
 Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne  
 O penfive soule, to God, for he knowes best  
 Thy grieve, for he put it into my brest.

## IX.

**I**F poysons minerals, and if that tree,  
 Whose fruit threw death on (else immortall) us,  
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious  
 Cannot be damn'd, alas, why should I be?  
 Why should intent or reason, borne in me,  
 Make sinnes, else equall, in me more hainous?  
 And mercy being easie, and glorious  
 To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens he?  
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee?  
 O God, oh! of thine onely worthy blood,  
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethæan flood,  
 And drowne in it my sinnes black memory;  
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,  
 I thinke it mercy if thou wilt forget.

## X.

**D**Eath be not proud, though some have called thee  
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,  
 For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,  
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy picture be,  
 Much pleasure thē from thee, much more must flow,  
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,

Rest



Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie (men,  
 Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate  
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
 And poppy, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then,  
 One short sleepe past, we wake eternally,  
 And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die.

## X I.

SPit in my face you Lewes, and pierce my side,  
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie me,  
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely he,  
 Who could doe no iniquitie, hath dyed :  
 But by my death can not be satisfied  
 My sinnes, which passe the Lewes impietie :  
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I  
 Crucifie him daily being now glorified.  
 O let me then his strange love still admire:  
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.  
 And *Iacob* came cloath'd in vile harsh attire,  
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent :  
 God cloath'd himselfe in vile mans flesh, that so  
 He might be weake enough to suffer woe.

## XII.

**W**hy are we by all creatures waited on ?  
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply  
 Life and food to me, being more pure than I,  
 Simpler and further from corruption ?  
 Why brook'st thou ignorant horse, subjection ?  
 Why dost thou bull, and bore so seelily  
 Dissemble weaknesse, and by one mans stroke die,  
 Whose whole kinde you might swallow & feed upō?  
 Weaker I am, woe is me, and worse than you,  
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,  
 But wonder at a greater, for to us  
 Created nature doth these things subdue  
 But their Creator, 'whom sinne, nor nature tyed,  
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

## XIII.

**W**hat if this present were the worlds last night?  
 Marke in my heart, ô Soule, where thou dost  
 The picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell (dwell,  
 Whether his countenance can thee affright,  
 Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,  
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head  
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell, (fell.  
 Which

Which pray'd forgivenesse for his foes fierce spight  
 No, no; but as in my idolatrie  
 I said to all my profane mistresses,  
 Beautie, of pitie, foulness onely is  
 A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,  
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,  
 This beauteous forme assumes a piteous minde.

---

## XIV.

**B**atter my heart, three person'd God; for, you  
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, & seeke to mend;  
 That I may rise, and stand, o'rthrow me, 'and bend  
 Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
 I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,  
 Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.  
 Reason your Viceroy in me, me should defend,  
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue,  
 Yet dearly 'I love you', and would be lov'd faine,  
 But am betroth'd unto your enemy,  
 Divorce me, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,  
 Take me to you, imprison me, for I  
 Except you' enthrall me, never shall be free,  
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

**W**ilt thou love God as he thee ! then digest,  
 My Soule, this wholesome meditation,  
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on,  
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest,  
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest,  
 And still begetting, ( for he ne'r begun )  
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,  
 Coheire to 'his glory, and Sabbaths endlesse rest.  
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde  
 His stolne stufte sold, must lose or buy it againe;  
 The Sunne of glory came downe, and was slaine,  
 Vs whom he 'had made, and Satan stole, to unbinde.  
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,  
 But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

**F**ather, part of his double interest  
 Vnto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to me,  
 His joynture in the knottie Trinitie  
 He keeps, and gives to me his deaths conquest.  
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath  
 Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he ( blest,  
 Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie  
 Of his and thy Kingdome, thy Sonnes invest,  
 Yet such are these lawes, that men argue yet  
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfil;

None doth ; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit  
 Revive againe what law and letter kill.  
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command  
 Is all but love ; O let this last Will stand !

---

*On the blessed Virgin Mary.*

**I**N that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free  
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,  
 When in their mothers wombe they life receive,  
 God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.

To match thee like thy births nobilitie,  
 He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,  
 By whom thou didst his onely sonne conceive,  
 And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe  
 To glory in the Pompe of earthly things ; ( weare,  
 If men such high respects unto you beare,  
 Which daughters, wives, & mothers are of Kings,  
 What honour can unto that Queene be done  
 Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne )

---

*The Crosse.*

**S**INCE Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I  
 His image, th' image of his Crosse deny ?  
 Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,  
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise ?

It bore all other finnes, but is it fit  
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?  
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,  
 How would he flie his paines, who there did die?  
 From me, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,  
 Nor scandall taken shall this Crosse withdraw,  
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse  
 Of this Crosse, were to me another Crosse;  
 Better were worse, for no affliction  
 No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none;  
 Who can blot out the Crosse, which th' instrument  
 Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?  
 Who can deny me power, and libertie  
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?  
 Swimme, and at every stroke thou art thy crosse.  
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas doe toll;  
 Looke downe, thou spiest out crosses in small things;  
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;  
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else  
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.  
 Materiall crosses then, good physick bee,  
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignitie.  
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,  
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;  
 Then are you your owne Physick, or need none,  
 When Still'd or purged by tribulation:  
 For when that crosse ungrudg'd, unto you sticks,  
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe  
 As perchance, Carvers doe not faces make,  
 But that away which hid them there, doe take:  
 Let Crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,  
 And be his Image, or not his, but hee.

But, as oft, Alchimists doe Coyners prove,  
So may a selfe-despising, get selfe-love.  
And then, as worst surfets of best meates be,  
So is pride, issued from humilitie,  
For 'tis no childe, but monster; therefore Crosse  
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse,  
And crosse thy senses, else both they, and thou  
Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.  
For if the eye seeke good objects, and will take  
No crosse from bad, we cannot scape a snake.  
So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest  
Make them indifferent; all, nothing best.  
But most the eye needs crossing, that can come,  
And move: To th'others objects must come home.  
And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone  
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.  
Crosse those detorsions, when it downward tends,  
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.  
And as the braine through bony wals doth vent  
By Sutures, which a Crosses forme present:  
So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,  
Crosse and correct concupiscence of wit.  
Be covetous of crosses, let none fall.  
Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all.  
Then doth the crosse of Christ worke faithfully  
Within our hearts, when we love harmlesly  
The Crosses pictures much, and with more care  
That Crosses children, which our crosses are.



*Psalm 137.*

**I.**

**BY** Euphrates flowry side  
 We did bide,  
 From deare Iuda farre absented,  
 Tearing the aire with our cries,  
 And our eyes,  
 With their streams his stream augmented.

**II.**

When poore Sions dolefull state,  
 Desolate;  
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,  
 And the Temple spoil'd, which wee  
 Neare should see,  
 To our mirthlesse mindes we call'd:

**III.**

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,  
 Vp we hung  
 On greene willowes neere beside us,  
 Where, we sitting all forlorne;  
 Thus, in scorn,  
 Our proud Spoylers 'gan deride us.

**Z 3**

**IV.**

## I V.

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,  
 And your groanes  
 Vnder Syons ruines burie;  
 Tune your harps, and sing us Layes  
 In the praise  
 Of your God, and let's be merry,

## V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes?  
 And our groanes  
 Vnder Syons ruines burie?  
 Can we in this Land sing Layes  
 In the praise  
 Of our God, and here be merry?

## V I.

No; deare Syon, if I yet  
 Doe forget  
 Thine affliction miserable,  
 Let my nimble joynts become  
 Stiffe and numme,  
 To touch warbling harpe unable.

## V I I.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,  
 Let it still

To my parched rooffe be glewed,  
If in either harpe or voyce

I rejoyce,  
Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edôm's traiterous kinde,

Beare in minde.

In our ruines how they revell'd,

Sacke, kill, burne, they cry'd out still,

Sacke, burne, kill,

Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tyde

Of thy pride

Now a flowing, growes to turning;

Victor now, shall then be thrall,

And shall fall

To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.

Happy he who shall thee waste,

As thou hast

Vs, without all mercy, wasted,

And shall make thee taste and see

What poore we

By thy meanes have seene and tasted.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes  
 From the armes  
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,  
 'Gainst the wals shall dash their bones,  
 Ruthlesse stones  
 With their braines and blood besmearing.

---

*Resurrection, Imperfect.*

Sleep sleep old Sunne, thou canst not have repast  
 As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last;  
 Sleep then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,  
 A better Sunne rose before thee to day,  
 Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell  
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,  
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,  
 As at thy presence here, our fires grow pale.  
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now  
 Hastning to Heaven, would, that he might allow  
 Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,  
 For these three dayes become a mincrall;  
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose  
 All tincture, and doth not alone dispose  
 Leaden and iron wils to good, but is  
 Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his.  
 Had one of those, whose credulous puerie  
 Thought, that a Soule one might discern and see

Goe from a body, 'at this sepulcher beene,  
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seene,  
Hee would have justly thought this body a soule,  
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

*Desunt Cetera.*

*To Sir Robert Carr.*

SIR,

**I** Presume you rather trie what you can do in me,  
than what I can doe in verse; you know my utter-  
most when it was best, and even then I did best  
when I had least truth for my subjects. In this pre-  
sent case there is so much truth as it defeats all Po-  
etry. Call therefore this paper by what name you  
will. and, if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of  
me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had  
commanded me to have waied on his body to Scot-  
land and preached there, I would have embraced the  
obligation with more alacrity; But, I thank you  
that you would command me that which I was loath  
to doe for even that hath given a tincture of merit  
to the obedience of

Your poore friend and  
servant in Christ Iesus

*I. D.*

*An*

*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquesse  
Hamylton.*

**V**V Hether that soule wch now comes up to you  
Fill any former ranke or make a new,  
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,  
Or be a name it selfe, and order more  
Than was in heaven till now; (for may not hee  
Be so, if every severall Angell be  
A kinde alone?) What ever order grow  
Greater by him in heaven, we doe not so;  
One of your orders growes by his accessse;  
But, by his losse grow all our orders lesse;  
The name of *Father, Master, Friend*, the name  
Of *Subiect* and of *Prince*, in one is lame;  
Faime mirth is damp't, and conversation black,  
The *Houshold* widdow'd, and the *Garter* slack;  
The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue;  
*Story*, a theame; and *Musicke* lacks a song.  
Blest order that hath him, the losse of him  
Gangreend all *Orders* here; all lost a limbe:  
Never made body such haste to confesse  
What a soule was; All former comelineesse  
Fled, in a minute. when the soule was gone,  
And, having lost that beautie, would have none,  
So fell our *Monasteries*, in an instant growne  
Not to lesse houses, but to heapes of stone;  
So sent his body that faire forme it wore  
Vnto the spheare of formes, and doth (before

His

His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,) Anticipate a Resurrection;  
For, as in his fame, now his soule is here,  
So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there;  
And if, faire soule, not with first *Innocents*,  
Thy station be, but with the *Penitents*,  
(And, who shall dare to aske then when I am  
Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,  
Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,  
Were black or white before in eyes of men?  
When thou remembrest what sinnes thou didst finde  
Amongst those many friends now left behinde,  
And seest such sinners as they are, with thee  
Got thither by repentance, Let it bee  
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane;  
Wish him a *David*, her a *Magdalen*.

*The Annuntiation and Passion.*

**T**Amely fraile flesh, abstaine to day; to day  
My soule eats twice, Christ hither and away,  
She sees him man, so like God made in this,  
That of them both a circle embleme is,  
Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day  
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away,  
She sees him nothing twice at once, who 'is all;  
Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall.  
Her Maker put to making, and the head  
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;  
Shee sees at once the virgin mother stay  
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.

Sad



Sad and rejoyc'd shee's scene at once, and scene  
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiftene,  
 At once a sonne is promis'd her, and gone,  
*Gabriel* gives Christ to her, He her to *John*;  
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,  
 At once receiver and the Legacie;  
 All this, and all betweenc, this day hath showne,  
 Th' Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one  
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)  
 Of the *Angels Ave*, and *consummatum est*.  
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties  
 Deales in, some times, and seldome joyning these.  
 As by the self-fix'd Pole we never doe  
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,  
 Which shoves where th' other is, and which we say  
 (Because it strays not farre) doth never stray:  
 So God by his Church, nearest to him, we know,  
 And stand firme, if we by her motion goe;  
 His Spirit, and his fiery Pillar doth  
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.  
 This Church by letting these feasts joyn, hath shewn  
 Death and conception in mankinde are one.  
 Or twas in him the same humility,  
 That he would be a man, and leave to bee:  
 Or as creation he hath made, as God.  
 With the last judgement, but one period,  
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one  
 Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone:  
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,  
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;  
 So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,  
 Would busie a life, she all this day affords.

This

This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule uplay,  
And in my life retaille it every day.

*Goodfriday, 1613. riding Westward.*

**L** Et mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,  
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,  
And as the other Spheares, by being growne  
Subject to forraigne motion, lose their owne,  
And being by others hurried every day,  
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:  
Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit  
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.  
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West,  
This day, when my Soules forme bends to th' East.  
There I should see a Sunne by rising set,  
And by that setting endlesse day beget.  
But that Christ on his Crosse, did rise and fall,  
Sinne had eternally benighted all.  
Yet were I almost be glad, I doe not see  
That spectacle of two much weight for me.  
Who sees Gods face, that is selfelife, must die;  
What a death were it then to see God die?  
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,  
It made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke.  
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,  
And tune al sphears at once, pierc'd with those holes?  
Could I behold that endlesse height which is  
Zenith to us and our Antipodes,  
Humbled below us? or that blood which is  
The seat of all our soules, if not of his,

Made

Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne  
 By God, for his apparell, ragg'd, and torne ?  
 If on these things I durst not looke, durst I  
 On his distressed mother cast mine eye,  
 Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus  
 Halfe of that sacrifice which ransom'd us ?  
 Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,  
 They are present yet unto my memory,  
 For that lookes towards them ; and thou look'st to-  
 O Saviour, as thou hang'st upō the tree ; (wards me,  
 I turne my back to thee, but to receive  
 Corrections till thy mercies bid thee leave.  
 O thinke me worth thine anger, punish me,  
 Burne off my rust, and my deformity,  
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,  
 That thou maist know me, and I'll turne my face.

---

## THE LITANIE.

### I.

#### *The FATHER.*

**F**ather of Heaven, and him, by whom  
 It, and us for it, and all else, for us  
 Thou madest and govern'st ever, come  
 And re-create me, now growne ruinous :  
 My heart is by dejection, clay,  
 And by selfe-murder, red.  
 From this red earth, ô Father, purge away  
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned  
 I may rise up from death, before I am dead.

### II.

II.

*The SONNE.*

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things;  
Sinne, and Death crept in, which were never made,  
By bearing one, tryedst with what stings  
The other could thine heritage invade;  
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,  
And crucified againe,  
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,  
But let it be by applying so thy paine,  
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine.

III.

*The HOLY GHOST.*

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I  
Am, but of mudd wals, and condensed dust,  
And being sacrilegiously  
Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,  
Must with new stormes be weather beate;  
Double in my heart thy flame,  
Which let devout sad teares intend; and let  
(Though this glasse Lanthorne, flesh, doe suffer  
Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same. (maime,)

IV.

*The TRINITY.*

O Blessed glorious Trinitie,  
Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,

Which

Which, as wise serpents diversly  
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,  
 As you distinguish'd undistinct  
 By power, love, knowledge bee,  
 Give me such selfe different instinct,  
 Of these let all mee elemented be,  
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

## V.

*The Virgin MARY.*

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,  
 Whose flesh redeem'd us, That she-Cherubin,  
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made  
 One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne,  
 Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there  
 God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,  
 Our zealous thanks we poure. As her deeds were  
 Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue  
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you.

## VI.

*The Angels.*

And since this life our nonage is,  
 And we in Wardship to thine Angels be,  
 Native in heavens faire Palaces  
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,  
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,  
 Yeelds faire diversitie,  
 Yet never knowes what course that light doth run?

So let me study that mine actions be  
Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see;

VII.

*The Patriarchs.*

And let thy Patriarchs Desire  
(Those great Grandfathers of thy church, which saw  
More in the cloud, than we in fire,  
Whom Nature clear'd men, that us grace and law,  
And now in heaven still pray, that we  
May use our new helps right,)  
Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in me;  
Let not my minde be blinder by more light  
Nor Faith by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII.

*The Prophets.*

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,  
(Which were thy Churches Organs, and did sound  
That harmony which made of two  
One law, and did unite, but not confound;  
Those heavenly Poets which did see  
Thy will, and it expresse  
In rythmick feete ) in common pray for me,  
That I by them excuse not my excesse  
In seeking secrets, or Poëtiqness.

IX.

## IX.

*The Apostles.*

And thy illustrious Zodiack  
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,  
 (From whom whosoever doe not take  
 Their light, to dark deep pits, thrown down do fall)  
 As through their prayers, thou hast let me know  
 That their bookes are divine;  
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe  
 Th'old broad way in applying; O decline  
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

## X.

*The Martyrs.*

And since thou so desirously  
 Did'st long to die, that long before thou couldst,  
 And long since thou no more couldst die,  
 Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst  
 In *Abel* die, and ever since  
 In thine; let their blood come  
 To beg for us, a discreet patience  
 Of death, or of worse life: for oh, to some  
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome.

## X I.

*The Confessors.*

Therefore with thee triumpheth there  
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,

Whole



Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were;  
Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:  
They know, and pray, that we may know;  
In every Christian  
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow,  
Tentations martyr us alive; A man  
Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

*The Virgins.*

The cold white snowy Nunnery,  
Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbess, sent  
In their bodies backe againe to thee,  
As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,  
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,  
That or thy Church or I  
Should keep, as they, our first integritie;  
Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,  
And call chaste widowhead Virginitie.

XIII.

*The Doctors.*

The sacred Academ above  
Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught  
Both bookes of life to us ( for love  
To know thy Scriptures tels us, we are wrote  
In thy other booke ) pray for us there,  
That what they have misdane  
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere,

A 2 2

Their

Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne  
Meane wayes, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

## X I V.

And whil' st this universall Quire,  
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,  
Warm d with one all-partaking fire  
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,  
Prayes ceaselesly, 'and thou hearken too  
(Since to be gracious  
Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe )  
Heare this prayer Lord, ô Lord deliver us  
From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out  
(thus,

## X V.

From being anxious, or secure,  
Dead clouds of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,  
From thinking, that great courts immure  
All, or no happinesse, or that this earth  
Is onely for our prison fram'd,  
Or that thou art covetous  
To them whom thou lovest, or that they are maim'd  
Frô reaching this worlds sweets, who seek thee thus,  
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger, to be good,  
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,  
 From trusting so much to thy blood,  
 That in that hope, we wound our soule away,  
 From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse  
 Some sinne more burdenous,  
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,  
 From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus  
 Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,  
 By our connivence, or slack company,  
 From measuring ill by vitious,  
 Neglecting to choake sinnes spawne, Vanitie,  
 From indiscreet humilitie,  
 Which might be scandalous,  
 And cast reproach on Christianitie;  
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,  
 From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy discent  
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place

Of middle kind ; and thou being sent  
 To ungracious us, staid'st at her full of grace ;  
 And through thy poore birth, where first  
 Glorified'st Povertie, (thou  
 And yet soone after riches didst allow,  
 By accepting Kings gifts in th' Epiphanie,  
 Deliver, and make us, to both wayes free.

## XIX.

And through that bitter agony,  
 Which still is th' agonie of pious wits,  
 Disputing what distorted thee,  
 And interrupted evennesse, with fits ;  
 And through thy free confession,  
 Though thereby they were then  
 Made blinde , so that thou might'st from them have  
 Good Lord deliver us, and teach us, when (gone,  
 Wee may not, and wee may blinde unjust men.

## XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes  
 Thy face, thy robes to spoyle, thy fame to scorne,  
 All wayes, which rage, or Iustice knowes,  
 And by wch thou couldst shew, that thou wast borne,  
 And through thy gallant humblenesse  
 Which thou in death didst show,  
 Dying before thy soule they could expresse,  
 Deliver us from death, by dying so,  
 To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

## XXI.

X X I.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,  
We arme against thee, and they fight for sinne :  
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre,  
And worke despaire a breach to enter in :  
When plenty, Gods Image, and seale,  
Makes us Idolatrous,  
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale :  
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious  
Onely to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

X X I I.

In Churches, when th'infirmities  
Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,  
When Magistrates doe mis-apply  
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,  
When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,  
Or warres, thy Champions, sway,  
When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines,  
In th'houre of death, the Eve of last judgement day,  
Deliver us from the sinister way.

X X I I I.

Heare us, O heare us Lord ; to thee  
A sinner is more musique, when he prayes,  
Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,  
In Panegyrique Allelujaes ;  
Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord,

We know not what to say. (and word.  
Thine eare to our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voyce  
O Thou, who Satan heard'st in *Jobs* sick day,  
Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

## XXIV.

That we may change to evenesse  
This intermitting aguish Pietie,  
That snatching cramps of wickednesse  
And Apoplexies of fast sinne, may die;  
That musick of thy promises,  
Not threats in Thunder may  
Awaken us to our just offices;  
What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say, I  
That we may heare, Lord heare us when we pray.

## XXV.

That our eares sicknesse me may cure,  
And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,  
That we by harkning, not procure  
Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite,  
That we get not a slipperinesse  
And senselesly decline,  
From hearing bold wits yeast at Kings Excesse,  
To admit the like of majestic divine,  
That we may lock our eares, Lord open thine.

## XXVI.

## XXVI.

That living law, the Magistrate,  
Which to give us, and make us physick, doth  
Our vices often aggravate,  
That preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,  
That Satan, and invenom'd men  
Which will, if we starve, dine,  
When they doe most accuse us, may see then  
Vs to amendment heare them; thee decline;  
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

## XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassadour,  
From thine allegiance we never tempt,  
That beauty, paradises flower  
For Physick made, from poyson be exempt,  
That wit, borne apt, high good to doe,  
By dwelling lazily  
On Natures nothing be not nothing too,  
That our affections kill us not, nor die,  
Heare us, weake echoes, o thou eate, and crie,

## XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou  
By taking our blood, owest it us againe,  
Gaine to thy selfe, and us allow;  
And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine;  
O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne  
Which



Which could not stick to thee,  
 O let it not returne to us againe,  
 But Patient and Phyſician being free,  
 As ſin is nothing, let it no where be.

*Vpon the translation of the Pſalmes by  
 Sir Philip Sydney, and the Counteſſe of  
 Pembroke his Siſter.*

**E**Ternall God, (for whom who ever dare  
 Seeke new expreſſions, doe the Circle ſquares,  
 And thruſt into ſtrait corners of poore wit  
 Thee, who art cornerleſſe and infinite)  
 I would but bleſſe thy Name, not name thee now;  
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou : )  
 Fixe we our prayſes therefore on this one,  
 That, as thy bleſſed Spirit fell upon  
 Theſe Pſalmes firſt Author in a cloven tongue;  
 (For 'twas a double power by which he ſung  
 The higheſt matter in the nobleſt forme;) )  
 So thou haſt cleſt that ſpirit, to performe  
 That worke againe, and ſhed it, here, upon  
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;  
 A Brother and a Siſter, made by thee  
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.  
 Two that make one *Iohn Baptiſts* holy voyce,  
 And who that Pſalme, *Now let the Iles reioyce,*  
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,  
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe.  
 They ſhew us Ilanders our joy, our King,  
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to ſing.

Make

Make all this All, 3 Quires, heaven earth, & sphears;  
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears.  
 The Sphears have Musick, but they have no tongue,  
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;  
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives care,  
 (For, Angels learn by what the Church does heare)  
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee  
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:  
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse  
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Iewes:  
 And *David's* Successors in holy zeale,  
 In formes of joy and art do re-reveale  
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too,  
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe  
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become  
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,  
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,  
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill  
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present  
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?  
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King  
 More hearse, more harsh than any other, sing?  
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,  
 Which, by thy *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is  
 Already done; and as those Psalmes we call  
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all:  
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes  
 We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate, (translate,  
 And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,  
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,  
 Who hath translated those translators) may  
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way

Be as our tuning, that when hence we part  
We may fall in with them, and sing our part:

*The spirit have I think, but they have not the tune.*

*But our tune is such, that the Church doth care.*  
*(For Angels sing by what the Church doth care.)*

1. **V**Engance will sit above our faults; but till  
She there doth sit,  
We see *her* not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet still  
We leade her way; and thus, whil'st we doe ill,  
We suffer it.

2. Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware  
Of doing ill.  
Enough we labour under age, and care;  
In number, th'errours of the last place, are  
The greatest still.

3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin  
As soone repent,  
(Strāge thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,  
But past us, neither felt, but onely in  
The punishment.

4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews  
Our mindes so store,  
That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose  
But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes  
Himselfe, knowes more.

*I. D.*

*To*

*To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders.*

**T**Hou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now  
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,  
Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,  
Not an impediment, but victory;  
What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind  
Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde  
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele  
Tought with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?  
Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,  
For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,  
Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine  
Of noble goods. and with lesse time and paine?  
Thou art the same materials, as before,  
Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.  
And as new crowned Kings alter the face,  
But not the monies substance; so hath grace  
Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,  
To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;  
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because  
They beare Gods message and proclaime his lawes,  
Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,  
Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?  
Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew  
What thy advantage is above, below.  
But if thy gainings doe surmount expression,  
Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,  
Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit  
That Gentry should joyne families with it?

As

As if their day were onely to be spent  
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement;  
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust  
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust; (gay,  
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though  
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)  
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect,  
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect.  
 What function is so noble, as to be  
 Embassadour to God, and destinie?  
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more  
 Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore?  
*Maries* prerogative was to beare Christ, so  
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe  
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake;  
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.  
 If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spie  
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,  
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can  
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?  
 These are thy titles and preheminences,  
 In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences,  
 And so the heavens which beget all things here,  
 And the earth our mother, which these things doth  
 Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit. (beare  
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

---

*A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors last going  
into Germany.*

IN what torne ship so ever I embarke,  
 That ship shall bee my embleme of thy Arke;

What

What sea soever swallow me, that flood  
 Shall be to me an embleme of thy blood;  
 Though thou with clouds of anger doe disguise  
 Thy face, yet through that maske I know those eyes,  
 Which, though they turne away sometimes,  
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,  
 And all whom I love here, and who love me;  
 When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,  
 Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.  
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below  
 In winter, in my winter now I goe,  
 Where none but thee, th'Eternall root  
 Of true love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule  
 The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,  
 But thou wouldst have that love thy selfe: as thou  
 Art jealous, Lord; so I am jealous now,  
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free  
 My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:  
 Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,  
 Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,  
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;  
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be  
 On Face, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.  
 Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:  
 To see God onely, I goe out of sight:  
 And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse  
 An everlasting night.

*On the Sacrament.*

**H**E was the Word that spake it,  
 He tooke the bread and brake it;  
 And what that Word did make it,  
 I doe beleeve and take it.

*The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the most part  
 according to Tremellius.*

## CHAP. I.

1. **H**OW fits this citie, late most populous,  
 Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus?  
 Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces  
 She was, who now thus tributary is?
2. Still in the night she weeps, and her teares fall  
 Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all  
 Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously  
 Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.
3. Vnto great bondage, and afflictions,  
 Iudah is captive led: These Nations  
 With whom she dwels, no place of rest afford,  
 In streights she meets her Persecutors sword.
4. Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her wayes  
 Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.  
 Her Priests doe groane, her maids are comfortlesse,  
 And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.

5. Her



5. Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,  
Because when her transgressions did increase,  
The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th' enemy  
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6. From Sions daughter is all beautie gone,  
Like Harts which seeke for Pasture, and finde none,  
Her Princes are: and now before the foe  
Which still pursues them, without strength they goe.

7. Now in their dayes of Teares, Ierusalem  
(Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)  
Remembers what of old she esteemed most,  
Whiles her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

8. Ierusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is shee  
Remov'd, as women in uncleannesse be;  
Who honour'd, scorne her, for her foulnesse they  
Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.

9. Her foulnesse in her skirts was seene, yet she  
Remembred not her end; Miraculously  
Therefore she fell, none comforting: Behold  
O Lord my affliction, for the foe growes bold.

10. Vpon all things where her delight hath beene,  
The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for she hath seene  
Heathen, whom thou commandst, should not doe so,  
Into her holy Sanctuary goe.

11. And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;  
And they have given, onely to be fed,  
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:  
How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, & weigh.

12. All this concernes not you, who passe by me,  
O see, and marke if any sorrow be  
Like to my sorrow, which Iehova hath  
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath ?

13. That fire, which by himselfe is governed  
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread  
A net before my feet, and me o'rthrowne,  
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hand hath of my sinnes framed a yoake  
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke  
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies  
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. Hee under foot hath troden in my sight  
My strong men, he did company accite  
To breake my young men, he the winepresse hath  
Trode upon Iuda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things doe I weep, mine eye, mine eye  
Casts water out ; For he which should be nigh  
To comfort me, is now departed farre ;  
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.

17. There's none, though *Sion* doe stretch out her  
To comfort her, it is the Lords command (hand  
That *Jacobs* toes girt him. *Jerusalem*  
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,  
I have rebell'd against his holy will ;  
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,  
My maids, my young men in captivitie.

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they  
Deceiv'd me, and my Priests, and Elders lay  
Dead in the Citie; for, they sought for meate (get.  
Which should refresh their soules, and none could

20. Because I am in streights, *Jehova* see  
My heart o'turn'd, my bowels muddy be,  
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast  
The sword without, as death within, doth wast.

21. Of all which here I mourne, none comforts me,  
My foes have heard my grieffe, and glad they be,  
That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day  
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee,  
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,  
For all my finnes: The sighes which I have had  
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1. **H**OW over Sions daughter hath God hung  
His wraths thick cloud? and from heaven hath  
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath (sung  
Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath?

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed  
All *Jacobs* dwellings, and demolished  
To ground the strength of *Juda*, and prophan'd  
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the Land.

3. In heat of wrath the horne of Israel hee  
Hath cleane cut off, and lest the enemy.

Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,  
But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemie he bent his bow,  
His right-hand was in posture of a foe,  
To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,  
'Gainst whom his wrath, he powred forth, like fire.

5. For like an enemy *Jehova* is,  
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,  
Destroying holds, giving additions  
To *Juda's* daughters lamentations.

6. Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe  
The place where was his congregation,  
And *Sions* feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;  
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.

7. The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests  
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hands rests  
His Palace, and the wals, in which their cries  
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound  
And leuell *Sions* walls unto the ground,  
He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturne  
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne,

9. The gates are funke into the ground, and he  
Hath broke the barre; their King and Princes be  
Amongst the Heathen, without law, nor there  
Vnto their Prophet; doth the Lord appeare.

10. There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd,  
And silence keep; Dust on their heads they cast,

In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low  
The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are growne muddy, and mine eyes  
Are faint with weeping : and my liver lies  
Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie,  
That sucking children in the streets doe die.

12. When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where  
Shall we have bread, and drinke, they fainted there  
And in the streete like wounded persons lay  
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

13. *Daughter Jerusalem*, Oh what may bee  
A witnesse, or comparifon for thee ?  
*Sion*, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee ?  
Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee ?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy Prophets sought,  
Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,  
Which might disturne thy bondage : but for thee  
False burthens, and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse  
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this  
That city, which so many men did call  
Ioy of the earth, and perfectest of all ?

16. Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,  
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devour we this,  
For this is certainly the day which wee  
Expected, and which now we finde, and see.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed,  
Fulfill'd his word of old determined ;

He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe  
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now, their hearts unto the Lord doe call,  
Therefore, O wals of *Sion*, let teares fall  
Downe like a river, day and night ; take thee  
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, powre out thy sinnes,  
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins ;  
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,  
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lie.

20 Behold O Lord, consider unto whom  
Thou hast done this ; what shall the women come  
To eate their children of a spanne ? shall thy  
Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary ?

21. On ground in streets the young and old doe lie,  
My virgins and young men by sword doe die ;  
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,  
Nothing did thee from killing them containe.

22. As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd  
Thou call'st about me ; when thy wrath appear'd,  
None did remaine or scape , for those which I  
Brought up, did perish by mineemie.

### CHAP. III.

1. I Am the man which have affliction scene,  
Vnder the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
2. He hath led me to darknesse, not to light,
3. And against me all day, his hand doth fight.

4. He

for 4. He hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and  
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in (skin,  
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. and set me  
In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.

7 He hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more  
To my steele fetters, heavier than before,

8. Whē I cry out he outshuts my prayer: 9. And hath  
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, & turn'd my path.

10. And like a Lion hid in secrecie,  
Or Beare with lyes in waite, he was to mee.

11. He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,

12 And he makes me the marke he shooteth at.

13. He made the children of his Quiver passe  
Into my reines, 14. I with my people was  
All the day long, a song and mockery.

15. He hath fill'd me with bitternesse, and he

Hath made me drunke with wormwood. 16. He hath  
My teeth with stones, & covered me with dust. (burst

17. And thus my soule farre off from peace was set,  
And my prosperitie I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said )  
Which from the Lord should come, is perished,

19. But when my mournings I doe thinke upon,  
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My Soule is humbled in remenbring this;

21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is,

22. 'Tis Gods great mercy we are not utterly  
Consum'd, for his compassions doe not die;

B b 4

23. For



23. For every morning they renewed bee,  
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelitie.
24. The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion,  
And therefore in him will I hope alone.
25. The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,  
And to the Soule that seekes him earnestly.
26. It is both good to trust, and to attend  
The Lords salvation unto the end :
- 27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare ;  
28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,  
Because he hath borne it. 29. And his mouth he laies  
Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he staves.
30. He gives his cheekes to whoso ever will  
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
31. For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake, (take  
32. But when he hath struck with sadnesse, he doth  
Compassion, as his mercy' is infinite ;
33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,  
34. That underfoot the prisoners stamped be ;  
35. That a mans right the Iudge himselfe doth see  
To be wrung from him. 36. That he subverted is  
In his just cause, the Lord allowes not this.
37. Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,  
But that which by the Lord commanded was ?
38. Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds ;  
39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds ?  
40. Turne we to God, by trying out our wayes ;  
41. To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.
42. Wee

42. We have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,  
Thou pardon'st not 43. Vsest no clemency;  
Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath, (hath  
44. Cover'st thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer

No power to passe. 45. And thou hast made us fall  
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.

46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Feare and a snare  
With ruine, and with waste upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow  
For ruine of my peoples daughters to;

49. Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,  
50. Vntill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.

51. And for my eity daughters sake, mine eye  
Doth breake mine heart. 52. Causelesse mine enemy,  
Like a bird chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon  
They have shut my life, and cast me on a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am  
Destroy'd; 55. I called Lord, vpon thy name  
Out of the pit. 56. And thou my voyce didst heare;  
Oh from my sigh, and crie, stop not thine eare.

57. Then when I call'd vpon thee, thou drew'st neare  
Vnto me, and saidst vnto me, Doe not feare.

58. Thou Lord my soules cause handled hast, & thou  
Rescuest my life. 59. O Lord do thou judge now;

(have wrought;  
Thou heardst my wrong 60. Their vengeance all they  
61. How they reproach d, thou hast heard, and what  
(they thought,  
62. What

61. What their lips uttered, which against me rose,  
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit,

64. Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,

65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse, 66. And with thy might  
Fellow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

#### CHAP. IV.

1. **H**ow is the gold become so dimme? How is  
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?  
The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,  
Scattered in corners of each street doe lie.

2. The precious Sonnes of Sion, which should be  
Valued at purest Gold, how doe we see  
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand,  
Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand,

3. Even the Sea-calfes draw their breasts, and give  
Suck to their young; my peoples daughters live,  
By reason of the foes great crueltiesse,  
As doe the Owles in the vast wildernesse.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,  
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw,  
And when for bread the little children crie,  
There is no man that doth them satisfie.

5. They which before were delicately fed,  
Now in the streets forlorne have perished,  
And they which ever werè in scarlet cloath'd,  
Sit and embrace the dunghils which they loath'd.

6. The

6. The daughters of my people have sinned more,  
Then did the towne of Sodom sinne before;  
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine  
No hands amongst them to vexe them againe.
7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite  
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;  
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,  
And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.
8. They are darker now than blacknes, none can know  
Them by the face, as through the street they goe,  
For now their skinne doth cleave unto their bone  
And withered, is like to dry wood growne.
9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die;  
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.
10. Women by nature pitifull, have eate  
Their children (drest with their own hand) for meat.
11. *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath  
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,  
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power  
To eate, and her foundations to devoure.
12. Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which  
In the inhabitable world beleeve, (live  
That any aduersarie, any foe  
Into *Ierusalem* should enter so.
13. For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have  
Blood in the streets and the just murdered: (shed
14. Which when those men, whom they made blind,  
Thorough the streets, deiled by the way, (did stray  
With blood, the which impossible it was  
Their garment should scape touching, as they passe,
15. Would

15. Would cry aloud, Depart defiled men,  
 Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then  
 They fled, and straid, and with the Gentiles were,  
 Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell  
 16. For this they are scattered by Iehova's face (there,  
 Who never will regard them more; No grace

Vnto their old men shall the foe afford, (sword.  
 Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the  
 17. And we as yet, for all these miseries  
 Desiring our vaine help, consume our eyes :

And such a nation as cannot save,  
 We in desire and speculation have :  
 18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we feare  
 To goe : our end is now approached neare.

Our dayes accomplit are, this the last day,  
 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they  
 19. Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flie  
 At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, he  
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee  
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,  
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce ô *Edoms daughter*. joyfull be  
 Thou that inhabit'st *Vz*, for unto thee  
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenesse  
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.

22. And then thy sinnes ô *Sion*, shall be spent,  
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.  
 Thy sinnes ô *Edoms daughter*, he will see,  
 And for them, pay thee with captivity.

## CHAP. V.

1. **R**emember, o Lord, what is false on us;  
See, and mark how we are reproached thus,
2. For unto strangers our possession  
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
3. Our mothers are become as widowes, we  
As Orphans all, and without Fathers bee;
4. Waters which are our owne, we drinke and pay;  
And upon our owne wood a price they lay,
5. Our persecutors on our necks doe sit,  
They make us travaile, and not intermit,
6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians  
To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.
7. Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,  
But we doe beare the finnes they did before.
8. They are but servants, which doe rule us thus,  
Yet from their hands none would deliver us,
9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;  
For in the wilderness the sword did waite.
10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in,  
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne :
11. In *Juda's* cities they the maids abus'd  
By force, and so women in *Sion* us d.
12. The Princes with their hands they hung, no grace  
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face,
13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,  
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear,  
Gone was our joy, our dancings, mournings were.

15. Now

15. Now is the crowne false from our head; and wee  
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.

16. For this our hearts doe languish, and for this  
Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is.

17. Because mount *Sign* desolate doth lie,  
And foxes there doe goe at libertie :

18. But thou ô Lord art ever, and thy throne  
From generation, to generation.

19. Why shouldst thou forget us eternally ?  
Or leave us thus long in this miserie ?

20. Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may  
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughtest thou, ô Lord, despise us thus,

22. And to be utterly inrag'd at us ?

*On himselfe.*

**M**Y Fortune and my choice this custome break,  
When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones  
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou speake;  
In my graves inside seest what thou art now :  
Yet thou art not yet so good, till death us lay  
To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.  
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie  
Vs to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie ;  
Whilst in our soules siane bred and pamper'd is,  
Our soules become wormeaten carcases;  
So we our selves miraculously destroy.  
Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy  
Such priviledges, enabled here to scale  
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.

Heare



Heare this, and mend thy felfe, and thou mendst me,  
 By making me being dead, doe good for thee,  
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now  
 A last-sicke houre to syllables allow.

*Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse.*

SINCE I am comming to that Holy roome,  
 Where, with the Quire of Saints for evermore,  
 I shall be made thy Musique; As I come  
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,  
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before.

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne  
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie  
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne  
 That this is my South-west discoverie  
*Per fretum febris*, by these straights to die.

I joy, that in these straights, I see my West;  
 For, though those currants yeeld returne to none,  
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East  
 In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,  
 So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are  
 The Easterne riches? Is *Ierusalem*?  
*Anyan*, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltare*, (them,  
 All streights, and none but streights are wayes to  
 Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*.

We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,  
*Christs Crosse*, & *Adams tree*, stood in one place;  
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me;  
 As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,  
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,  
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;  
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,  
 Be this my Text, my sermon to mine owne,  
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

*A Hymne to God the Father.*

I.

**W**ilt thou forgive that sinne where I begun,  
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I runne,  
 And doe runne still, though still I doe deplore?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne  
 Others to sinne? and, made my sinnes their doore?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did thin  
 A yeare or two, but wallowed in, a score?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne  
 My last thred I shall perish on the shore;  
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne  
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;  
 And, having done That, thou hast done,  
 I feare no more.

*The end of the Divine Poems.*

To

TO  
THE MEMORY OF MY  
EVER DESIRED FRIEND

D O N N E.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree  
Beyond our lofty 'st flights, that is, like Thee,  
Or t' have had too much merit, is not safe;  
For, such excesses finde no Epitaph.  
At common graves we have poetique eyes  
Can melt themselves in rasso Elegies,  
Each quill can drop his tributary verse;  
And pin it, like the Hatchments to the Hearse.  
But at Thine, Poem, or Inscription,  
(Rich soule of wit, and language) we have none;  
Indeed a silence does that tombe besit,  
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.  
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear  
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here;  
Late her great Patron; Whose Prerogative  
Maintain'd and cleath'd her so, as none alive  
Must now presume to keepe her at thy rate,  
Though he the Indies for her dowre estate,  
Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne  
In thy cleare Braine; now false into thy Vaine  
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,  
Which might prophane thee by their ignorance;  
Who ever writes of Thee, and in a stile  
Vnworthy such a Theme, does but revive  
Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit  
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy sacred

Of

For

*Elegies upon the Author.*

For, all a low pitcht fanſie can deviſe,  
Will prove, at beſt, but Hallow'd Injuries.

laſt  
on  
urt.  
Thou like the dying Swanne, didſt lately \* ſing  
Thy mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King;  
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,  
Preſented ſo to life, *that peece of death,*  
That it was fear'd and propheſi'd by all,  
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.  
O! hadſt Thou in an Elegiack Knell  
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,  
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate  
The ſolemn measure of thy griev'd Retreat;  
Thou might'ſt the Poets ſervice now have miſt  
As well, as then thou didſt prevent the Prielt;  
And never to the world beholding bee  
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.

I doe not like the office. Nor is't fit  
Thou, who didſt lend our Age ſuch ſummies of wit,  
Should'ſt now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,  
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine.  
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; And know  
( Exalted Soule ) more glory 'tis to owe  
Vnto thy Hearſe, what we can never pay,  
Then, with embaiſed Coyne thoſe Rites defray.

Commit we then Thee to thy ſelfe: Nor blame  
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame  
Leave Thee Executour; Since, but thine owne,  
No pen could doe Thee Juſtice, nor Bayes Crowne  
Thy vaſt deſert: Save that, we nothing can  
Depute, to be thy Aſhes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art, or Metall truſt  
To forme the Diamond, but the diamonds duſt.

H. K.

In

In obitum venerabilis viri *Johannis Domæ*, sacre  
Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Divi Pauli,  
nuper Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi  
colende Vir) observantia: ergo Hæc ego.

**C**orquerar? ignavos, sequar tua funera planctu?

Sed lachrymæ clausisti iter: nec miua querelas

lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite manes

defuncti, & tacito sinite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mæsta litura

verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis

cepta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri

aversare tuâ non dignum lauds Poëtam.

O si Pythagora non vanum dogma fuisset:

inq. meum a vestro migraret pectore, pectus

Musa, repentinos tua nosceret una furores.

Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:

Tecum abiit, summoq. sedens jam monte Thalia

Ridet a' belantes, Parnassi & Chlora vates

Desp. rare jubet. Verum hâc nolente coactos

Scribimus audaces annueros, & flebile carmen

Scribimus (ô soli qui te dilexit) habendum.

Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnis

clausit? & i. merito mergitur funere virtus,

Et pietas? & que poterant fecisse beatum,

Cetera: sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis

Nocturnis juvat? & totidem offecisse lucernas?

Decolor & longos studiis deperdere Soles

Ut prius aggredior, longamque accedere sanam.

Omnia sed frustra: mihi, dum cunctis que minatur

Exitium, crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat

Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obscurus in auras

Spiritus: ô doctis saltem si cognitus umbris,

Illuc te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo,

Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disertis

## Elegies upon the Author.

Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.  
Quæis ferus inferne tacuisset Janitor aule  
Auditis: Nilusq; minus strepuisset: Arion  
Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.  
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere  
Voce feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam  
Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo  
Hortante, & blando victus sermone siceret?  
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,  
Singulæ sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,  
Audiui & stupui quoties orator in Aede  
Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levans  
Corda, oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille  
Fudit verba (omni quanto magis dulcia melle?)  
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi  
Non concessa prius, nondum intellecta: revolvunt  
Mirantes, tacitæque arrebtis auribus astant.

Mutatis mox ille modo, formaque loquendi  
Tristia pertractat: fatumque & flebile mortis  
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.  
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,  
Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque  
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem; ætheris illo  
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,  
Affectusque cedere suos, & ponere nota  
Vocis ad arbitrium, divine oracula mentis  
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.

Quo feror? audaci & forſan pietate nocenti  
In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim  
Egregium decus, & tanto excellentior unus  
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, & pessimus, impar  
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poëta.  
Et quo nos carimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poëta  
Desinit: en ſati certus, ſibi voce canora  
Inferias præmiſit odor, cum Carolus Albæ  
(Ultima volventem & Cygnea voce loquentem)

## Elegies upon the Author.

Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aula.

Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Ceterus, tunc afflitit illi  
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in lectore recumbit,

Vermibus esca, pio malum nisi parceret; quidni

Incipiant & amare sament? Metuere Leones

Sic olim, sacrosque artus violare Propheta.

Pellua non ausa est quandoquam jejuna, sitimque

Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.

At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit

Predator vermis: nec talis contigit illi

Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde

Vescere, & exhausto satiare sanguine. Tam nos

Adsumus; & post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te

Quis volet, aut poterit? vani post te vivere mors est.

Et tamen ingratas ignari ducimus annas:

Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce

Non festinanti æternum requiescere tui.

Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit parca morari,

Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occidere videmus.

Quin nusius (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te

Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequemur.

D. positum interea lapides servate fideles.

Fœlices illâ quæis Edis parte locari

Quâ jacet iste datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,

Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus

Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi

Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores

Incipiet (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat)

Male sub hâc tegitur quicquid mortale relictum est

De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Edi huius;

Formosi pectoris pastor, formosior ipse.

Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebratis loquelis

Et quæ de munus vite date tempora fame.

Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum

tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.



*Elegies upon the Author.*

*On the death of Dr DONNE.*

**I** Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,  
Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell  
In tunefull *Elegies*; there's not language knowne  
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne;  
The *Epitaphs* thou writst, have so bereft  
Our tongue of wit, there is no phansie left  
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we see  
Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.  
There may perchance some busie gathering friend  
Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend,  
Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy Hearse,  
And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse;  
He that shall venture farther, may commit  
A pittied error, shew his zeale, not wit.  
Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may zyme  
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,  
Since her great trumpets broke, could onely give  
Faith to the world, command it to beleewe.

He then must write, that would define thy parts:

*Here lies the best Divinitie, All the Arts*

*Edw. Hyde.*

*On Doctor Donne, by Doctor C. B. of O.*

**H**EE that would write an Epitaph for thee,  
And doe it well, must first begin to be  
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know  
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so,  
He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe:  
Enough,

## *Elegies upon the Author.*

Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.  
He must have learning plenty ; both the *Laws*,  
Civill, and Common, to judge any cause ;  
Divinitie great store, above the rest ;  
Not of the last Edition, but the best.  
He must have language, travaile, all the Arts ;  
Iudgement to use ; or else he wants thy parts.  
He must have friends the highest, able to doe ;  
Such as *Macenas*, and *Augustus* too ;  
He must have such a sicknesse, such a death ;  
Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath.  
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,  
He must be dead first, let it alone for mee.

---

### *An Elegie upon the incomparable, Dr Donne.*

**A**LL is not well, when such an one as I  
Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie* ;  
When smaller *Starres* appeare, and give their light,  
*Phæbus* is gone to bed : were it not night,  
And the world witleffe now that *Donne* is dead,  
You sooner should have broke, then seene my head.  
Dead did I say ? Forgive this *Injurie*  
I doe him and his worths *Infinities* ;  
To say he is but dead ; I dare averre  
It better may be term'd a *Massacre*,  
Then *Sleep* or *Death* ; See how the *Muses* mourne  
Upon their eaten *Reeds*, and from his *Urne*  
Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*.  
They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poëtry*.

*Language* lies speechlesse ; and *Divinitie*  
Lost such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie*

## Elegies upon the Author.

Could charm the Soule, and had an Influence  
To teach best judgements, and please dullest Sense.  
The Court, the Church, the Univerſitie,  
Loſt Chaplain, Deane, and Doctōr, All theſe, Three  
It was his Merit, that his Funerall  
Could cauſe a loſſe ſo great and generall.

If there be any Spirit can anſwer give  
Of ſuch as hence depart, to ſuch as live :  
Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate,  
Crumble to duſt, and feele the lawes of Fate ?  
Me thinks, Corruption, Wormes, what elſe is ſoule  
Should ſpare the Temple of ſo faire a Soule.  
I could beleewe they doe ; but that I know  
What inconvenience might hereafter grow :  
Succeeding ages would Idolatrize,  
And as his Numbers, ſo his Reliques prize.

If that Philoſopher, which did avow  
The world to be but Mores, were living now:  
He would affirme that th' Atomes of his mould  
Were they in ſeverall bodies blended, would  
Produce new worlds of Travellers, Divines,  
Of Linguists, Poets : ſuch theſe ſeverall lines  
In him concentred were, and flowing thence  
Might fill againe the worlds Circumference.  
I could beleewe this too ; and yet my faith  
Not want a Preſident : The Phoenix hath  
(And ſuch was He ) a power to animate  
Her aſhes, and her ſelfe perpetuate.  
But, buſie Soule, thou doſt not well to pry  
Into theſe Secrets ; Griefe, and Jealouſie,  
The more they know, the further ſtill advance,

And

## *Elegies upon the Author.*

And finde no way so safe as *Ignorance*.

Let this suffice thee, that his *Soule* which flew

A pitch of all admir'd, knowne but of few,

(Save those of purer mould) is now translated  
From Earth to Heaven, and there *Constellated*.

For, if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Starre*,

His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre.

*Hen: Valentine.*

## *An Elegie upon Dr. Donne.*

O *Vr Donne* is dead; England should mourne, may

We had a man where language chose to stay (say

And shew her gracefull power. I would not praise

That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes

Make many proud) but, as they serv'd to unlock

That Cabinet, his minde: where such a stocke

Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament

(Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,

But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare

For his decease; Such sad extremities

May make such men as I write *Elegies*.

And wonder not, for when a generall losse

Falls on a Nation, and they slight the crosse,

God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them

From stupefaction; witnesse my milde pen,

Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must

Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.

Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but th'art worse.

Thou art not onely dull, but hast a curse

Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou

Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow

For

*Elegies upon the Author.*

For thee, and thine, successively to pay  
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter *Poetry*, wherein  
Was all Philosophy? was every sinne,  
Character'd in his *Satyrs*? Made so foule  
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their  
Safer by reading verse? Did he give *dayes* (foule  
Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise  
He would perpetuate? Did he (I feare  
The dull will doubt:) these at his twentieth yeare?

But, more matur'd; Did his full soule conceive,  
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave  
A \* *Crowne of sacred sonnets*, fit to adorne \* *La Co-*  
A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne *rona.*  
On that blest head of *Mary Magdalen*,  
After she wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?  
Did he (fit for such penitents as shee  
And he to use) leave us a *Litany*,  
Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,  
As times grow better, grow more classcall?  
Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety, for wit,  
Equall to those, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?  
Spake he, all *Languages*? knew he, all *Lawes*?  
The grounds and use of *Physick*; but because  
'Twas mercenary, wav'd it? Went to see  
The blessed place of *Christs nativitie*?  
Did he returne and preach him? preach him so  
As since *S. Paul* none did, none could? Those know,  
(Such as were blest to heare him) this is truth.  
Did he confirme thy aged? convert thy youth?  
Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse  
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse.)

But

## *Elegies upon the Author.*

But sure the silent are ambitious all  
To be *Cloſe Mourners* at his Funerall;  
If not; In common pittie they forbear  
By repetitions to renew our care;  
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes  
Man irreparably, (as poyſon'd fumes  
Doe waſte the braine) make ſilence a ſafe way  
To enlarge the Soule from theſe wals, mud, and clay  
(Materials of this body) to remaine  
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiſcuous pain  
Leſſens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all  
Are ſatisfy'd with *joyes eſſentiall*.

Dwell on this joy my thought; oh, doe not call  
Griefe back, by thinking of his Funerall;  
Forget hee lov'd me; Waſte not my ſad yeares;  
(Which haſt to *Dauids* ſeventy,) fill'd with feares  
And ſorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,  
Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;  
And, (for, my fiſt is dayly payd for ſinne)  
Forget to pay my ſecond ſigh for him:  
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget  
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailty! let  
My fleſh be no more heard, it will obtrude  
Th' lethargy: ſo ſhould my gratitude,  
My flowes of gratitude ſhould ſo be broke;  
Which can no more be, than *Donnes* vertues ſpoke  
By any but himſelfe; for which cauſe, I,

Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*.  
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give  
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,  
I want abilities, fit to ſet forth  
A monument, great as *Donnes* matchleſſe worth.

*Iz. Wa.*

*Elegie*

*Elegies upon the Author.*

*Elegie on D.D.*

**N**OW, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have  
Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave  
Clos'd thy deare Ashes, and the teares which flow  
In these, have no springs, but of solid woe :  
Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze  
At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose :  
All streames of Verse which shall lament that day,  
Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay ;  
But they have lost their saltnesse, which the eye  
In recompence of wit, strives to supply :  
Passions excesse for thee we need not feare,  
Since first by thee our passions hallowed were ;  
Thou mad'st our sorrowes, which before had bin  
Onely for the Successe, sorrowes for sinne,  
We owe thee all those teares, now thou art dead,  
Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed.  
Nor didst thou onely consecrate our teares,  
Give a religious tincture to our feares ;  
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,  
Thou didst from gladnesse separate offence :  
All mindes at once suckt grace from thee, as where  
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one eare.  
Pious dissector : they one houre did treat  
The thousand mazes of the hearts deceit ;  
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtile sinne,  
Through all the foldings we had wrapt it in,  
And in thine owne large minde finding the way  
By which our selves we from our selves convey,  
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same

Angels,



## *Elegies upon the Author.*

Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame,  
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas,  
Climbes weakly to that truth which none can passe;  
He that writes best, may onely hope to leave  
A Character of all he could conceive  
But none of thee, and with mee must confesse,  
That fanſie findes some checke; from an excesſe  
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun,  
And truth, as reasons task and theme, doth shunne.  
She makes a fairer flight in emptinesse,  
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppresse.  
Reason againe denies her scales; because  
Hers are but scales, she judges by the lawes  
Of weake comparison, thy vertue heights  
Her feeble Beame, and her unquall Weights.  
What prodigie of wit and pietie  
Hath she else knowne, by which to measure thee?  
Great soule: we can no more the worthinesse  
Of what you were, then what you are, expresse.

*Sidney Godolphin.*

---

*On Dr. Iohn Donne, late Deane of S. Paules,  
London.*

**L**ong since this taske of teares from you was due,  
Long since, ô Poets, he did die to you,  
Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight  
On divine wings, and fear'd out of your sight.  
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught  
You doe enjoy; the Rebels which he brought  
From ancient discord, Giant faculties,  
And now no more religions enemies;  
Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,

*Witty*

*Elegies upon the Author.*

Witty to good, and learned to discreet,  
He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe;  
Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow;  
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit  
He did not banish, but transplanted it,  
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home  
To Pietie, which it doth best become;  
He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,  
And how to sing Christs Epithalamy:  
The Altars had his fires, and there he spoke  
Incense of loves, and fanfies holy smoake:  
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,  
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd,  
The first effects sprung in the giddy minde  
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,  
By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit,  
Now once againe by beauty of the fruit,  
As if their longings too must set us free,  
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.  
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,  
Have you knowne crimes so shap'd? or lovelinesse  
Such as his lips did cloth religion in?  
Had not reproofe a beauty passing sinne?  
Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood  
So neare the danger of becomming good,  
And wish'd our so inconstant cares exempt  
From piety that had such power to tempt:  
Did not his sacred flattery beguile  
Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,  
Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well  
Through the same frailtie by the which he fell.  
O the sick state of man, health doth not please

Our

*Elegies upon the Author.*

Our taste, but in the shape of the disease.  
Thriftlesse is charitie, coward patience,  
Iustice is cruell, mercy want of sense.  
What meanes our Nature to barre vertue place,  
If shee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?  
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know,  
Sense the soules servant, doth it keep us so  
As we might starve for good, unlesse it first  
Doe leave a pawne of relish in the gulf?  
Or have we to salvation no tie  
At all, but that of our infirmitie?  
Who treats with us must our affections move  
To th'good we flie by those sweets which we love,  
Must seeke our palats, and with their delight  
To gaine our deeds, must bribe our appetite.  
These traines he knew, and laying nets to save,  
Temptingly sugred all the health he gave:  
But, where is now that chime? that harmony  
Hath left the World, now the loud organ may  
Apppeare, the better voyce is fled to have  
A thousand times the sweetnesse which it gave.  
I cannot say how many thousand spirits  
The single happinesse this soule inherits,  
Damnes in the other world, soules whom no crosse  
O'th sense afflicts, but onely of the losse,  
Whom ignorance would halfe save, all whose paine  
Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,  
Selfe executing wretched spirits, who  
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too:  
But those high joyes which his wits youngest flame  
Would hurt to chuse, shall not we hurt to name?  
Verse statues are all robbers, all we make

Of

*Elegies upon the Author.*

Of monument, thus doth not give bur take,  
As Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit,  
By a resistance, goe along with it,  
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left;  
A weake assistance is a kinde of theft,  
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,  
Must weep here if he have ambition.

*I. Chudleigh.*

*An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls,  
Dr. Iohn Donne, by M. Tho: Carie.*

**C**AN we not force from widdowed Poetry,  
Now thou art dead (Great *Donne*) one Elegie  
To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust  
Though with unkneced dowe-bak'd prose thy dust,  
Such as the unceisor'd Churchman from the flower  
Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,  
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay  
Vpon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?  
Have we no voyce, no tune? Did'st thou dispence  
Through all our language, both the words & sense?  
'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plaine,  
And sober Christian precepts still retaine,  
Doctrines it may, and wholesome Vses frame,  
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame  
Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heate and light,  
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,  
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,  
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,  
And the deep knowledge of darke truths so teach,  
As sense might judge, what phansie could not reach,  
Must

*Elegies upon the Author.*

Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,  
That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique quire,  
Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,  
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death;  
The Muses garden with Pedantique weeds  
Or'spred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie seeds  
Of servile imitation throwne away;  
And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay  
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;  
Licentious thefts, that make Poetique rage  
A Mimique fury, when our soules must be  
Possess'd, or with Anacreons Extrasse,  
Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtle cheat  
Of flie Exchanges, and the juggling feat  
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong  
By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue,  
Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd Vs a Mine  
Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line  
Of masculine expression, which had good  
Old Orpheus scene, Or all the ancient brood  
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold  
Their lead more precious, than thy burnish'd Gold,  
Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more  
They each in others dust, had rak'd for Ore,  
Thou shalt yeeld no precedence, but of time,  
And the blinde Fate of language, whose run d chaine  
More charmes the outward sense; yet thou must  
From so great disadvantage greater fame, (claime  
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,  
Our stubborne language bends, made onely fit  
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about  
Thy Giant phansie, which had prov'd too stout

D d

For

## *Elegies upon the Author.*

For their soft melting Phrases. As in time  
They had the start, so did they cull the prime  
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare;  
And left the rifled fields, besides the seare  
To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands  
Of what is purely thine, thy onely hands  
(And that thy smallest worke) have gleaned more  
Than all those times, and tongues could reap before,  
But thou art gone, and thy strict lawes will bee  
Too hard for libertines in Poetry.  
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine  
Of gods and goddeses, which in thy just raigne  
Were banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these  
The silenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphoses  
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy page,  
Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,  
Turne ballad rime, Or those old Idols bee  
Ador'd againe, with new Apostasie.  
Oh, pardon me, that breake with untun'd verse  
The reverend silence that attends thy herse,  
Whose awfull solemne murmures were to thee  
More than these faint lines, A loud Elegie,  
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence  
The death of all the Arts, whose influence  
Growne feeble, in these painting numbers lies  
Gasp'ing short-winded Accents, and so dies:  
So doth the swiftly turning wheele not stand  
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,  
But some small time maintaines a faint weak course  
By vertue of the first impulsive force:  
And so whil'st I cast on thy funerall pile  
Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,

And

*Elegies upon the Author.*

And spit disdaine, till the devouring flames  
Suck all the moysture up, then turne to ashes,  
I will not draw the envie to engrosse  
All thy perfections, or weep all our losse:  
Those are too numerous for an Elegie,  
And this too great, to be exprest by me,  
Though every pen should share a distinct part,  
Yet art thou Theme enough to fire all Art.  
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice  
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incise.

*Here lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit  
The universall Monarchy of wit;  
Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best,  
Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest.*

---

*An Elegie on D. Donne: By Sir Lucius Cary.*

Poëts attend, the Elegie I sing  
Both of a doubly-named Priest and King:  
In stead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your verse,  
For you must be chiefe mourners at his Hearse,  
A Tombe your Muse must to his Fame supply,  
No other Monuments can never die;  
And as he was a twofold Priest; in youth,  
Apollo's; afterwards, the voyce of Truth,  
Gods Conduit pipe for grace, who chose him for  
His extraordinary Embassador,  
So let his Liegiers with the Poëts joyne,  
Both having shares, both must in griefe combine:  
Whil st. *Johnson* forceth with his Elegie  
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,  
(Like *Moses* at whose stroke the waters gush  
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent rush,)



*Elegies upon the Author.*

Let Lawd his Funerall Sermon preach, and show  
Those vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,  
Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appears  
To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares;  
Yet make not grieve too long oppresse our Powers,  
Lest that his funerall Sermon should prove ours.  
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,  
With which he did the bread of life dispense,  
Preacher and Orator discharg'd both parts  
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,  
And the first such (Though a long studied Art  
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)  
None was so marble, but whil' st him he heares,  
His Soule so long dwelt onely in his eares.  
And from thence ( with the fiercenesse of a flood  
Bearing downe vice ) victual'd with that blest food  
Their hearts; His seed in none could faile to grow,  
Fertile he found them all, or made them so :  
No Druggist of the Soule bestow'd on all  
So Catholically a curing Cordiall.  
Nor onely in the Pulpit dwelt his store,  
His words work'd much, but his example more,  
That preach'd on worky dayes. His Poëtry  
It selfe was oftentimes Divinitie,  
Those Anthemes (almost second Psalmes) he writ  
To make us know the Crosse, and value it,  
(Although we owe that reverence to that name  
We should not need warmth from an under flame.)  
Creates a fire in us so neare extreame  
That we would die for, and upon this theame.  
Next, his so pious Litanie, which none can  
But count Divine, except a Puritan,  
And that but for the name, nor this, nor those

Want

*Elegies upon the Author.*

Want any thing of Sermons, but the Prose.  
Experience makes us see, that many a one  
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;  
And in another, would as strongly grow,  
Had but his Nurse and Mother taught him so:  
Not he the ballast on his judgement hung;  
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;  
He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne  
By time or carelesnesse had entred in;  
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath  
A too hot zeale should force him, burne them both;  
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,  
Which to save blotting often would blot all;  
Nor did those barbarous opinions owne,  
To thinke the Organs sinne, and faction, none.  
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace  
From forth his Sermons onely, but his face;  
So Primitive a looke, such gravitie  
With humblenesse, and both with Pietie;  
So milde was *Moses* countenance, when he pray'd  
For them whose Satanisme his power gain'd;  
And such his gravitie, when all Gods band  
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,  
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move  
Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.  
Now to conclude, I must my reason bring,  
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,  
That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd  
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd  
By feare of losse (that being such a Prey  
No stronger then ones selfe can force away)  
The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,

*Elegies upon the Author.*

And his authoritie so well imploy'd  
That never any could before become  
So great a Monarch in so small a roome ;  
He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so,  
As under-speeches by the first Mover goe ;  
Banisht so farre their working, that we can  
But know he had some, for we knew him man.  
Then let his last excuse his first extreams (dreams.  
His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd

---

*On Dr Donnes death : by M. Mayne of Christ-  
Church in Oxford.*

WHO shall presume to mourne thee, *Donne*, unlesse  
He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,  
And teach his griefe, that reverence of thy Hearse,  
To weepe lines learned, as thy Anniverse,  
A Poëme of that worth, whose every teare  
Deserves the title of a severall yeare ;  
Indeed so farre above it's Reader, good,  
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,  
There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve  
After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live ;  
And her faire vertues in anothers line,  
Would faintly drawn, which are made Saints in thine  
Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,  
Or lest some new way for our pennes, or eye.  
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe  
Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe ;  
But now we dare not write, but must conceale  
Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,  
For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,  
That

*Elegies upon the Author.*

That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth  
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play  
Was happier, then our serious time of day.  
So learned was thy chance; thy hast had wit,  
And matter from thy penne flow'd rashly fit,  
What was thy recreation turnes our braine,  
Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine.  
And when we most come neare thee, 'tis our blisse  
To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse.  
Here light your Muse, you that doe onely thinke,  
And write, and are just Poëts, as you drinke,  
In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,  
Just as your reckonings rise, that we may know  
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here  
This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,  
This is to tapp your Muse, which running long  
Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe so strong;  
Poore suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,  
Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.  
Could you but reach this hight, you should not need  
To make, each meale, a project ere you feed,  
Nor walke in reliques, cloathes so old and bare,  
As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,  
Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistrisse, those,  
Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose;  
From this Muse leane to Court, whose power could  
A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love, (move  
And would convey such errands to their eare,  
That Ladies knew no odds to grant and heare.  
But I doe wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise  
Is written onely for thy younger dayes.  
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,

*Elegies upon the Author.*

Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and  
And have that deepe Divinitie, to know, (Arts,  
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,  
Who with thy words could charme thy audience,  
That at thy Sermons, eare was all our sense;  
Yet have I seene thee in the Pulpit stand,  
Where we might take notes from thy look, & hand;  
And from thy speaking action beare away  
More Sermon, then some teachers use to say.  
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,  
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.  
Thy motion did confute, and we might see  
An error vanquish'd by delivery.  
Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme  
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storme,  
And beat the Cushion into worse estate,  
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,  
Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about  
Till all predestination be runne out.  
And from the point such tedious uses draw,  
Their repetitions would make Gospell, Law.  
No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,  
So well did Doctrine, and thy language show,  
And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee.  
The Court would mend, and a good Christian be.  
And Ladies though unhandsome, out of grace,  
Would heare thee in their unbought lookes, & face,  
More I could write, but let this crowne thine Vrne;  
Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne.

Vpon

## *Elegies upon the Author.*

### *Vpon Mr. I. Donne, and his Poëms.*

**VV**Ho dares say thou art dead, whē he doth see  
(Vnburied yet) this living part of thee?  
This part that to thy beeing gives fresh flame, (name.  
And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy  
Thy flesh (whose chanel left their crimson hew  
And Whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)  
May shew thee mortall, a dead Palsie may  
Seise on't, and quickly turne it into clay;  
Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:  
But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde,  
This Soule of Verse, (in it's first pure estate)  
Shall live, for all the world to imitate,  
But not come neare; for in thy fantasies flight,  
Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar fight,  
But hovering highly in the ayre of Wit,  
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;  
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring  
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring  
T'adorne Earths face, thou sweetly didst contrive  
To beauties elements, and thence derive  
Vnspotted Lillies white; which thou didst set  
Hand in hand with the vein-like Violet,  
Making them soft and warme and by thy power,  
Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower.  
The Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee  
Sweeter unto the taste, than from the tree.

And

*Elegies upon the Author.*

And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow  
Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.  
The Sea-nymphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,  
Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe  
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew  
More lustre to them, then where first they grew.  
All minerals (that earths full wombe doth hold  
Promiscuously) thou couldst convert to gold,  
And with thy flaming raptures so refine,  
That it was much more pure than in the Mine.  
The lights that guild the night, if thou didst say,  
They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day;  
For there would be more vertue in such spels,  
Than in Meridians or crosse Parallels:  
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,  
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,  
It was thy theame for Beauty; Thou didst see,  
Woman was this faire Worlds Epitomy.  
Thy nimble *Satyres* too, and every straine  
(With nervy strength) that issued from thy braine,  
Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,  
If they admit of any others praise.  
But thy diviner Poëms (whose cleare fire  
Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire  
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set  
(Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)  
There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,  
In Panegyrique Alleluiaes.

*Arth. Wilson.*

*Epitaph*



*Elegies upon the Author.*

*Epitaph upon Dr Donne, by Endy. Porter.*

His decent Urne a sad inscription weares,  
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheres;  
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell  
The changes of this life, wherein is well  
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease,  
And never let our sorrowes more take ease;  
For now it is impossible to finde  
One fraught with vertues, to enrich a minde,  
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand  
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?  
Thou strict Attorney unto stricter Fate,  
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate  
To his rare Parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart,  
With envious hand, at some Plebeian heart;  
And he with pious vertue slept betweene  
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseene  
By thee? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,  
Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto.  
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisfi'd,  
And he left us like Orphan friends, and dy'd,  
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,  
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, & teares?  
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die,  
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?  
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe,  
For he is gone that did all phansie keepe;  
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse;  
Which with amazements, we may now rehearse;

*In*

*Elegies upon the Author.*

*In memory of D<sup>r</sup> Donne, by M<sup>r</sup> R. B.*

**D**onne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I  
Ne'r yet so much desir'd to heare a lie,  
'Tis too too true, for so we finde it still,  
Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill:  
But must poore fame tell us his fatall day,  
And shall we know his death the common way?  
Me thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold  
The death of such a man, for though of old  
'Tis held, that Comets Princes deaths foretell,  
Why should not his have needed one as well?  
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst who he reign'd  
High as a Prince and as great state maintain'd?  
Yet wants he not his signe, for we have seene  
A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,  
Treading on harvests heeles, which doth presage,  
The death of wit and learning, which this age  
Shall finde, now he is gone; for though there be  
Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he,  
Or men are misers, or if true want raises (praise  
The dearth, than more that dearth *Donnes* plenty  
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,  
And Poësie, (past ravishing of sense)  
He had a magazine, wherein such store  
Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poore.

But he is gone, o how will his desire  
Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire?  
Me thinkes I see him in the Pulpit standing,  
Not eares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding.

Where

## *Elegies upon the Author.*

Where we that heard him, to our selves did faine  
Golden Chrysostome was alive againe;  
And never were we weary'd, till we saw  
His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.  
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,  
With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse  
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence  
Of time, & spent in hearkning to non-sense,  
With markes also, enough whereby to know,  
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.  
His true, they quitted him, to their poore power,  
They humm'd against him; and with face most sower  
Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,  
And no way fit to speake to clouted shoone,  
As fine words [truly] as you would desire,  
But [verily,] but a bad edifier.  
Thus did these beetles sleight in him that good,  
They could not see, and much lesse understood.  
But we may say, when we compare the stuffe  
Both brought; He was a candle, they the snuffe,  
Well. Wisdome's of her children justifi'd,  
Let therefore these poore fellows stand aside;  
Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,  
Would I his booke should save him; rather sily  
I should advise his Clergie not to pray,  
Though of the learnedst sort Methinks that they  
Of the same trade are Iudges not so fit,  
There's no such emulation as of wit;  
Of such, the Envy might as much perchance  
Wrong him, and more, than th'others ignorance.  
It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd  
As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd;  
And

*Elegies upon the Author.*

And why? but 'cause hee came late in the day,  
And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.  
No more of this, least some should say, that I  
Am straid to Satyre, meaning Elegie.  
No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd,  
A lury I would summon on his side,  
That had no fides, nor factions, past the touch  
Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such  
As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,  
These would I bring though called from the dead:  
Southampton, Hambleto, Pembroke, Dorsets Earles  
Huntington, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearles  
Once of each sexe,) If these suffice not, I  
Ten *Decem tales* have of standers by:  
All which, for *Donne*, would such a verdict give,  
As can belong to none, that now doth live.

But what doe I? A diminution 'tis  
To speake of him in verse, so short of his,  
Whereof he was the master; All indeed  
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten Reed,  
O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers  
Could write for him, as he hath done for others?  
(Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say.  
My eye-sight betters, as my yeares decay,  
Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have  
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,  
Who use, it seemes, their old Authoritie,  
When (Verses men immortall make) they crie:  
Which had it beene a Recipe true try'd,  
*Probatum esset*, *DONNE* had never dy'd.

For me, if e'r I had least sparke at all  
Of that which they Poëtrique fire do call,

Here

### *Elegies upon the Author.*

Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,  
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.  
This onely a poore flash, a lightning is  
Before my Muses, death, as after his.  
Farewell (*faire soule*) and deigne receive from mee  
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,  
From whom (*while living*) as by voice and penne  
I learned more than from a thousand men:  
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,  
And now beleieve that miracles are ceas'd.

---

### *Epitaph.*

**H**ere lies deane Donne; Enough; Those words  
Shew him as fully, as if all the stone (alone  
His Church of *Pauls* contains, were through in-  
Or al the walkers there, to speak him, brib'd. (*scrib'd*  
None can mistake him, for one such as Hee  
*Donne*, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see.  
Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye  
Were turn'd, the whole earth so to over-spie.  
A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew  
His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold than true.

*The End.*